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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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I'm Telling You

it was positively uncanny!

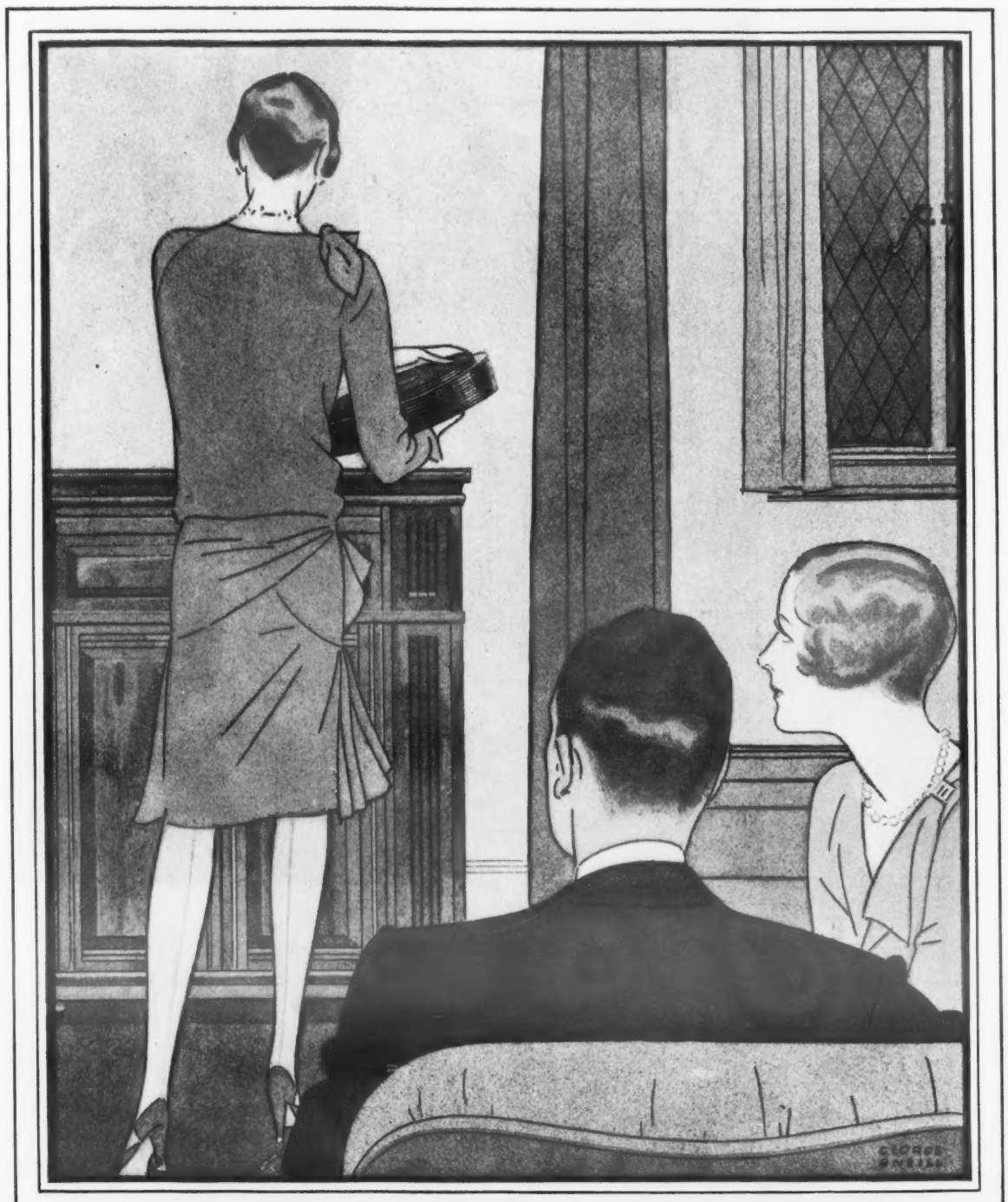
I've never attended a séance in my life. But last night at the Fergusons', Jimmy and I watched a performance that was certainly spooky. The things we saw and the sounds we heard—well, they just *couldn't* have been real.

Mildred Ferguson invited Jimmy and me to come over and see their new automatic Victrola. We went. We saw. And we sat there with our mouths open like a garage, as my husband said on the way home. I'll try to describe it.

Mildred took an armful of records and placed them in the Victrola. She pressed a button. The needle swung into position and the record started to play. Such music! We could have *sworn* the Philadelphia Orchestra was in the next room.

Then the music stopped and the needle lifted and the mechanism set the record aside, and put on the next one and played *that* one through. This kept up most of the evening, it seemed, giving us the finest music we had ever heard. It was completely automatic. Mildred and her husband sat with us and listened . . . they didn't have to *touch* the Victrola after starting it!

When the last record had been played and the Victrola stopped completely, we plied the Fergusons with questions. "It must have cost a fortune," we ventured. Mildred laughed. It hadn't cost a quarter as much as our car out there in the driveway! And the dealer had allowed them to pay for it by the month. . . . You may as well know it—we have ordered an automatic Victrola to be delivered Saturday.



Mildred took an armful of records and placed them in the Victrola

. . . with our mouths open like a garage

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The New Orthophonic

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ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES *No. 16*

It takes spry suds to keep these two little dirt-catchers spick-and-span

Though it happened six months ago, we still remember the day we met Alice. Such an absurdly charming, altogether engaging midget of an Alice—engrossed at the moment with a long skirt and a much-too-big garden hat!

We happened upon her one day last summer when we were tapping door knockers to discover what the women of an eastern town thought about soap.

"Won't you come in?" asked Alice in her most dignified grown-up voice. "Mother's shopping, but grandmother's here——"

And seated in a shady spot was the nicest kind of grandmother with sparkling blue eyes.

"Laundry soap?" she repeated, when we had explained our mission. "We use P and G Naphtha to keep our two little dirt-catchers clean. Just now, Bobbie was so surprised by Alice in her mother's old finery, that he forgot to watch his feet, and——"

Here Bobbie shyly appeared. And, sure enough, he displayed a big grass stain.

"P and G'll take that out with hardly a rub," said his grandmother cheerfully. "I never saw such spry suds."

"You know," she confided, "Bobbie's wash suits and Alice's posy frocks are so cunning I do them myself. Now that the furnace is out, P and G soaks the dirt free in cold water just as well. We use P and G for dishwashing, too—it's such white soap. We've often wondered why it costs so little."

Have you wondered, too, why you pay less for P and G White Naphtha Soap?

This is the reason: P and G is such *good* soap that it is more popular than any other soap in the world. So its makers, Procter & Gamble, buy its fine ingredients in great quantities, and make it in great quantities, too. As you know, large-scale production always lowers the cost.

If P and G were not the "best seller," it would have to cost more.

But, it *is* the largest-selling soap, because women know it is such a fine soap.

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The largest-selling soap in the world

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HE DID NOT CALL ON MRS. CHUNDLE THE NEXT WEEK . . . BUT HE ENCOUNTERED HER AT THE HOUSE OF ANOTHER COTTAGER

Old Mrs. Chundle

By THOMAS HARDY

Illustrated by Edward Ryan

THE curate had not been a week in the parish; but, the autumn morning proving fine, he thought he would make a little water-color sketch, showing a distant view of the Corvsgate ruin two miles off, which he had passed on his way hither. The sketch occupied him a longer time than he had anticipated. The luncheon hour drew on, and he felt hungry.

Quite near him was a stone-built cottage of respectable and substantial build. He entered it and was received by an old woman.

"Can you give me something to eat, my good woman?" he said.

She held her hand to her ear.

"Can you give me something for lunch?" he shouted. "Bread and cheese—anything will do."

A sour look crossed her face, and she shook her head. "That's unlucky," murmured he. She reflected and said more urbanely, "Well, I'm going to have my own bit o' dinner in no such long time hence. 'Tis taters and cabbage boiled with a scantling o' bacon. Would ye like it? But I suppose 'tis the wrong sort, and that ye would sooner have bread and cheese."

"No, I'll join you. Call me when it is ready. I'm just out here."

"Ay, I've seen ye. Drawing the old stones, baint ye?"

"Yes, my good woman."

"Sure 'tis well some folk have nothing better to do with their time. Very well. I'll call ye when I've dished up."

He went out and resumed his painting; till in about seven or ten minutes the old woman appeared at her door and held up her hand. The curate washed his brush, went to the brook, rinsed his hands and proceeded to the house.

"There's yours," she said, pointing to the table. "I'll have my bit here." And she denoted the settle.

"Why not join me?"

"Oh, faith, I don't want to eat with my betters—not I." And she continued firm in her resolution and ate apart.

The vegetables had been well cooked over a wood fire—the only way to cook a vegetable properly—and the bacon was well boiled. The curate ate heartily; he thought he had never tasted such potatoes and cabbage in his life, which he probably had not, for they had been just brought in from the garden, so that the very freshness of the morning was still in them.

When he had finished he asked her how much he owed for the repast, which he had much enjoyed.

"Oh, I don't want to be paid for that bit of snack."

"But really you must take something. It was an excellent meal."

"'Tis all my own growing, that's true. But I don't take money for a bit o' victuals. I've never done such a thing in my life."

"I should feel much happier if you would."

She seemed unsettled by his feeling and added, as by compulsion, "Well, then, I suppose twopence won't hurt ye?"

"Twopence?"

"Yes. Twopence."

"Why, my good woman, that's no charge at all. I am sure it is worth this, at least." And he laid down a shilling.

"I tell 'ee 'tis *twopence* and no more!" she said primly. "Why, bless the man, it didn't cost me more than three-halfpence, and that leaves me a fair quarter profit. The bacon is the heaviest item; that may perhaps be a penny. The taters I've got plenty of, and the cabbage is going to waste."

He thereupon argued no further, paid the limited sum demanded and went to the door. "And where does that road lead?" he asked, by way of engaging her in a little friendly conversation before parting, and pointing to a white lane which branched from the direct highway near her door.

"They tell me that it leads to Enckworth."

"And how far is Enckworth?"

"Three miles, they say. But God knows if 'tis true."

"You haven't lived here long, then?"

"Five-and-thirty year come Martinmas."

"And yet you have never been to Enckworth?"

"Not I. Why should I ever have been to Enckworth? I never had any business there—a great mansion of a place.

holding people that I've no more doings with than with the people of the moon. No, there's on'y two places I ever go to from year's end to year's end: That's once a fortnight to Anglebury, to do my bit o' marketing, and once a week to my parish church."

"Which is that?"

"Why, Kingcreech."

"Oh, then you are in my parish?"

"Maybe. Just on the outskirts."

"I didn't know the parish extended so far. I'm a newcomer. Well, I hope we may meet again. Good afternoon to you."

When the curate was next talking to his rector he casually observed: "By the way, that's a curious old soul who lives out towards Corvsgate. Old Mrs.—I don't know her name—a deaf old woman."

"You mean old Mrs. Chundle, I suppose."

"She tells me she's lived there five-and-thirty years and has never been to Enckworth, three miles off. She goes to two places only, from year's end to year's end—to the market town and to church on Sundays."

"To church on Sundays. H'm. She rather exaggerates her travels, to my thinking. I've been rector here thirteen years, and I have certainly never seen her at church in my time."

"A wicked old woman. What can she think of herself for such deception!"

"SHE didn't know you belonged here, when she said it, and could find out the untruth of her story. I warrant she wouldn't have said it to me!" And the rector chuckled.

On reflection the curate felt that this was decidedly a case for his ministrations, and on the first spare morning he strode across to the cottage beyond the ruin. He found its occupant, of course, at home.

"Drawing picters again?" she asked, looking up from the hearth, where she was scouring the firedogs.

"No. I came on a more important matter, Mrs. Chundle. I am the new curate of this parish."

"You said you was last time. And after you had told me and went away I said to myself, he'll be here again sure enough, hang me if I didn't. And here you be."

"Yes. I hope you don't mind?"

"Oh, no. You find us a roughish lot, I make no doubt?"

"Well, I won't go into that. But I think it was a very culpable—unkind thing of you to tell me you came to church every Sunday, when you've not been there for years."

"Oh, did I tell 'ee that?"

"You certainly did."

"Now I wonder what I did that for."

"I wonder too."

"WELL, you could ha' guessed, after all, that I didn't come to any service. Lord, what's the good o' my lumpering all the way to church and back again, when I'm as deaf as a plock? Your own common sense ought to have told 'ee that 'twas but a figure o' speech, seeing you was a pa'son."

"Don't you think you could hear the service if you were to sit close to the reading desk and pulpit?"

"I'm sure I couldn't. Oh, no—not a word. Why, I couldn't hear anything even at that time when Isaac Coggs used to cry the amens out loud beyond anything that's done nowadays, and they had the barrel organ for the tunes—years and years agone, when I was stronger in my narves than now."

"H'm—I'm sorry. There's one thing I could do, which I would with pleasure, if you'll use it. I could get you an ear trumpet. Will you use it?"

"Ay, sure. That I woll. I don't care what I use—'tis all the same to me."

"And you'll come?"

"Yes. I may as well go there as bide here, I suppose."

The ear trumpet was purchased by the zealous young man, and the next Sunday, to the great surprise of the parishioners when they arrived, Mrs. Chundle was discovered in the front seat of the nave of Kingscreech Church, facing the rest of the congregation with an unmoved countenance.

She was the center of observation through the whole morning service. The trumpet, elevated at a high angle, shone and flashed in the sitters' eyes as the chief object in the sacred edifice.

The curate could not speak to her that morning and called the next day at her cottage to inquire the result of the experiment. As soon as she saw him in the distance she began shaking her head.

"No; no," she said decisively as he approached, "I knowed 'twas all nonsense."

"What?"

"'Twasn't a mossel o' good, and so I could have told 'ee before. A-wasting your money in jimcracks upon a' old 'ooman like me."

"You couldn't hear? Dear me, how disappointing."

"You might as well have been mouthing at me from the top o' Creech Barrow."

"That's unfortunate."

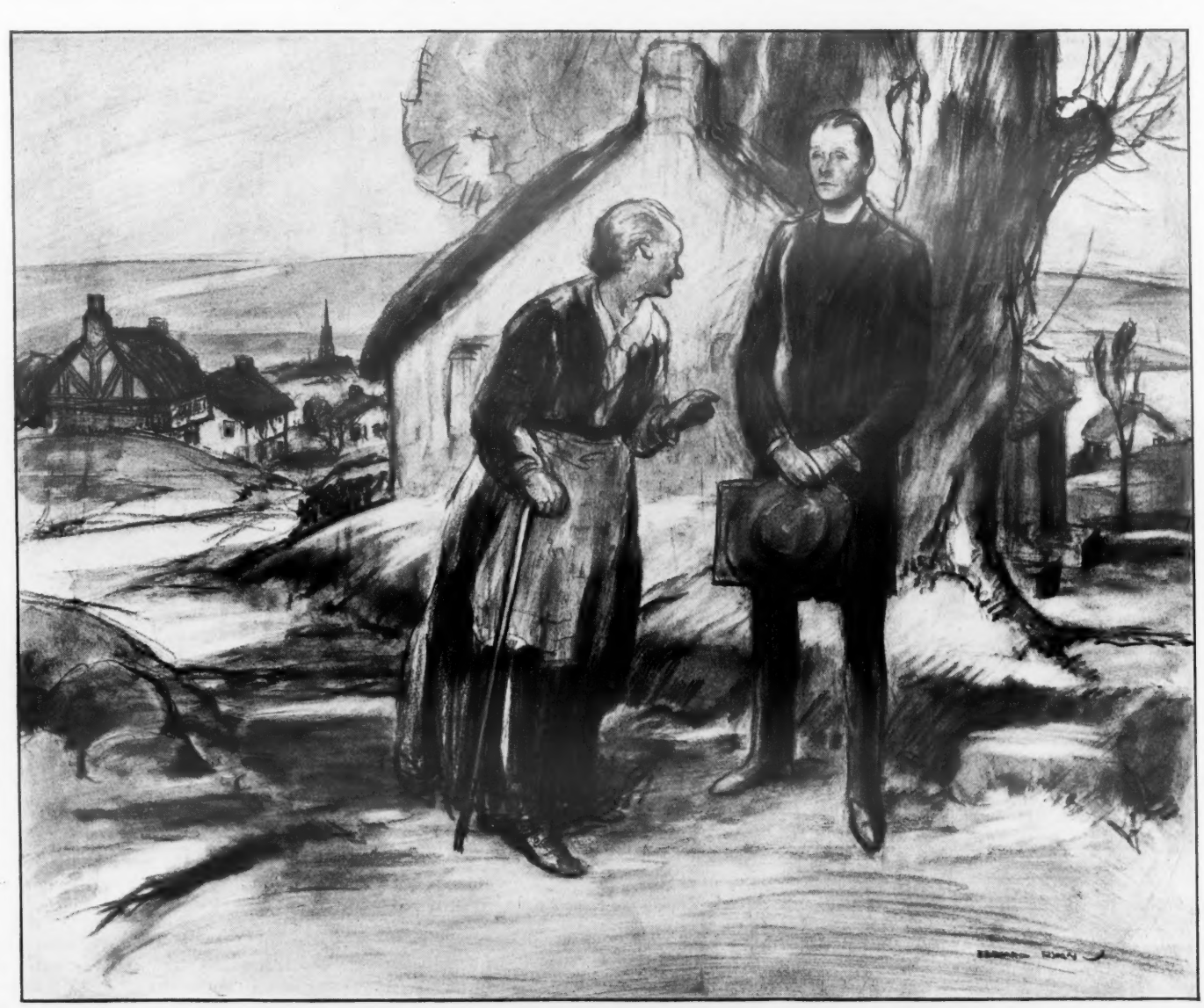
"I shall never come no more—never—to be made such a fool of as that again."

The curate mused. "I'll tell you what, Mrs. Chundle. There's one thing more to try, and only one. If that fails I suppose we shall have to give it up. It is a plan I have heard of, though I have never myself tried it. It's having a sound tube fixed, with its lower mouth in the seat immediately below the pulpit, where you would sit, the tube running up inside the pulpit with its upper end opening in a bell mouth just beside the book board. The voice of the preacher enters the bell mouth and is carried down directly to the listener's ear. Do you understand?"

"Exactly."

"And you'll come, if I put it up at my own expense?"

"Ay, I suppose. I'll try it, e'en though I said I wouldn't. I may as well do that as do nothing, I reckon."



"NO; NO," SHE SAID AS HE APPROACHED, "I KNOWED 'TWAS ALL NONSENSE"

The kind-hearted curate, at great trouble to himself, obtained the tube and had it fixed vertically as described, the upper mouth being immediately under the face of whoever should preach; and on the following Sunday morning it was to be tried.

As soon as he came from the vestry the curate perceived to his satisfaction Mrs. Chundle in the seat beneath, erect and at attention, her head close to the lower orifice of the sound pipe and a look of great complacency that her soul required a special machinery to save it, while other people's could be saved in a commonplace way.

THE rector read the prayers from the desk on the opposite side, which part of the service Mrs. Chundle could follow easily enough by the help of the prayer book; and in due course the curate mounted the eight steps into the wooden octagon, gave out his text and began to deliver his discourse.

It was a fine frosty morning in early winter, and he had not got far with his sermon when he became conscious of a steam rising from the bell mouth of the tube, obviously caused by Mrs. Chundle's breathing at the lower end, and it was accompanied by a suggestion of onion stew. However, he preached on awhile, hoping it would cease, holding in his left hand his finest cambric handkerchief kept especially for Sunday morning services.

At length, no longer able to endure the odor, he lightly dropped the handkerchief into the bell of the tube, without stopping the eloquent flow of his words; and he had the satisfaction of feeling himself in comparatively pure air.

He heard a fidgeting below; and presently there arose to him over the pulpit edge a hoarse whisper: "The pipe's chokt!"

"Now, as you will perceive, my brethren," continued the curate, unheeding the interruption, "by applying this test to ourselves, our discernment ——"

"The pipe's chokt!" came up in a whisper yet louder.

"—— our discernment of actions as morally good or indifferent will be much quickened, and we shall be materially helped in ——"

Suddenly came a violent puff of warm wind, and he beheld his handkerchief rising from the bell of the tube and floating to the pulpit floor. The little boys in the gallery laughed, thinking it a miracle. Mrs. Chundle had, in fact, applied her mouth to the bottom end, blown with all her might and cleared the tube. In a few seconds the atmosphere of the pulpit became as before, to the curate's great discomfiture.

YET stop the orifice again he dared not, lest the old woman should make a still greater disturbance.

"If you carefully analyze the passage I have quoted," he continued in somewhat uncomfortable accents, "you will perceive that it naturally suggests three points for consideration."

("It's not onions; it's peppermint," he said to himself.)

"Namely, mankind in its unregenerate state ——"

("And cider.")

"—— the incidence of the law and loving-kindness or grace, which we will now severally consider ——"

("And pickled cabbage. What a terrible supper she must have made!")

"—— under the twofold aspect of external and internal consciousness."

(Continued on Page 142)

"I THINK," SAID MILLY, "THAT THE MOST ABSOLUTELY HATEFUL THING IN THE WORLD IS INGRATITUDE"

Ingratitude

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

WITH brusque efficiency, in the style of one predestined to govern and command, Holland Gill dealt with the documents before him, a glance sufficing to seize upon the problem presented by each, a single, compact sentence instantly instructing Miss Beamish how, during his impending absence, the problem was to be met.

"Um-m. That Universal contract, eh? You know how to handle that—same as last year."

The faultless point of Miss Beamish's pencil inscribed a single stenographic symbol on the margin. Holland Gill's eye warmed to a temperate approval and his manner underwent a slight relenting from its crisply executive decision.

"You'll manage it better than I could," he said. It was a gracious speech, but it made apparently no impression whatever upon Miss Beamish. Holland Gill might as well have administered an approving pat on the back to a faithful adding machine. Miss Beamish, indeed, dimly resembled the cunning office appliances through which her secretarial duties were performed; her eyes, behind shining rimless lenses, were manifestly devices for reading business correspondence; her mouth had been constructed expressly to utter accurate information as to dates, amounts, percentages; her neat, dark dress, her black stockings and shoes, the smooth, undecorative flatness of her mousy hair suggested the dull enamel finish of a typewriter.

"Going away like this," continued Holland Gill, insistently benevolent, "makes me realize that I haven't been paying you enough, Miss Beamish. It's indiscreet for me to admit it, but I wouldn't dare leave the office for a month if I couldn't leave it in your hands. So I'm going to put another fifty on your salary check, beginning now."

Miss Beamish inclined her head. Her pencil, with the effect of a mechanical reaction, made another brief ideograph on her memorandum pad. Otherwise she remained unmoved. Mr. Gill, after a small expectant pause, resumed his task, his tone and manner once more curtly imperial.

"HARRIGAN'S proposition." He frowned, passed his hand thoughtfully over a competently aggressive chin shaven and vaguely pink from recent massage and steaming towels; the hand itself, ruggedly able in size and contours, displayed nails newly and prominently polished. Miss Beamish's eyes, lifting from the pad, followed the gleam of the buffered surfaces and her mouth became perhaps a little more expressionless than before. "You'll have to look into that and use your own judgment," said Holland Gill. "It won't wait till I get back."

Again, with the effect of good will resolute in despite of unresponse, he assumed a smile.

"I can depend on you to find out if there's a catch in it anywhere," he said. Miss Beamish bowed. The telephone buzzer hummed softly; her hand moved toward it, but Mr. Gill's was more alert. "I'll answer it." It was an apology, a little self-conscious, but he spoke into the transmitter in a voice that was at once important and appeasing. Miss Beamish suffered the interruption with the passivity of a machine.

"*This*"—the tone italicized the word as if to reassure incredulous pleasure in the listener beyond the wire—"*this* is Holland Gill. . . . Oh, yes ——" the voice warmed and lowered; Miss Beamish's mouth went a little more flatly shut. "Oh, no, I'm never so busy as all that. . . . When? . . . Why—why, yes, I'll be delighted. . . . One-thirty, then. Yes. Yes."

The receiver clicked on its hook. Mr. Gill, consulting his wrist watch, thrust back his chair.

"I'll have to let the rest of this go over till Monday, Miss Beamish. I'll get in for an hour or two before sailing time. Important matter just came up—have to hurry uptown ——"

MISS BEAMISH spoke in the voice of an office phonograph as he moved imposingly but with a certain suggestion of truancy toward the door.

"You have an engagement with Mrs. Gill at one-fifteen," she said. "Luncheon and the theater."

Mr. Gill's countenance sobered to concerned and tardy recollection.

"Good Lord! And she's coming all the way in from Leicester too. You'll have to explain to her, Miss Beamish—can't wait till she comes in."

Trouble deepened in his look.

"She'll be awfully disappointed. I—I'll rely on you to make her understand that it's an absolutely imperative matter."

"Very well," said Miss Beamish. The voice seemed to allay Mr. Gill's anxiety. He recovered his normal sufficiency.

"Thanks." He hesitated. "And about that salary, Miss Beamish. I don't feel that fifty's enough of an increase. This business of having to get away right in the middle of the season makes me realize how absolutely I've come to depend on your help. Make it—make it a hundred more a month, after this. No"—he lifted his hand as she would have spoken—"you earn it and more. I couldn't possibly get away if it weren't for you."

"Thank you," said Miss Beamish. She made an amending shorthand entry on the memorandum pad. Holland Gill departed. Gathering up the papers from his desk Miss Beamish withdrew to her outer office. Here, willfully neglecting end-of-the-week demands upon her attention, she opened her morning newspaper to the shipping page and read again the brief comment on the scheduled Monday departure of the Meronia. Only one of that steamship's intending passengers had been found worthy of specific mention in public print. Miss Lassie Fayre, between pictures, and newly released by Mexican divorce from her fifth ill-starred adventure into matrimony, had been archly uncommunicative as to the possibilities of a sixth romance, but Miss Beamish's mouth, as she read, flattened and tightened and its corners turned sharply downward.

She dropped the paper into her wastebasket at the sound of a light footstep, and turned grave, respectful eyes to greet Mrs. Holland Gill's gay little skipping entrance.

"Good morning, Miss Beamish! Can I take Mr. Gill away now, please?"

Mrs. Gill was minute and fragile and sinfully pretty; her speech had the quality of dancing on a perpetual bubble of laughter; a child's undimmable faith in the trustworthiness of all humanity was in her gaze; in person, deportment, dress and decoration she was a living testimonial to Holland Gill's material success and, still more eloquently, to his eye for beauty.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you can't," Miss Beamish said. "He was called away just a few moments ago on a—on an imperative business matter. He was very sorry, but ——"

Mrs. Gill's sky-blue eyes opened very wide, like a child's. She looked very near tears.

"He was frightfully disappointed," said Miss Beamish hastily. "He wanted me to explain that it simply couldn't be helped. You see, it's difficult for a man in Mr. Gill's position to arrange his affairs so that he can leave them for a month, this way, and ——"

"I know." Mrs. Gill seemed to derive a degree of consolation from the assurance. "I don't see how he can possibly manage to get away; he's been so terribly busy all winter—staying in, evening after evening, and coming out on that horrible Owl. I'm really glad he's got to make this trip to France—he'll get some rest on the steamer anyway."

"Oh, yes." Miss Beamish agreed earnestly, but the corners of her mouth, nevertheless, bent slightly downward.

"AND he couldn't even think of it if it weren't for you," said Mrs. Gill warmly. "He's constantly telling me that he wouldn't know what to do without you, Miss Beamish. I want you to know that I'm awfully grateful to you."

"I'm paid for everything I do," said Miss Beamish stiffly.

"You aren't—not for what you do for me!" Mrs. Gill's hand touched the grim sleeve. "You just shut that stupid old desk this minute and come straight out to lunch with me." Miss Beamish began a dissenting movement of her head. "Please! I want you to. I can't bear going to the theater alone. And they say it's a perfectly darling play; the police are going to close it any minute! Please!"

"Very well," said Miss Beamish. But she spoke even less graciously than usual, and the corners of her mouth as she adjusted the severe black hat before the mirror above the washbasin turned downward more decisively than ever.

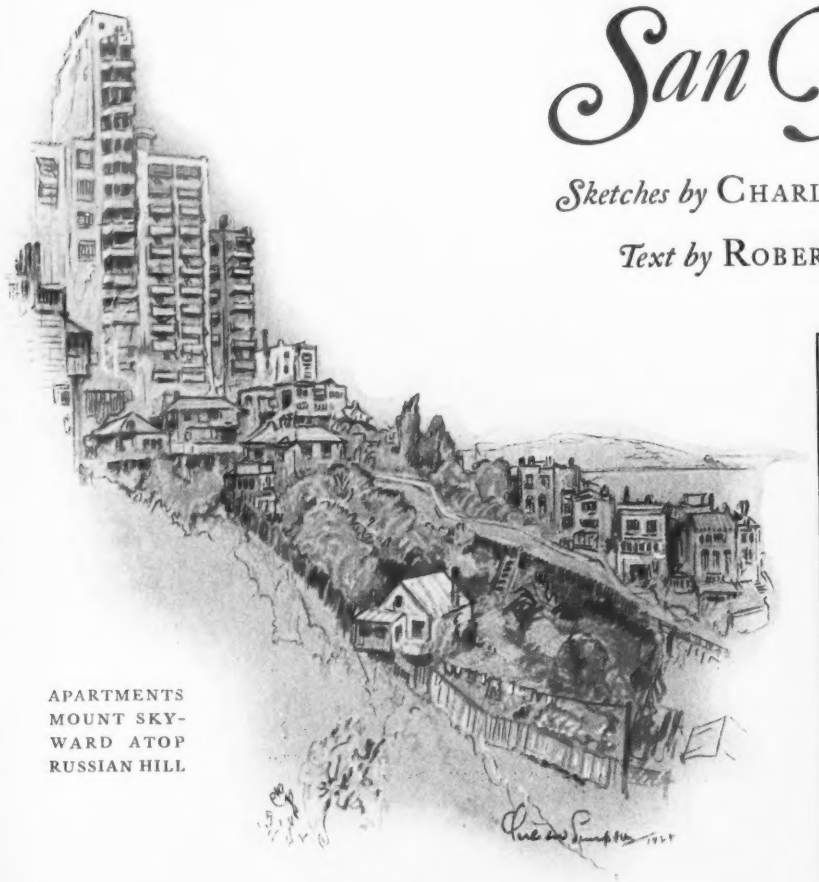
"Why, I just can't believe it, Hollie!" Mrs. Gill's voice and face glowed with loyal indignation. "It's too utterly spiteful and ungrateful for words! After all these years, after all your generosity and consideration, after the way

(Continued on Page 53)

San Francisco

Sketches by CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.C.A.

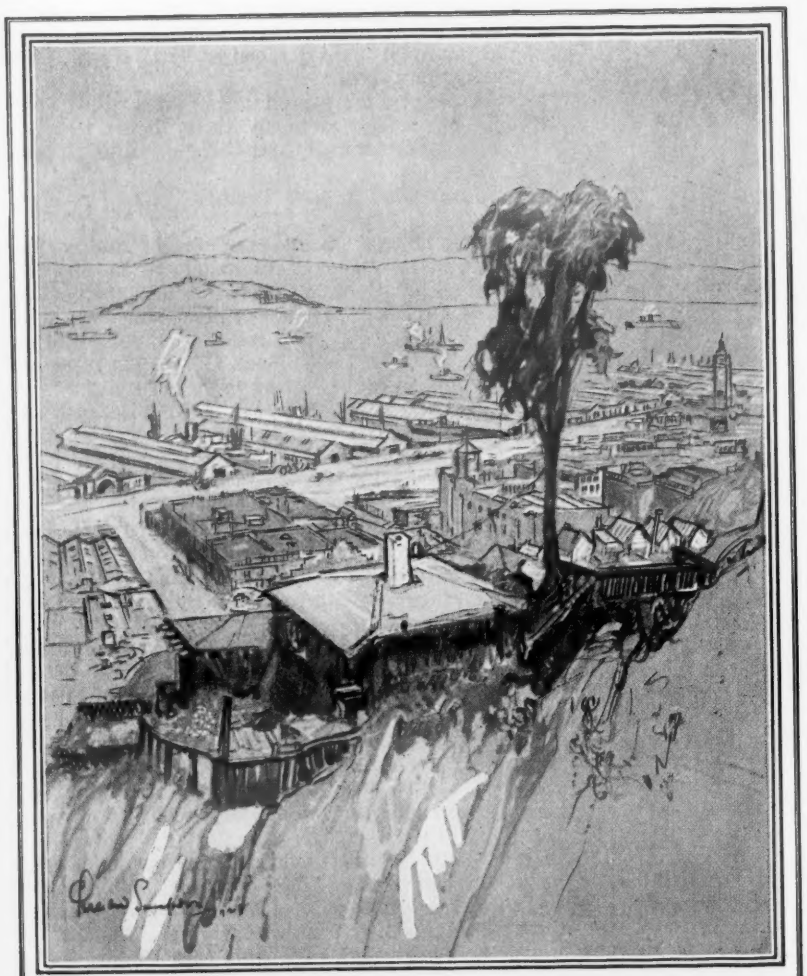
Text by ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE



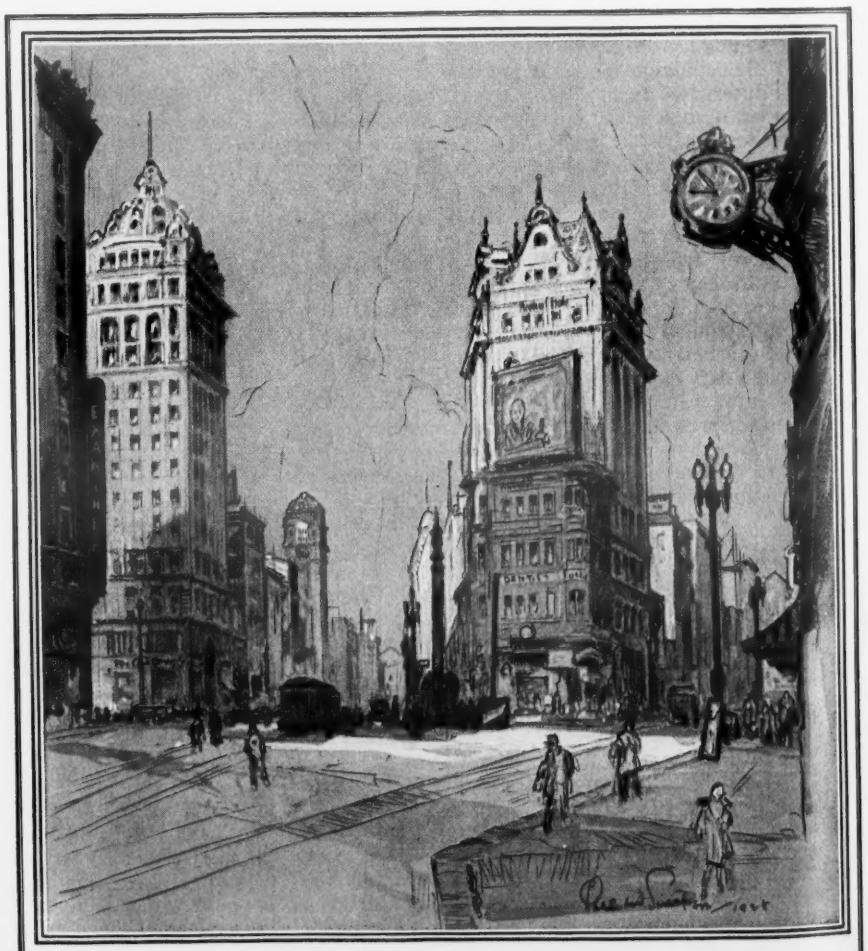
APARTMENTS MOUNT SKYWARD ATOP RUSSIAN HILL

PADRE JUNIPERA SERRA FOUNDED THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS

NEAR UNION SQUARE ARE THE CITY'S SMARTEST SHOPS



FROM THE EMBARCADERO STRETCH SEA LANES TO EVERYWHERE



WHERE MARKET STREET SWEEPS ITS BROAD, IMPERIOUS WAY

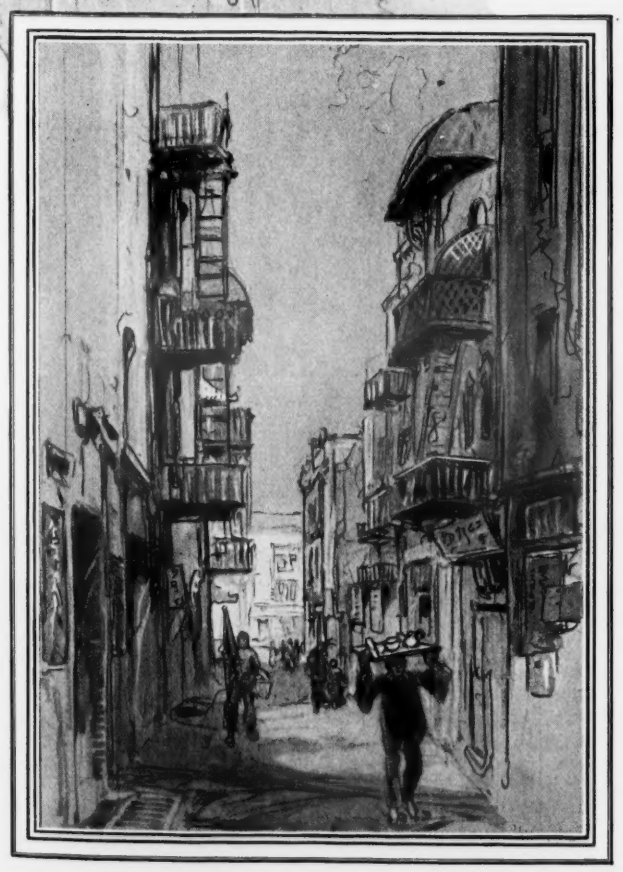
AND across the bay lies San Francisco—city of romance and portal to adventure, city of padre and Argonaut, city of sunshine and fog, city of light and shadow, city of fascination and allure.

Someone has written, "Of it and its peoples many stories have been told and many shall be; but a thousand tales shall not exhaust its treasury of Romance." No, not Stevenson, whose Golden Galleon rides to his memory in Portsmouth Square, nor Frank Norris, Bret Harte, the Irwins, Gertrude Atherton, Ambrose Bierce—none of these has seen the bottom of that treasury. For none can quite escape its spell; its sights, its sounds, its very smells, all wear the veils of romance. Romance enfolds its myriad hills, its precipitous streets, its busy waterfront. Romance gilds its Golden Gate and indigoes its blue bowl of a bay. Romance is written in the very names of its streets that harken back to days of don and padre and forty-niner.

But why go on? It's there—romance. Something ineffable, perhaps, but you sense it, you feel it, you know it. Indeed, San Francisco begins to cast its spell long before you actually set foot there, at teeming ferryhouse, steamship dock or railroad platform. Arrive from east of the mountains, and your heart keeps time with the throbbing engines of the ferryboat across six miles of gusty water from the transcontinental terminal at Oakland. Arrive by steamer, and San Francisco stretches a hand to greet you thirty miles at sea when you sight the Farallones. Arrive more prosaically by rail from the south at Third and

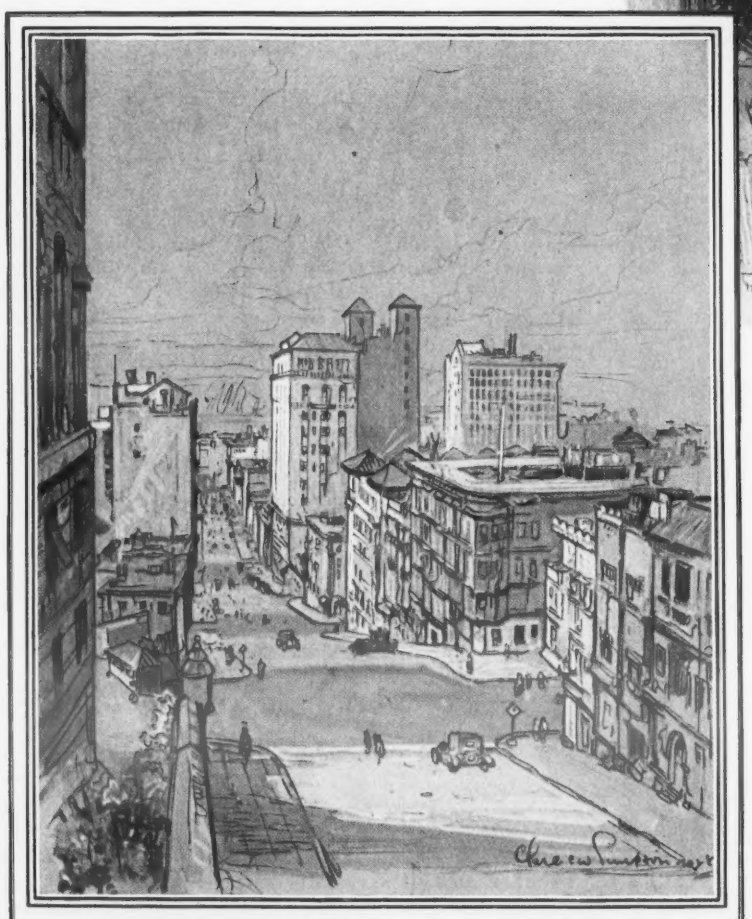
CAMPANILE, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE GOLDEN BAZAARS OF CHINA-TOWN



Townsend streets, and your progress along the peninsula is fairly sung by the clickety-click of the wheels on the rails.

San Francisco is a city reared in the sky, planted on a mountain range. From the bay she shows herself incredible piled masses against the western sky, sea-gray in tone. Nearer approach reveals a hedge of skyscrapers along the lowlands between wharves and hills, and lateral scorings climbing the heights assume the guise of unbelievable streets seeming perpendicular. All is drenched in color, grays fading into the greens of a seascape and indefinable tones carrying hints of purple—bay, city, sky, always in change of light and color under the whim of the weather factory of the Pacific outside the Golden Gate



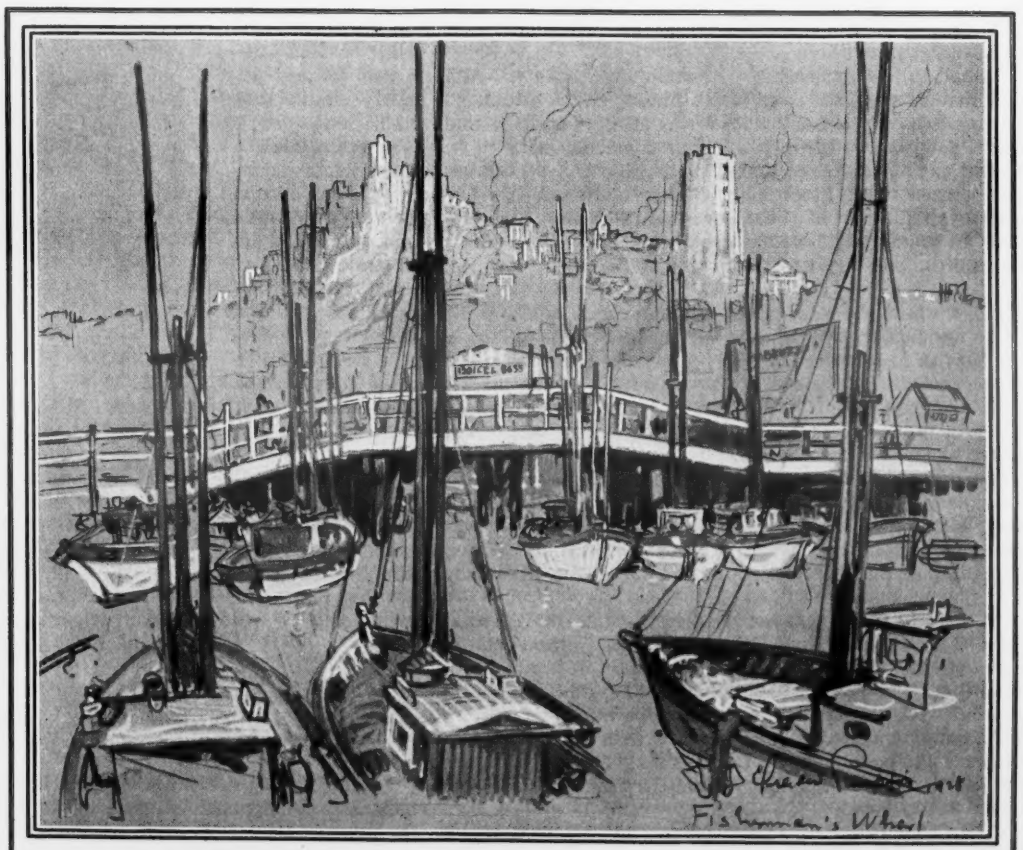
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN TO THE BAY—FROM NOB HILL

A BREATH OF JAPAN—TEA HOUSE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

And in the city itself the newcomer will find the initial enchantment growing upon him daily with the constant surprise of panoramas laid like cunning traps to jolt him out of a growing feeling of familiarity. The prospect may be a commonplace vista of wooden bay-windowed houses, but turn a corner and—presto! beyond a low wall that guards you from tumbling thirty feet onto somebody's roof is spread a fifty-mile sweep of bay, mountains, forests, cities, two-thirds round the compass dial!

Being out-of-doors-loving and out-of-doors-living folk, San Franciscans must needs bring sky and distance and hint of a far country right into the intimacy of their gas log. They must live with these elements at all hours, even at extraordinary pains.

(Continued on Page 147)



A GLIMPSE OF THE FISHING FLEET AT FISHERMEN'S WHARF

The Valley of the Shadow

By ARTHUR T. MUNYAN

Illustrated by James E. Allen

ARDETH, TORMENTED, ROSE AND WENT TO THE WINDOW

STANDING in M, just finishing with the customs, he heard the girl's voice say "Oh, are you Steve Maitland?" and, turning, smiled with a quick surge of pleasure at sight of her. "You're—Ardeth!"

She laughed and without the least irresolution flung one arm about his neck and kissed him. Her lips were cool and fervent. He was stirred by a perfume, and the faint muskiness of furs and an indefinable breath of youth about her.

"I'm so glad you're you!" she told him. "Why, you might have been that furious-looking one over there, and I can't bear the sort of people customs officers persecute!" She stood back a step to gaze at him fondly. "Imagine! You and me! After these years and years! Going to like it here?"

Maitland gave directions to porters, and liked it more and more, studying Ardeth. As she talked she constantly raised her eyes, which were sparkling amber, to his, so that her head was carried continually at an eager tilt. That indomitable lift of her head accentuated an alertness elsewhere noticeable in the eager parting of her lips and in the high curve of her nostril.

"I had to meet your ship. I couldn't wait, Steve! And they made me have a pass, of all things; and I was afraid I'd just missed you; and then I was afraid I hadn't; and then I saw you. I mean you." She chattered along in an excited gayety and steered him eventually to a parked car that seemed half a block long. "Everybody here has forgotten you but me. My dear, seven years! You're little else than an immigrant. You simply won't know New York, with all the one-way streets changed and all."

SHE wormed the long motor through dense traffic while seemingly she gave her whole attention to him. "How'd you happen to come back? Did you wonder about me some? I mean what sort of a one I'd turned out into."

"A lot," he said, unable to find words to tell a vivid, poised and grown-up Ardeth of the strange nostalgia which had drawn him across half the world to New York. A traffic jam between banks of snow seized his appalled interest. He was remembering Ardeth as he last had seen her, a child of fourteen, with her child's grave loveliness and unafraid intelligence. Something of that memory was in his restiveness, and something of that beloved youngster was in the girl beside him, but he could not say so.

"Your next to the next to the last letter came from Africa."

He said: "Yes. Slave Coast, the Niger, Timbuktu. It got me there. Nostalgia. Is that an American word? Anyhow, that. The river was puddle deep and miles wide in a plain as flat as a map. Temperature one hundred and ten, and a million insects. We had to eat by flash light. Rice, and chickens like polo balls and twice as tough. I longed to see the Ritz in New York again. The natives sat in a circle and talked without end."

"What about?"

"Nothing. Lying. It was a game. They just took turns telling lies."

"Um," said Ardeth. "Why travel? So you came home. What do you think of prohibition?"

"Do I think about it? Does it matter if I don't?"

"Not to me, but everybody'll ask." She spun the wheel and suggested, "Let's go some place and send a telegram. I've been staying with the Red Queen, and I ought to wire her. She loves to get telegrams."

"I thought this was a democracy."

"It isn't. But Queen's just our name for Florence Ash. I forget why. You remember her, Steve. 'Erbert Hash's wife. This is her elephant," patting the steering gear with narrow, gloved palms. "She adores telegrams. Guess I'd better send her one."

She drew up presently at the telegraph office on Broadway below Fourteenth Street. Inside she blew on fingers numb with cold and begged: "You write it. My hand is frozen past any feeling. I'll tell you what to say." She counted on her fingers, dictating a precise ten words, and Maitland wrote:

MRS. HERBERT ASH
TOWER HILL, N. Y.
HAVING EARLY SIMPLE DINNER AT RITZ LEAVING ISOTTA NOONAN'S GARAGE.

"No need signing it," she concluded. "I'm the only one the Queen knows who isn't visiting her now. Tell him to rush it, please. It's ve-ry important."

"NOW where?" he inquired. A man might care to unpack, or bathe, just back from equatorial Africa; but perhaps she had other plans.

"Now I have to find a Noonan's garage," she explained earnestly. "If there is any such garage. I'm sure there must be. There are simply pages of Noonans in the phone book; I'm positive, and one of them would have a garage."

One had, in the forties—far east. There they left the car and proceeded by cab to the Ritz. The Ritz of his African longings. "There may be a telegram," Ardeth told the head waiter as he seated them. "There ought to be one any moment, don't you think so?" she asked anxiously of Maitland.

He nodded gravely. "Having early simple dinner at Ritz." No doubt that called urgently for a reply. Early simple dinner was hors d'œuvres, and clear green-turtle soup, a bit of fish entrée, breast of guinea hen, an artichoke, avocado salad, and practically nothing but a pêche Melba in the way of dessert. Tower Hill's reply came in the early chapters of the artichoke.

"DO READ it," Maitland urged; "it's probably important." Ardeth shot him a grateful glance, perused, and tossed him the yellow slip. It was a prepaid telegram to:

MISS ARDETH ROMNEY
CARE OF HEAD WAITER
RITZ-CARLTON, N. Y. CITY.
BETTER RETURN I NEED GADGETS HAVE ISOTTA MENDED UNGODLY PARTY.

Indeed, thought Maitland, the Queen must adore telegrams. Almost anything in the way of a telegram. Well, a harmless extravagance. Need gadgets. Ungodly party. America was very young. From some crevice of memory he now recalled a word game, and mentally applied its rules to the exchange of communications with Tower Hill, discarding all but the first letter of each word in the two messages.

Thus decoded, they read: Ardeth to the Queen: He's darling. The Queen to Ardeth: Bring him up.

Sadness touched Maitland. A dream, mistily glimpsed, was already collapsing. It emerged that Ardeth, however outwardly gracious toward him, was pursuing another research in a more interesting quarter. There was a mysterious he, called darling. Her main preoccupation all along had been to wangle an invitation to Tower Hill for that other him. It was rather an ignominy.

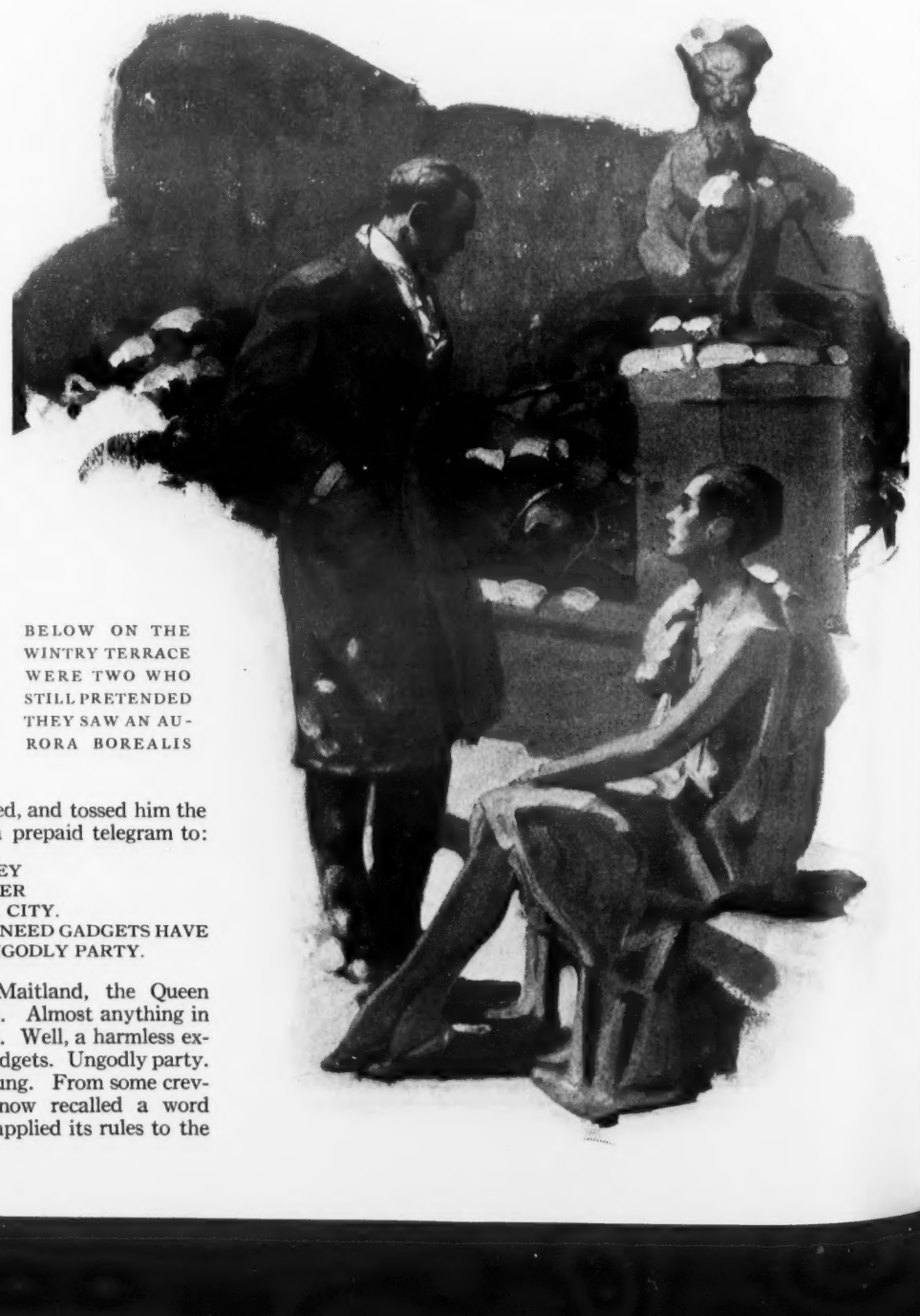
SHE was leaning across the table. Her eyes with their entrancing topaz light met his. "Steve, what are your plans? Oh, come up to Tower Hill with me! Please!" A delightful urgency in her voice. "You hardly know the Ashes, but it doesn't matter. It really doesn't. Their place is more like the Westchester-Biltmore. I mean you can't possibly know half the people you see. There's a winter carnival at the Lodge. We can do things."

"Good Lord, I'm the he," flashed through his mind. Darling was the vernacular merely for a guest who would not steal the spoons. He knew before he spoke that he would accept. He was already unable to think of doing without Ardeth. Life flowed more swiftly where she was. There was a quick enchantment for him in all the things she said and did.

He told her disingenuously: "It was sweet of you to come to the pier, but you must ——"

"Pfui!" Ardeth brushed that aside. "I'll feel as responsible as I like! We'll do things until elevenish, eh? Then we'll start."

They found a show and had a dance and a half in a grill before plunging northward from Noonan's on the Bronx



BELOW ON THE WINTRY TERRACE WERE TWO WHO STILL PRETENDED THEY SAW AN AURORA BOREALIS

AN UNFAMILIAR JUMP, AFTER A LAPSE IN PRACTICE, DEMANDED ALL HIS ATTENTION

Parkway. He knew the foreign gear shift and relieved the girl at the wheel.

"Are you used to driving on the left side of the road?" she merely asked. "We sort of don't, over here. You'd probably better humor us. Did you ski at St. Moritz, Steve? You wrote from there two years ago. I remember you described the snow-line garoo, which is something like a polar bear and something like a kangaroo, and was bred to pull toboggans uphill."

"What idiocy!" he said, aghast. "As if you were about seven!"

"I LOVED your letters!" said Ardeth positively, and did not look at him. "Last week," she now disclosed, "I entered you for the jumping at Tower Hill. I thought we might both happen to be there so ——"

"What makes you think I'm a ski jumper?"

"You do everything!" Her faith in him was almost shocking. "Well, you do jump, don't you?"

"Ye-es. I've been rather out of the way of it in the past year or so."

"Oh, that's all right," she told him happily. "The Queen has liniments."

One o'clock found them in the hall of the Ashs' English country house with a dozen people grouped about a fire of hickory logs. They engaged him at once in easy conversation. Yes, high seas this time of year. . . . No, not on the larger ships. . . . Yes, winter in America was jolly. . . . Prohibition. . . . They had the bearing and the casual manner which he understood and liked.

Ardeth murmured over his shoulder, helping him identify individuals. His host was the slim chap who was popping corn. "He's terribly clever! He discovered a gik you rub on skis and it makes them stick when you go uphill and slip like anything when you go down."

"That's a remarkable gik!"

"Isn't it! That grieved-looking person is Gerald Hayden. I used to think the grieving ones were awfully romantic, but I seem to have outgrown them or something."

Florence Ash was a nonchalant, slender blonde. Red Queen was a gross exaggeration for the daintily imperious air she seemed to have. She was one, thought Maitland, whose friendship would be delightful, whose dislike would be oddly demoralizing; she was so cool and exquisite.

She pointed a finger at Ardeth. "Oh, about that cough of yours. No lollygagging either! How is it?"

"You leave me alone, Queen!"

"Ha!" said the Queen, and spoke to a servant. "A spoon in Miss Romney's room. I'll be around later to use it."

"A guest in this place," Ardeth grumbled, "is like an animal in a clinic. She just uses us to experiment on with a lot of loathsome poisons. I mean it's hardly any fun at all here." To Maitland she murmured, "The slinking gazelle over there is Candace Draper. She's decided you're too wonderful, and heaven protect you!" He was aware that the girl had been watching him from where she half reclined in a deep chair within the firelight. She wore a new evening frock, a picture gown, so to speak, somewhat like a crinoline of diaphanous fabric. Over the slender lines of her figure her dark eyes were level and disturbing.

Her voice had an arresting quality. "What do you think of American women, Mr. Maitland?"

Florence Ash laughed. "You'll have to answer it, Steve. You could be deported for not knowing."

ARDETH sat on a table edge with her hands clasped about one knee and looked like a scornful Rosalind. She wanted to be sarcastic. Candace Draper was an ultra feminine who emerged only in the presence of a new or attractive man. Ordinarily listless, she would use the most astonishing devices to capture, focus, the interest of a strange male on herself. She would effervesce with sudden, odd vivacity. She would sing. "She'll sing," Ardeth told herself. "She'll sing, sure!"

Maitland, hard pressed, was answering the question. "Why, they're fascinating, certainly. I'm trying to think just what the peculiar charm of American women is. Their daring, I suppose. The things they like have an element of daring, danger. It's rather an aristocratic taste. They're independent; they know how to be gay; but the strongest impression they give is the one of fearlessness."

"Are they really any different?" Hayden wondered aloud. "Do people change? Does human nature ever change?"

Conversation on the eternal topic became general. American women were just like the others of all time. . . . They were nothing like the others. They were a new breed, with an inbred look and patrician traits. . . . They weren't feminine any more. . . . They were as feminine as anything, but they weren't dimwits any more. Anyhow, the superior ones were fearless. Steve was right.

CANDACE strolled gracefully to the piano and struck a few pensive arpeggios. Someone asked her to sing and she reluctantly complied. Candace's hair was like the night and her face was such a face as drifts through dreams. She sang:

"Sylvia's hair is like the night,
Touched with glancing, starry beams;
Such a face as drifts through dreams—
This is Sylvia to the sight.
And the touch of Sylvia's hand ——"

"Lovely!" said the Queen. "It's called Sylvia, isn't it? Did anyone notice the northern lights tonight?"

"Oh, really?" Candace was up, prettily excited, confronting Steve. "Northern lights! Let's go outside and look! Would you get me my coat? It's that chinchilla one." Ardeth swore under her breath. "I think I'll go to bed," she told the Queen crossly. "I didn't sleep so well in town last night."

"What was the matter, dear?"

Steve was holding the coat for Candace's white shoulders. "Oh, I don't know. Couple of chinchillas miauled all night in the alley under my window." Then she laughed ashamedly and said: "Oh, don't mind me, Candace! It's an elegant coat. I've got the croup or something and it makes me like that."

(Continued on Page 180)

Jills of All Trades

By Ann Hark

BONNIE MC CARROLL, WORLD'S CHAMPION WOMAN BRONCO-BUSTER

A WOMAN who goes to the bottom of the sea to bring up treasure from sunken ships; a girl who earns her daily bread by manufacturing glass eyes; a lady who climbs up flagpoles and balances on iron girders as she plies her trade as steeple jack; a young matron who is known round the world as champion broncobuster; a feminine telephone linesman who climbs poles, strings wires and splices cables on a line covering forty-six miles of rugged mountain country; a lady steamboat captain plying up and down the Mississippi; a woman who goes into a hospital operating room and sketches the living vital parts of the human body; a female bootblack; a woman hog caller ——

Yes, the ladies are expressing themselves. And what's more, they're proud of it. "Why shouldn't we do the work we like to do?" they pertly ask. "Just because women have never done this sort of thing before is no reason why they never should. We like our jobs, and we do them well. Why, then, shouldn't we go on?"

Well, why shouldn't they? Echo answers a stentorian "Why?"

And so today we have our lady sheriffs and taxi drivers, our female pastors and pawnbrokers, our fair blacksmiths and jockeys, our gentle stevedores and lighthouse keepers, our lady foresters and station agents, our feminine veterinarians and trolley motormen—and so on down a long and lusty list. All over the country women are taking up odd and unusual jobs that once were considered taboo. If a lady has a desire to walk among the clouds, no longer does she suppress it; she simply becomes a parachute jumper or a mountain-peak guide. If an unfulfilled yearning for the bright lights obsesses her, she buys a uniform and takes a job as fireman. And if by any chance she has a top-sergeant complex, she becomes the warden of a penitentiary!

Nowadays no woman with a hidden longing—or the necessity to earn a living—need despair. She may not have the talent or the training to become an artist or a writer, a physician or a lawyer, but she can always be a cooper or a constable, an auctioneer or an undertaker, a professional packer or a teacher of jiujitsu, a stonemason or a plasterer, a longshoreman or a lifeguard, a railroad porter or a policeman. Other women are doing all these things, and many more besides; in fact, of the 572 gainful occupations listed by the United States Census Bureau in 1920, only thirty-five had not yet been invaded by the gentle sex. And that was eight years ago.

LIONS ARE THE PRODUCT OF THE FARM OPERATED BY MRS. CHARLES GAY AND HER HUSBAND

EIGHT years, of course, can make a lot of difference; and it has. Not only have the ladies branched out still further into man's domain, but they have invented some unique and interesting occupations of their own. Take Miss Maxine Glover, of Chicago, for instance. Miss Glover's job with a cement association hangs, quite literally, by a hair of her head. No hair, no job. For it's her business to keep her shining tresses long and unbobbed, so that every few days a man of science from the company's laboratory may pluck from her head a single long and lustrous hair. The hair is threaded through the eye of a delicately balanced needle in the humidity-control mechanism, and by its slackness or tautness the all-important humidity of the testing chamber is gauged. Since it is necessary for the purposes of the test that the hair be no less than twenty inches long, Miss Glover will quickly find herself out of a job if she ever decides to have a bob.

Then there's Mrs. Philys Nelson, whose business is making dresses for elephants and camels. As wardrobe woman for Ringling Brothers & Barnum & Bailey's Circus, she superintends the designing and fitting of the gorgeous costumes worn by these animals in the circus parades. And since it takes four men to measure an elephant for a new suit and the circus owns somewhere round seventy-five elephants and as many camels, Mrs. Nelson employs a large force of workers. She herself does the fitting, but it requires the services of several persons to do the actual dressmaking, and a costume is usually three or four weeks in the making. And the elephants themselves, Mrs. Nelson says, are not particularly helpful, for their taste is distinctly old-fashioned. They object strenuously to appearing in short skirts, and much prefer the longer draperies that keep the flies away.

A CEMENT ASSOCIATION TAKES HAIRS FROM MISS MAXINE GLOVER'S UNBOBBED TRESSES TO MAKE HUMIDITY TESTS

MISS DORA ADAMS, of Seattle, Washington, holds another curious job that is probably unique: She is a vacuum-cleaner artist. Just for her own amusement she used to sprinkle flour on the living-room rugs and then, with a vacuum-cleaner nozzle, proceed to evolve the most astonishing pictures by removing the flour from certain psychological spots. One day it occurred to her that this playful occupation might be turned into a career, and so she and her unusual pictures became, first, the center of a window display for an electric company, and then an attraction at Seattle expositions. Finally she was engaged by a vacuum-cleaner company to travel round the country demonstrating her peculiar "art," and later to appear in motion pictures.

Perhaps the most outstanding woman engaged in an unusual business is Mrs. Margaret Campbell Goodman, of Brooklyn, New York, the only woman deep-sea diver in the world. A mere slip of a person, four feet nine inches tall, she goes to her work at the bottom of the sea clad in a suit of diving armor weighing twenty-five pounds, with a fifteen-pound shoe on each foot, a thirty-eight-pound helmet and breastplate and a sixty-pound leaded belt—the entire outfit aggregating one hundred and fifty-three pounds, or just forty-three pounds more than Mrs. Goodman weighs herself. One of her biggest pieces of work was in connection with the Pewabic, sunk in Lake Huron in 1865, with a valuable cargo of copper. Five men had lost their lives trying to salvage the treasure, but, undaunted, Mrs. Goodman set about the job. It was before the days when airplanes were used in the locating of wrecks, and so the determined little woman chartered a tug and started with a salvage gang to drag the bottom of the lake. For five weeks they dragged, and at last they found the ship, lying in one hundred and eighty feet of water. Mrs. Goodman herself went down early in the undertaking, and often thereafter, and soon large chunks of copper were being brought to the surface. Two summers were needed to complete the job, but it brought its own reward; for the copper retrieved was worth more than three hundred thousand dollars.

That, of course, was only one of Mrs. Goodman's ventures. She has raised, and is still raising, plenty of other ships, and in between times she is writing a book on her experiences. And in addition, she is an officer of the League of American Penwomen and of the New York Playwrights' Club, with various plays and vaudeville sketches to her credit. And this winter she is going on a lecture tour to tell the public of the queer and interesting things she has found at the bottom of the sea.

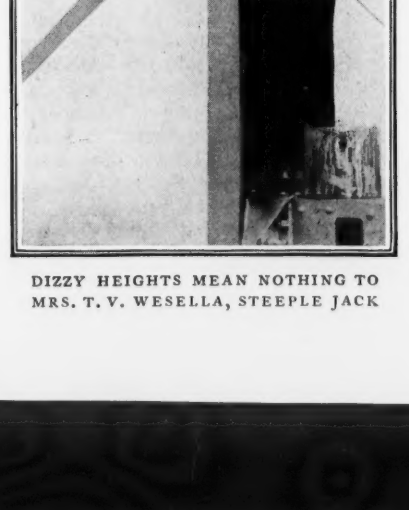
MRS. MARGARET CAMPBELL GOODMAN, DEEP-SEA DIVER, RAISES SHIPS

Just across the river from Mrs. Goodman, on Manhattan Island, there's another woman engaged in a curious occupation. She is Miss Dorothy F. Davis, one of the few manufacturers of glass eyes in this country. It's a knack, the fashioning of artificial orbs, and a knack that pays well, for, as few persons realize, a glass eye must be renewed each year. Miss Davis, who has been in the business since she was a girl of seventeen, was the only one of her brothers and sisters to inherit the knack from her father. Both he and his father had engaged in this peculiar art before her, and today Miss Davis still numbers as clients some of the patients who first came to her grandfather.

MISS DORA ADAMS FASHIONS REMARKABLE PICTURES WITH A VACUUM CLEANER

ALTHOUGH the business of mortician is no longer considered particularly startling for women, some of the duties that occasionally go with it are rather peculiar, and some of the refinements brought about by the presence of women are interesting. Mrs. Hortensia E. Whittlock-Stokes, of Brooklyn, New York, who has been a mortician for sixteen years, once accompanied a body all the way to Europe. During the time she has been practicing her profession she has noticed many changes. With the passing of the horse-drawn hearse, she says, an attempt has been made to take away the horror of death. Black coffins have given way to those of various shades, such as royal purple, ashes of roses, coachman buff, heliotrope and even light blue and pink, and at the cemetery elaborate lowering devices, tents, chairs and carpets are used to promote an atmosphere of comfort and repose.

Like that of mortician, the feminine profession of steeple jack is not so rare as it once was, and various women throughout the country are now climbing gayly up poles and smokestacks, to wield a paintbrush high in air. But Mrs. T. V. Wesella, of Oakland, California, went into the business for a rather unusual reason. It was on a trip through Great Falls, Montana, that she was "dared" by a companion to climb to the top of a large smokestack, five hundred and six feet high. Mrs. Wesella took the dare, and when she reached the ground learned that she had scaled the largest brick smokestack in the world! The experience, really, hadn't seemed so bad, so some days later when her husband, a steeple jack by trade, complained that he couldn't get enough men to carry on his work, his wife volunteered to help him out. That was the beginning of a business that resulted in a partnership between husband and wife, and today the two start out to work together, each with a separate crew to boss and a separate job to handle.



DIZZY HEIGHTS MEAN NOTHING TO MRS. T. V. WESELLA, STEEPLE JACK

Mrs. Wesella has had some narrow escapes during the course of her life atop steeples and flagpoles. Once the ropes attached to her chair, two hundred and twenty-four feet in air, were cut on the edge of a rafter and she started to plunge to the concrete sidewalk two hundred feet below. But an obliging steeple twenty-five feet down broke the fall, and the

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AMERICAN WOMEN SEEK INTERNATIONAL COMITY, LED BY MRS. BEN HOOPER *(left)* AND MRS. JOHN F. SIPPEL

Women and World Peace

By MRS. JOHN F. SIPPEL

President General Federation of Women's Clubs

WHAT part of the obligation to maintain friendly relations among nations belongs to women of the world? My eyes have just rested on this paragraph in the Plea to American Women issued six years ago by four outstanding women leaders of America. Among them were Mrs. Herbert Hoover and Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, former president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. "The heart of humanity is set at peace," run the lines. "Some women are declaring for peace regardless of security; but other organizations and millions of women in all organizations are bent on lasting peace in permanent security."

Can we do more than we are doing now, and have been doing for years, to secure this lasting peace? We pass resolutions urging the ratification of this or that treaty designed to settle controversy and forestall conflict. We are alert to commend this or that act of the Government when it appeals to us as a war preventive and are quick to condemn it when we believe it has war-provocative qualities. We "read up" on war's causes and study long and discuss earnestly the various mechanisms set up as substitutes for the age-old cruel instrument of war. All these important things we now do. Sometimes we do them through organizations of women; sometimes through organizations of both men and women. But are the women of the world leaving anything undone that they, as women, are especially well equipped to do?

I ask the question, not because I undervalue these cooperative efforts to clarify and crystallize public sentiment. These activities for just and enduring peace are of transcending importance and I glory in the part women are taking, but I ask my question because I believe that, important as our coöperation is in these movements to build effective substitutes for war, the women of the world can make a peculiar contribution of their own to the tranquillity of nations and one which will tremendously reënforce existing efforts.

What is the *underpinning of all pacts?* Kings and princes, statesmen, professional men, publicists, philanthropists, scientific men, historians, economists, the builders of industry and the generals of finance, the women leaders of the world—all agree that the effectiveness of treaties, the permanence of pacts, the realization of the hope of speeding the limitation of armaments on land and sea depend upon the extent to which we can build up an understanding fellowship among the civilized nations of the world.

International Understanding Sought

THE men charged with the conduct of foreign offices, the professional men in their frequent international conferences, the business men through trade intercourse, the economists, the philanthropists and all the other specialists organized for special objectives are making their own direct contributions toward building up international understanding through permanent contacts. In many of these organizations are women of distinction, and numbers of women's organizations hold frequent conferences on subjects of international policy. But who are making the permanent, social and cultural contacts among like-minded women—not merely among the like-minded women leaders—of civilized nations?

I think it was Spencer—was it not?—who said, "That which constitutes history is in great part omitted from the works on the subject." We might very well paraphrase that utterance and apply it to international relations: "That which constitutes international fellowship is in great part omitted from works on the subject!" How can there be any basic international fellowship if the international contacts are confined to intercourse among leaders, whether that intercourse be occasional or periodical and frequent? If there is to be a tie of friendship that will take the strain from the paper on which treaties are written the *peoples* of the nations must come to know each other in terms of home and community life. This knowledge cannot be brought about merely by discussing the influence of armies and navies, the significance of treaties, the open seas, closed ports, legal sanctions, and all the other phases of formal international functioning. It is essential to understand such matters, but we may know all about them and never know, nor have a friendly thought for, the families that make up the communities, or for the communities that make up the nations that are trying thus to function together without fighting each other to settle disputes.

What Spencer asks about the nations of the past we want to know about the nations of the present—the religious ideas, "not only those nominally believed, but those really believed and acted upon." We need to know the "control exercised by class over class as displayed in social observances, in set titles, salutations and forms of address." We need to gain a leisurely and friendly acquaintance with the customs "which regulate the popular life out-of-doors and indoors . . . the relations of parents to children, the æsthetic culture as displayed in architecture, sculpture, painting, dress, music, poetry and fiction." What rests, what recreates and what wears down men and women in daily life? What is the standard of good homemaking, good citizenship, municipal economy and national conservation? What is the popular thought from nation to nation about science, invention, scientific research, sanitation, public health and the practice of medicine? We need to know how child life varies from nation to nation. What are the superstitions—for we all have them and we can read in them the hearts of nations, if we understand these superstitions from the cosmic myths down to popular charms?

Think you that knowledge of these intimate details of family life had no part in building up international understanding? Do they seem to you vague or trivial or irrelevant? If they do, will you, my reader who dubs them so, tell us what *you* mean by international understanding? What is it that you would understand if not the ideals of home life, of community life, of right and justice as practiced by the nations that must find a way of getting along together in this old world of ours without flaring into bloody fights over continual misunderstandings?

If you want concrete illustration as to the importance of knowing these things, they are not hard to find. Recall, for example, the riots that occurred years ago when "foreign devils" started to build a railroad near an Oriental resting place for the dead. It was not the intent of the railroad builders to offend the religious sensibilities or national ideals of the race; it was only because the builders were unaware of the existence of ideals that made the proximity of a railroad to a cemetery a maddening offense. You business men who may deny the importance of this intimate knowledge that can come only from continuous social contact: How much did the mistake cost those firms that unwittingly exported to certain countries products in wrappings which were colored in hues that offended the popular traditions? I could go on naming a long list of the customs and ideals in one nation which many people in another might regard as trivial, as irrelevant, as having no bearing on international understanding, but which in the aggregate constitute the very nerve centers of international fellowship. How then are these myriad threads of the home and community life among civilized nations to be gathered up and slowly woven into a permanent and enduring fabric of world friendship?

It is our conviction that in this need for building up social and cultural contacts among the homes and communities in the family of civilized nations lies one of the opportunities of women to make a real contribution to the upbuilding of international fellowship Instinctive in women is the habit of establishing social and cultural contacts. Men have always counted upon women to render this service, to give the friendly, hospitable touch. Many a man's career as a doctor, as a lawyer, as a merchant, has been built up by the help of the social contacts made by his wife or mother or sister. How large a part have "social gatherings" played in national and international conferences among political leaders and representatives of governments? The history of nations is replete with evidence of the service which women have rendered in establishing just friendly intercourse.

I have said that the General Federation was peculiarly fitted to serve as the agency through which women of the world can bring the homes and communities of the nations of the world into friendly touch.

Cultural and Social Reciprocity

THE charter granted over twenty-five years ago to the General Federation lays it under obligation "to bring into communication the various women's clubs throughout the world." Furthermore, the General Federation is primarily an educative and cultural organization. All other activities in which it may engage are but a means to a higher cultural life. And don't forget that easily 98 per cent of our membership are homemakers, mothers of families, growing or grown. We are not specialists, but we are flesh and blood and bone of the community and family life of the nations to which we belong. Our member clubs in the United States keep in constant touch with each other, though separated by the three to four thousand miles that stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the northern borders to the Gulf of Mexico. Through our club studies, our interchange of programs, our correspondence, our bulletins, our national, state and local conferences, we keep our friendships alive and our understandings clear and current.

In sixteen foreign countries we now have individual clubs belonging to the General Federation, though the membership of these clubs is made up largely, though not entirely, of English-speaking women, including American women living abroad.

Briefly, this is our plan:

The General Federation will begin organizing member clubs among the *homemaking woman citizens* the world over in order to establish that permanent cultural and social reciprocity that now exists among the 14,000 member clubs at work in the thousands of communities located in three-quarters of the 3000 counties of the United States.

The organizing campaign cannot be started all over the world at once. The resources of the General Federation are not sufficient to start on such a scale, even if that were the wisest method of approach. The plan approved involves calling, first, a conference of broadly cultured women belonging to the nations of the *Western Hemisphere*. We plan to

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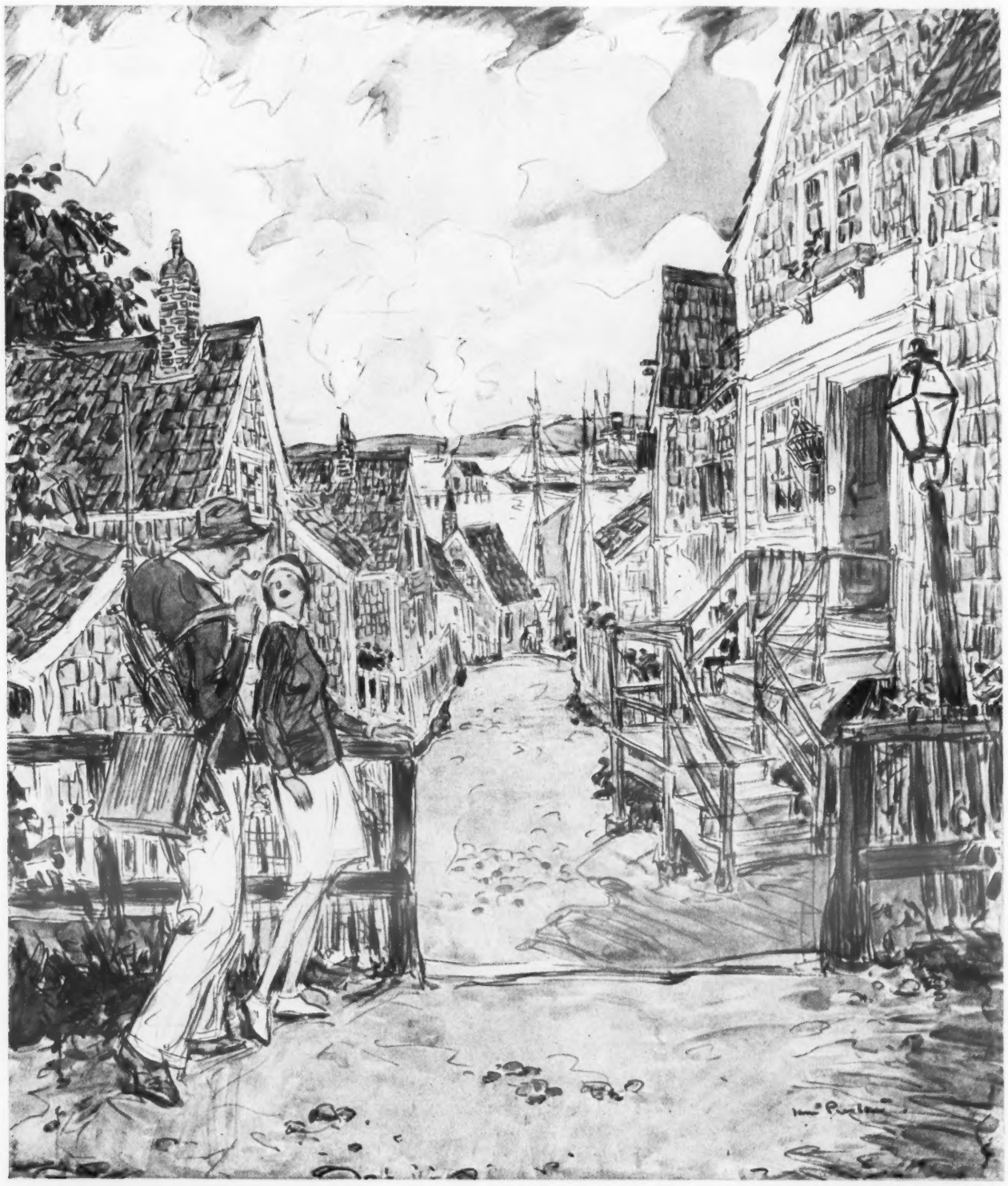

"YOU DO THOSE MARVELOUS MARINE MURALS—YOU'RE ROWAN MACMURTIE!"

East Injy

By Louise Redfield Peattie

Illustrated by James M. Preston

LIKE a silvery spell out of the sea the fog had come up and closed about Melissa, so that she was now thoroughly lost. She moved slowly through that muffling trance, carefully over the slippery rocks, where the waves broke at her feet with a faintly visible glimmer of foam. Out at sea the foghorns were calling, crying a muted and melancholy warning.

It was magical; and most horribly moist and chilly and lonely too. And then, out of the briny void, a summons came wafting—the incredible smell of hot coffee. Melissa slipped and slid recklessly over the barren cliff edge, rounded a thunderous promontory and discovered, in the floating dimness, the darker dimness of a cavern's mouth. She stood still to get her bearings.

At the high opening of the recess a man's figure shaped itself, standing with a cup in one hand and a vacuum bottle in the other; tall, topped with a battered felt hat, beneath which a deep-bowled pipe jutted at a contented angle from his jaw.

Melissa spoke. "My father taught me," she said reflectively, "that pipes are smoked only by college-bred gentlemen or honest tramps. I think I shall risk asking for a little of that coffee."

The man turned with no sign of being startled. "Astute tutoring," he murmured. "Right on both counts, in this case." He was already pouring coffee for her into the cap of the vacuum bottle. "A villain always does smoke a cigarette, doesn't he?"

Melissa sat down on a rock just inside the shallow recess and received the coffee with honest gratitude. "I've been tramping the shore for hours. I'm lost, and as hollow as the foghorns sound." She drank, and delight coursed through her. "Where am I?"

"'This is Illyria, lady.'"

He sat cross-legged on the flat rock floor, tugged something from his coat pocket and unfolded the clean white napkin that wrapped it.

"Sandwiches!" She took one and bit into it deeply.

Her eyes closed. Magic touched her palate, spreading a slow spell through her being. Spices of Araby, fruits of Eden, stirred with the skill of Circe at her caldron!

"What is it?" she breathed, her eyes still rapturously closed as she savored it.

"It's East Injy," the man in the fog said solemnly.

Reverently Melissa lifted the top slice of bread and gazed at the filling—dark, thick, mysterious, giving forth those alluring and baffling perfumes.

"It's ambrosia," breathed Melissa. "Where can you get it?"

"You can't," said the young man finally.

"I must," she said, her blue eyes earnest upon him. "How could you let me taste it—and then tell me I can't have any more? Is it a secret?"

"There's only one person alive who knows how to make East Injy," said the young man, rising to his feet, "and she won't ever tell. But you may have the last sandwich." He offered it to her gently.

Melissa took it, and her wondering gaze wandered out the little cave's mouth. "The fog's lifting. Look!" she cried, pointing. "There's the Samothrace."

The sun had sent a pale gold shaft to pierce the milky dimness, and out on the water tall masts glittered where an arrogant great shape rode the harbor waves.

The girl was on her feet. "I know where I am now," she said quickly. "I'm going—before the fog lifts, and Illyria turns into New England, and we find out each other's names and discover mutual friends in Boston. I'm going while the flavor lasts—the flavor of East Injy."

And she was out of the cave mouth, over the rocks. Her voice floated back to him, silvery through the shredding silver, "Thanks for the hot coffee too."

Marblehead in summer turns a bright face to the casual visitor, hiding all memory of its bitter winter fogs, of its grim history of struggle with the sea that has been for three centuries its master and its slave. White sails skim the harbor waters, bright skirts flutter in the crooked old streets, and the ancient doorways are hung with a riot of roses.

But the little old town lies smiling, dreaming, inattentive to modern life and today's roses; and if you stand a while silent in its quiet streets, listening to the immemorial bright

breathing of the sea, you feel the sense of great old memories rising like perfume from a rose jar.

So at least, Melissa Lane felt it, strolling an unexplored byway in afternoon sunshine. She had left her friends sprawled in cushioned wicker around the bridge table on the Samothrace's decks—all but Dick himself, who from his cabin, with his secretary, was transacting his magnificent affairs in distant places with his usual lordly impatient ease.

"Going ashore again?" young Blithe had queried, looking up from the cards he was shuffling. "Good heavens, child, that town's been dead three hundred years."

"We saw everything there was to be seen in half a day," said Eloise, the major's wife, collapsing wearily into her chair.

"And it was all simply moldy anyway," said Gertrude.

"However, we'll tell Dick you've gone," said the major affably. A fifth around the bridge table is always better out of the way.

There might be wonderful old things behind these house fronts, Melissa meditated now, looking up at one older than the rest, dimmer somehow, with little steep stairs going up at an angle, and in a window two blue plates and a luster pitcher. Melissa stopped short. She must get inside. Perhaps those things were for sale. She flitted up the steps and knocked once on the weather-beaten door.

WHEN it opened, the passageway was so vague and dark she could see nothing, nor who held the door for her. But she stood transfixed on the threshold. Stealing to meet her, rising in imperceptible clouds to envelop her, came an odor.

"East Injy," she cried, transported.

As though her cry had been an open sesame a voice like the echo of a voice said from behind the door, "Won't you step in?"

Melissa slipped in; followed a small, spare, upright back into the first doorway at hand.

Yes, it was a shop, and a living room as well. Lovely things filled shelves and cupboards and tables—Leeds and Wedgwood, Staffordshire, Crown Derby. She turned to meet the mouse-bright eyes that regarded her above a tip table loaded with Lowestoft.

"You've heard of my East Injy?"

"I've tasted it!" Melissa said. "There couldn't be any other like it."

"There isn't," said the little old person positively.

"Then you're the one!" said Melissa.

"I'm the last Brimblecomb," the other agreed.

"After that one taste I felt I'd give anything for more!" confessed Melissa.

"I don't sell it." Sharp reproof was in the tones. "Sometimes I give a jar away. I make it once a year. I'm making it now." She regarded Melissa for a silent moment. "Would you like to come and see?" she invited finally.

"Oh, if I might!"

They were in a kitchen, beamed, with a sloping floor. On a shelf was a row of squat blue jars, wide mouthed and deep bellied. On the stove was an enormous cauldron, bubbling.

Miss Brimblecomb took the lid off the cauldron necromantically. "Smell!" she said, and Melissa plunged her quivering nose into that steamy magic.

"Ginger," she said swiftly, "and cloves and stick vanilla!"

Miss Brimblecomb nodded, the mouse eyes gleaming. "Try again."

"Pears," discovered Melissa. "Quinces. Orange and lemon both."

"Don't you get the greengage plums?" challenged Miss Brimblecomb.

"Yes, now I do! And citron! And raisins?"

"Much more!" triumphed Miss Brimblecomb. "And then there's all the mixing, and letting stand, and special things added on the third day, and the ninth day, and the eleventh!"

Melissa emerged from the mystery with a great sigh; and there, lounging in the doorway with his pipe, was the young man out of the fog.

"Hello," he said. "Did you track your way here by the smell?"

"Of course. You belong here?"

"It's Mr. Mac," said Miss Brimblecomb. "He takes the little north room, you know. You know each other?" Her eyes brightened inquiringly.

"We met in—Illyria," said Melissa lightly.

"Young people get about so much," Miss Brimblecomb said. She had taken up a ladle and was turning over the East Injy, lifting it and letting it drip so that the kitchen was wreathed in evanescent memories of old orchards, rumors of far spice islands.

Melissa moved to the shelf where the blue jars squatted, and he lounged after. "Melissa Lane," she told him.

He nodded. "Thanks." He took his everlasting pipe out of his mouth. "It's honeysuckle down a country road."

"Nice mind!" said Melissa to herself.

Overhead something shifted with a dry rustle, and an ironic voice said "Wrra-aawk!"

"It's Sundy." The young man reached up an arm with a crooked finger at the end, and the parrot fluttered down to the finger, to the man's shoulder, sidling, preening.

Melissa gasped. "A parrot in a pea-jacket! Not really!"

"SUNDY'S older than Waterloo. He's seen enough to make any bird lose his feathers. Miss Brimblecomb made him the jacket; red flannel, she felt, would keep off pneumonia best. Suits him, don't you think?"

"Perfectly." Melissa was grave under Miss Brimblecomb's sharp glance. "There's something about him so raucous, so piratical!"

"Right!" said Mr. Mac. "Thumping good intuition, yours. This bird lived with the pirates of Sunda Strait."

"It was from Sundy my grandfather fetched him," Miss Brimblecomb told her. "A very wicked bird was Sundy then. He could swear black blasphemy. Still can!" she confided in a sunken voice.

"Wrra-aawk!" said Sundy.

"My grandfather fetched him back on the very voyage he brought the East Injy pot," the old lady said.

"There!" Melissa clapped her hands. "Now I'm going to hear it—the story of East Injy!" She sat down at the table and looked at Miss Brimblecomb beseechingly.

"Tell her," recommended the young man, and swung up on the table, cajoling the parrot on his shoulder with a paint-stained finger.

Miss Brimblecomb's eyes were shining. She pulled a rocker out into the middle of the floor and sat down in it, folding her hands in her brown cloth lap.

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"HELLO," HE SAID. "DID YOU TRACK YOUR WAY HERE BY THE SMELL?"

SHE SAW MR. ANDERSON LOOKING THOUGHTFULLY AT THE CRACKED, DRY GROUND

Gypsy Trail

By Rose Wilder Lane

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

SHE is a happy woman. It is necessary to say that she is happy, because many women appear happy who are not really so, and one doesn't first think of happiness in connection with her; one thinks of ability, success, of life rich in the values of experience. There are women who say wistfully that she has so much, and add, "But I wonder ——" The doubt comforts envy, for we who are poor are not expressing pity for the rich when we say that riches don't give happiness. The truth is that at thirty-nine Linda Whitney feels that life has been good to her and is still good. Her zest for the future is undiminished. She lives in a harmony between herself and her world; her dreams are not made bitter by regrets or longings. She is happy.

Women follow many ways to reach one common desire. All women want love, but the poets have seen only that fact, being content to leave us otherwise a mystery. There is a deeper truth: Our desire for love is not a longing for love itself, but for the heart's ease. Seventeen years ago Linda Whitney took one way that leads to it.

Seventeen years bury any memory deep; days covered by days press all life out of it. Without a memory of seventeen years ago Linda Whitney's life would not be what it is and will be; the memory itself has no life for her now. When sometimes it is recalled to her it is like the recollection of a story read long ago.

This is that memory.

SHE walked into the livery stable at six o'clock in the morning. Already the day was so hot that the shade of the wide entrance was a relief. The livery-stable man was alone in the dusk that smelled of ammonia, of hay, of harness oil and the breath of horses. He looked at her without moving, leaving the first word to her.

"Good morning," she said. He let the front legs of his tilted chair to the ground, and stood up. Every detail was so desperately important. His rising gave her just enough courage to increase her desperation. He stood lean in faded overalls, a toothpick between lax, thin lips. "Good morning, lady, what can I do for you?"

"I want a good horse and buggy, please, to drive to the Limited Company's lease." The words sounded courteously decisive. In nightmares one cannot speak; she spoke in this one. He was looking at her, seeing the neat shoes, her blue serge suit—the San Francisco suit here in the oil fields. He saw her face. It had seemed all right when she last stared into the mirror; strange, that overnight a face can become a mask.

"You're with the real-estate folks, ain't you? Over at the hotel?"

He had not repeated "lady." If he knew what had happened—if he read the San Francisco newspapers —— This was the crisis; she must meet it. She said crisply, "With Blake & Stirling, yes."

The toothpick moved while he chewed it, considering. The toothpick was funny. Laughter caught at her throat, she felt it a savage thing tearing her throat, her little strength weakened while she fought it. The man spoke.

He said, "Well, Brown Dick's in, he's a darn good young horse. If he don't suit you, you can't be suited, 't's all."

DICK was her husband's name. She felt nothing, sitting on a bench while the man backed the horse between shafts. She thought, "Dick, Dick," and felt nothing. That was good. Perhaps she would never feel anything again. At least she had the horse and buggy. Women are put in jail for obtaining money under false pretenses; is it against the law to obtain a horse and buggy by lying when you can't pay for them? Blake & Stirling would not pay; they had never heard of her.

But she couldn't pay the hotel bill, either; couldn't go back to the hotel. The manager had been embarrassed, meeting her at the foot of the stairs yesterday afternoon, asking her not to sign any more checks for food in the dining room unless—that is, until —— Certainly, she quite understood, she told him hurriedly; yes, yes, of course, she said, trying to make it easier for him. He had to do such things, how horrible to have to do them. "It's quite all right," she assured him, and she had spoken of the heat so he might think she didn't care for dinner in such hot weather. Lots of people didn't. She had gone out then and walked a little while; no one would suppose that she didn't have ten cents to pay for a sandwich in the little drug store.

The buggy was ready and she climbed into it, laid the real-estate folders with her empty purse on the seat. The man told her the way to the Limited. "One block south, lady, and three east." He gestured. "Then straight on till you get there, you can't miss it." He called after her, "Don't forget to water him at Halfway, there's a cement trough ——"

The heat struck her. She sat small on the buggy seat, holding the reins carefully; she knew nothing about horses. There was a smell of crude oil from the street and a smell of pitch from unpainted buildings. The buggy wheels turned slowly, going by the saloons. The long row of low buildings huddled together under the enormous sky; they had an evil look. They were dirty, their windows were secret, and their rags of circus posters were like a flaunted shame. Men came through the half-doors, wiping their mouths; they pulled down their hats and under the wide brims their eyes followed her. The buggy went slowly between the saloons and the high walls of The Stockade. There were women behind those walls of planks that hid even the roofs of their houses—for such women must have houses, surely they had roofs, they had food—but they could never come out. Her husband had told her that. Those girls were not allowed in the oil fields; when they went into The Stockade they must stay there. The gates were guarded.

"Oh, God," she said, "please let me get out of the oil fields, only let me get out."

The road to the Limited stretched before her, a thin line of black growing thinner until it vanished on the desert. There was nothing but that flatness of burned land, the intolerably blazing great sky, and the road diminishing like hope. She had not understood that the Limited was so far.

The horse went on willingly, dragging her behind him in the little spot of shade under the buggy top. Dick had taken her to the Limited in the automobile when he went there with his salesmen. They had talked and laughed, she had laughed, trying to be gay enough to please Dick. He liked her to be gay. No, she did not feel anything any more.

ONLY, she could not understand. She had always wanted to understand things, and that made Dick so impatient. How could a woman know anything about a man's affairs? But she had not meant to interfere, to bother him at all, not even when she was most worried; of course she could not understand business. She asked, really because she wanted to be nearer him, to share his troubles. She had never understood Dick very well, she had only loved him. And now she did not know what her fault had been, how she had so failed in loving him that he had come to hate her. For he must hate her; he couldn't have left her so, here in the oil fields, alone, to be so frightened, unless he hated her. He wouldn't have done that to her, only because he loved the other woman.

"Dick," she said, "I did try." The horse pricked his ears backward and began to trot. Brown Dick; that was the horse's name. She must not talk aloud. Lonely men did that, in the Arctic; it was a sign they were going crazy.

"Crazy," she said. She had often been left in hotels when he couldn't pay the bill; he hated creditors, he was so sensitive. Brilliant men are like that. He was brilliant; his plans were so daring she could hardly comprehend them. "Can't you *ever* grasp *anything?*" he said, furiously impatient; he did not bother with trifles, it was millions he was after. She tried to think in a big way, too, but she was Middle-Western. Always when he was angry he said she was Middle-Western, reminding her of the small town he had taken her from, the small-town people she couldn't go back to. It was the truth; she could not really care for millions, she only wanted the bills paid. She would have liked a little house; Dick, and a little house where the bills were paid, and children—she wouldn't have asked for more. Small-minded, just like a woman, he said. The one he'd gone away with wasn't like that.

"But you needn't have done it like this, Dick, truly, truly ——" Her mouth was dry; she was panting. Surely he knew that if he'd told her he didn't love her any more, that he loved that other woman, she wouldn't have made it harder for him. She had never wanted anything more than she wanted his happiness. She had cheerfully let him go away while she stayed in hotels to meet the sharp eyes of managers and clerks and bell boys, she had gone out gayly alone in evening dress to eat a bowl of soup in a dairy lunch, she had held up her head and smiled and given her last dime as a tip. How many times, when she didn't know where he was, not even what city he'd gone to, she said to the mail clerk, "Oh, is that all today? That's only the bill," and laughed. "Give it to my husband when he comes back." When you love, you have faith.

ALWAYS before he had, at last, come back. Even when they must walk out carelessly, taking a taxi at the door, leaving all their baggage except what her hand bag would hold, he always meant to pay the bill some day. "Oh, forget it, forget it, can't you? Of course I will. Lord, how can a man do anything with a gloom like you always nagging at him?" She hadn't meant to hurt him so; it was only her clumsiness. He was fighting desperate business battles that she could not even understand; all she could give him was unquestioning loyalty, trust, faith. And truly, she didn't doubt him. "Darling, dearest ——" She tried to make him understand. "I didn't mean—I only thought how nice it will be when—I mean, honestly I don't mind this a bit, because some day ——"

"Well, forget it, then, that's what I said." If she didn't like to be kissed, caressed, in a taxi, that was her small-town narrowness again; she must really not mind, instead of only pretending not to. "Baby chicken," he called her; she could fix her hair in the dressing room. "You'll be the prettiest chicken in Roxie's tonight."

Didn't she convince him that she was having a good time? It would have been easier if she could drink like anybody else. One cocktail made her feel sick, she didn't want even the most expensive champagne. Just when other women were gayest, loudest, just when the party was getting good, her head ached. "I love the cows and chickens, but this is the life, this is the life!" she sang, trying not to wonder, Why do they do this? Dick enjoyed it. She couldn't stop wanting to save all the yellow paper money that was put on waiters' trays, but when she saw a woman stealthily slip a bill into her stocking she didn't like that woman any more.

THE heat and the motion of the buggy made her a little sick. The horse trotted on the black road that, a little way ahead, seemed to rise and flutter like a ribbon. All around, the air went up from the earth in waves. There was a parched smell in gusts that came against her face, her lips felt like paper and her hands had already lost their whiteness. The buggy's swaying and the changeless wavering desert were like a hypnotism; she could not hold her mind's coherence against it. "I am not hungry," she said.

After an infinity of effort, "The first thing," she said, "is to eat. I must eat. And then get out of the oil fields." That made it simple; only two things to do.

The buggy wheels turned but did not go forward. False lakes remained at an unchanged distance, and water that was not there lay always across the road a little way ahead. Only, slowly, the shadow of the buggy grew small.

The road's end that fluttered upward far ahead steadied itself suddenly; remained rigid and monstrously swelled. It contracted, and was a derrick. An oil derrick! This would be the Limited.

She woke to alertness, felt strong and full of energy. Great heat must be stimulating, like intense cold. It was wonderful to feel so well, to be so energetic. Illogical, ignorant as she knew she was, she had timidly thought that perhaps Dick's real-estate campaign in the oil fields wouldn't have failed if he had tried to sell land at the Limited. There were women there, wives, and they lived in little houses; little houses without trees or grass, but with bean vines wilting on strings. They must want land—real land, with water and trees and clover. She knew nothing about land or about selling it, but she *would* sell it. Salesmen often got a little money at once, a deposit, they called it, to keep a piece of land from being sold; often they spent it. Her heart was beating with hard strokes. She would get out of the desert, back to places where there was work for women, where surely she could wash dishes, scrub floors. She would earn enough in time to pay the hotel bill. Everything would be all right now that she was so full of energy.

She had forgotten Halfway. The derrick dwindled to a windmill, the desert held in its circle only the windmill, one forlorn shack, and a cement trough by the road. Breathless, she stood on the trough's edge and tugged at the checkrein. All her strength loosened it, and it was good to see the horse's outstretched nose go into the water. Her two hands' pressure couldn't lessen her heart's hard beating. She put her lips to a trickle that ran from a pipe into the trough. The sun was hot on her neck and her headache throbbed. "Halfway; mustn't drink too much, it would make me thirstier." Reluctantly she stopped drinking.

The horse lifted his head, sighed, drank again. His neck was gritty and hot to her hand. With a rusty can she sluiced his chest, his legs; they dried instantly and the evaporation was cooling him. A man said, "That's not a bad notion."

She confronted him. There was a day's stubble on his face and his clothes were rough—grease-streaked overalls, boots, a Mexican hat. "What're you doing here?" he exclaimed, surprised. If only her heart would be quiet, if only she had a little time to think, but she must begin now.

"I'm selling Greengrove Farms." He must be a man who watched the windmill and lived in the shack. She couldn't understand his keen look at her, his eyes seemed naturally frank and cheerful. Perhaps he had no money to buy land. "It's farm land, good land, over near Fresno."

FAR behind him the unreal water shimmered over tawny sand and the road lifted and broke in flutters. The hammer in her breast deafened and shook her, she couldn't quiet that violent heart. This man was older than she; twenty-six or eight, perhaps. But probably not married. He must have at least a salary, and he appeared alert, ambitious. "There isn't a better investment, you know, than good California farm land." She was suffocating. "You know there's—nothing like a little money, invested." He didn't seem impatient; Dick had always been annoyed when she said that. Oh, thankfulness! her heart was quieter. She could breathe, talk, though she couldn't see him clearly. "Then no matter

(Continued on Page 135)

IF ONLY HER HEART WOULD BE QUIET, IF ONLY SHE HAD A LITTLE TIME TO THINK

HE COULD NOT BEAR JUDITH'S LOOK, THAT SCORNFUL SMALL LIFT OF THE HEAD

Professional Pride

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

"I HAVE come to measure the freaks," said Perry Wilder firmly. It was a situation which required firmness. For Perry Wilder had just walked in through a door marked Strictly No Admittance and was having his first view of the private life of the freak, as displayed behind the scenes of the Saracen Brothers' Seven Seas Shows.

In one corner Harry Highboy, the Human Spire, was sitting on the floor, with the Tom Thumb family on his knee; and beside him Minnie of Minneapolis, the Fattest Girl in the World, was eating ice cream out of a paper carton while the Living Skeleton watched her wistfully. Conrad, the Contortionist, and Lily, the Girl with the Leopard's Spots, were playing catch with an empty ginger-pop bottle.

"Advanced case of progressive depigmentation," murmured Perry Wilder—and turned quickly to face a little bulbous man in buttons who popped up at his elbow and seemed to be in charge of things.

"Afternoon pufformance is over," the man said, his words popping out of his pursed lips in a series of explosions. "Evenin' pufformance at eight-thirty."

"I know it," said Perry Wilder, taking a harder grip on his instrument case to reassure himself. "That's why I came now. I ——"

"Evenin' pufformance at eight-thirty," repeated the attendant. "Advance sale of tickets outside. No visitors between pufformances."

"But I'm not a visitor exactly," Perry began. "I'm ——"

"Relative or friend?"

"Well, no, not exactly. I'm ——"

"Lookin' for a job?"

PERRY WILDER felt a warmth rising in his cheeks; he felt it also in his ears and his forehead and in the back of his neck; and it was not altogether the result of the baking July day. Perry was not a vain man, but he had always taken it for granted that there was nothing outright freakish about him.

The attendant eyed suspiciously the case under Perry's arm. "If that's a sword," he said, "it's no use. We got a sword swallower."

"It's calipers," said Perry. "I'm an anthropologist."

"We haven't got one o' those," the man admitted doubtfully. "But we don't go in much for fakers."

"But I'm an anthropologist, I tell you," Perry repeated desperately. "I tell you I came to measure the freaks. I'm McGregor Shillabee's assistant, and he arranged with Mr. Eikenweiker for me to measure them."

"Oh," said the attendant. "So you're that one!" Mr. Eikenweiker was the only living Saracen Brother of the Seven Seas, and his name carried weight. Nevertheless, the shrug with which he received Perry Wilder's statement and the look which he gave him out of his popeyes said somewhat plainer than speech could say that when it came to freaks there were a lot of things more freakish than human spires or the fattest girl in the world. At the moment Perry Wilder was inclined to feel that perhaps he might be right.

He looked about for a place to begin, and his eye fell upon Minnie of Minneapolis—naturally, as one's eye falls upon an elephant or a whale or a watermelon in a dish of plums. "Endocrine disturbance," he muttered, hurrying forward to introduce himself. And he added hastily, "I want to measure you. I ——"

"Six hundred and forty-two and three quarters," said Minnie automatically, burying another spoonful of cream somewhere in the fat folds of her face.

Perry averted his glance. "I don't mean just that," he explained. "I want your head measurements, and so on."

"Not much!" replied the fat girl. She turned her head slightly—slightly was as far as she could turn it—and called. "Harry! Come and tell this reuben where he gets off."

Harry Highboy, the Human Spire, scooped up the Tom Thumb family, set it on the floor and rose to his full height.

"Pituitary giantism," muttered Perry involuntarily. It is surprising how tall a pituitary giant looks, when you're looking up at him; a good view is afforded of his coat buttons and the underside of his chin.

"Where he gets off?" repeated Harry loudly. "If you say so, he gets off right here."

PERRY WILDER had not thought well in the first place of this scheme of measuring the circus freaks for Shillabee's gland study. Now he thought less highly of it than ever. Nevertheless, when McGregor Shillabee makes a suggestion, young scientists intent on getting on in science do not argue about it overmuch.

And then of course there was Judith Tremaine. Perry Wilder, in common with about a hundred other young men, would have suffered more than this for Judith. When he remembered the way she had looked up at him last night, there in the shadow of the rose hedge in the Tremaine garden, it made him feel able to do anything.

Judith had been in white last night—white with a hint of pink flowers cascading down a shoulder, that yet had not been half so warm and lovely a rose as the color in her own cheeks. The white dress and the smell of the damp roses in the dark—that and the nearness of Judith Tremaine herself, half seen in the moonlight—had gone to Perry's head. He had put out a hand and touched her; drawn her close.

For the first time he had dared to talk about his future. Perry was a young man who took anthropology seriously but not himself—who took Judith seriously, too, but not any other girl—and she listened to him attentively. He told her all about McGregor Shillabee, the fierce old scientist who broke the furniture when things did not go right and for whom it was an honor to work, whether things went right or not. If he did well for him, he said, why then ——

"Oo," said Judith. "I think anthropology is thrilling." At the moment it had seemed pretty thrilling to Perry Wilder too. "And what'll you do then?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Perry largely. "Whatever comes up. I might get a research job. Or I might get a chance to take out an expedition." He saw himself, a heroic figure, pressing through impenetrable jungle, his little band of men, dismayed but confident in him, close at his heels.

"And where would you go?" asked Judith. "Would you go to tropic islands?"

"I might," said Perry. "There's a good bit of work still to be done there in the Pacific."

"I love tropic islands," said Judith dreamily. "There's always a moon—at night, I mean, like this—and a white beach; and the sea is always very warm; and the girls wear hibiscus flowers in their hair."

It was the thought of Judith on a white moonlit beach that completely unmanned Perry Wilder. "I—I guess you'd look pretty wonderful with a hibiscus flower in your hair," he mumbled. And he pulled down a pink rose and stuck it timidly behind her small pink ear, just to get the effect.

It was right after that that he kissed her. It had seemed daring at the time, but not half so daring as it seemed the next morning.

THE next morning, indeed, everything seemed different. The time when he should be conducting independent research or leading his own expedition into far lands had withdrawn to a hypothetical future. And in the present there were the freaks in the Saracen Brothers' Seven Seas Shows.

Perry Wilder had not mentioned the freaks to Judith. He had meant to at first; but afterward, when their fancies had strayed to tropic isles, he had been afraid the circus freaks would not seem very romantic to her. They had not seemed very romantic to Perry either. They had seemed, in fact, like a pretty darned tough proposition, and he was not sure that he would tackle it. At least, he was not sure until after he had kissed Judith. After that he knew that he would tackle anything, no matter how thoroughly awful, that would advance him in the eyes of science.

And the eyes of science, for the moment, were the keen old eyes of McGregor Shillabee.

McGregor Shillabee was doing a problem in gland diseases, and Perry Wilder was his assistant. If Perry hurried fast on his round of the city clinics, if he recorded accurately the Shillabee observations and read the X-ray plates correctly and never made a mistake in his measurements and in general showed intelligence and energy somewhat more than human, then when the monograph was published there would be, just below the line, "By McGregor Shillabee, Ph.D.," another more delightful line, bearing the legend, "Assisted by Perry Wilder."

Shillabee never kept his young assistants long after such a line was published; it was too thorough a guarantee of ability. He never expected to keep them. It was his theory that part of the service of old men to science was the training of young men for science, and when his assistants were ready for better jobs he was ready to have them go.

When McGregor Shillabee marched into the office that morning you would never have picked him out to be a scientist himself; not, that is, if your idea of a scientist was a nearsighted, dry-as-dust old philosopher, with a quill pen stuck behind his ear and a test tube in his hand. Shillabee was known to be seventy-five; some said he was eighty; some, more. But he walked with the firm, light tread of youth—a great, hulking tower of a man, with a smooth, fiery face and a beaked nose, a shock of white hair and black eyes that never missed a thing. He looked like a man who would play a whacking game of golf and like beefsteak for breakfast.

IT WAS not strange, therefore, that when Shillabee chose assistants he never chose the paper-faced young men with bone-rimmed spectacles, those who do so well in their books but who never know which end of the world's oyster shell to take hold of without cutting their fingers. He chose the straight-standing, straight-looking young men with the keen faces, who enjoyed working and playing and living; the kind who could go until they dropped and then get right up and go some more.

Somebody asked him once what he required of them. "Good guts," he said, "and a sense of humor." You can see that it was something ever to be employed by him at all.

Perry Wilder had worked for Shillabee a year—a tall, brown youth with gray eyes and a nice grin and a way of standing up to things. It was characteristic of him that if he did not enjoy the thought of measuring the circus freaks you would never have guessed it to look at him that morning.

If McGregor Shillabee knew how he felt you would never have guessed that either just by looking at Shillabee.

"Well," he boomed, stamping noisily in, "how's everything going?"

"All right," said Perry.

"When you going to get to work on the freaks?"

"At five," said Perry, bolstering his resolution by thinking hard of Judith Tremaine.

"Good," said Shillabee.

And that was all there was to that. At five that afternoon Perry Wilder was talking things over with Minnie of Minneapolis.

"I won't be measured, so there, I won't," said Minnie with finality. "If you dar'st to lay a finger onto me I'll have Harry pick you up and throw you outer the tent. And then where'll you be?"

"I suppose I'd be outside," said Perry logically.

PERRY did not measure Minnie of Minneapolis that afternoon. There were twenty-four of the freaks whom Shillabee wanted for his study; Perry had a list in his pocket, and Minnie headed it. Still, he reckoned that it would take him two days to do them all, no matter how fast he hurried, and he might as well leave Minnie till the end.

Perry Wilder had seldom hurried faster than he hurried that afternoon. He did the entire Tom Thumb family, the girl with the Leopard's Spots, Conrad, the Contortionist, Acho and Echo, the Twin Enigmas, the Snake Woman, the Orang-Utan Man and Skilton, the Living Skeleton. Then he packed up his calipers in their case and called it a day and a half.

When he reached home, shortly after nine, Perry found that there had been a telephone call from Judith. He was excited. Judith had never called him before, and he could not but count it a good augury. He jerked down the receiver and stuttered with pure pleasure over her telephone number. There was something about it, though, that wasn't right.

"Hello," said Judith. "Mr. Wilder?" ("Mr. Wilder" indeed!) "I'm sorry to have bothered you."

"Oh, it's no bother," cried Perry. "Not any bother. I was glad. I just came home from work. You—you called me, didn't you?"

"Did I? Why, perhaps I did," said Judith Tremaine, as if she could hardly remember now having done such a thing. "But it's no matter."

"It's a lot of matter," cried Perry. "I'll be right over."

"It's rather late now for dinner."

"Say, were you going to have dinner with me?" cried Perry in tones of pure rapture.

The rapture lasted all the way across the city, up the steps of the Tremaine house and into the library where Judith was. After that it left him.

For one thing, Judith insisted on staying inside—which was absurd, when the garden and the roses and the moon were every bit as good as they had been the night before. And she insisted also on having the lights full on and the curtains full up, including those which opened onto the terrace where the elder Tremaines and their guests were sitting, so that the thing was about as private and sentimental as a public square on Fourth of July. Perry Wilder sat erect in a stiff-backed chair, and Judith sat erect in a stiff-backed chair opposite, and they looked at each other. Judith was annoyingly self-possessed.

The fact was that Judith had thought to escape a fusty family dinner by ducking out to dine alone with Perry Wilder, and she had called him up to tell him so. And now she was feeling the unreasonable but thoroughly human pique such as any young lady feels who has invited herself to go out with a man and then has not gone.

YOU could not expect, however, that Perry Wilder should know this. All he could see was that Judith's round chin was about an inch and a half higher than it had been the night before, and her color a shade and a half brighter, and her clear blue eyes just as clear but a trifle less inviting. It was borne in upon him suddenly that Judith was the daughter of old Gordon (Gold-Brick) Tremaine and that he himself was a presuming young scientist with three thousand a year.

"You work late," said Judith.

"Sometimes," Perry replied.

He thought he had never seen anything so lovely as Judith was, sitting there so annoyingly out of reach. She had fair hair, long. Perry found long hair refreshing, after a surfeit of sleek little boys' heads or clumps of furious waviness such as ladies now displayed. She wore it straight back and in a soft knot at the neck, and in front of her ears and across her forehead the short ends slid out into small rebellious curls. There was something rebellious, too, in the poise of her head and the tip in the end of her nose—as if she would do as she liked, despite the Tremaine gold.

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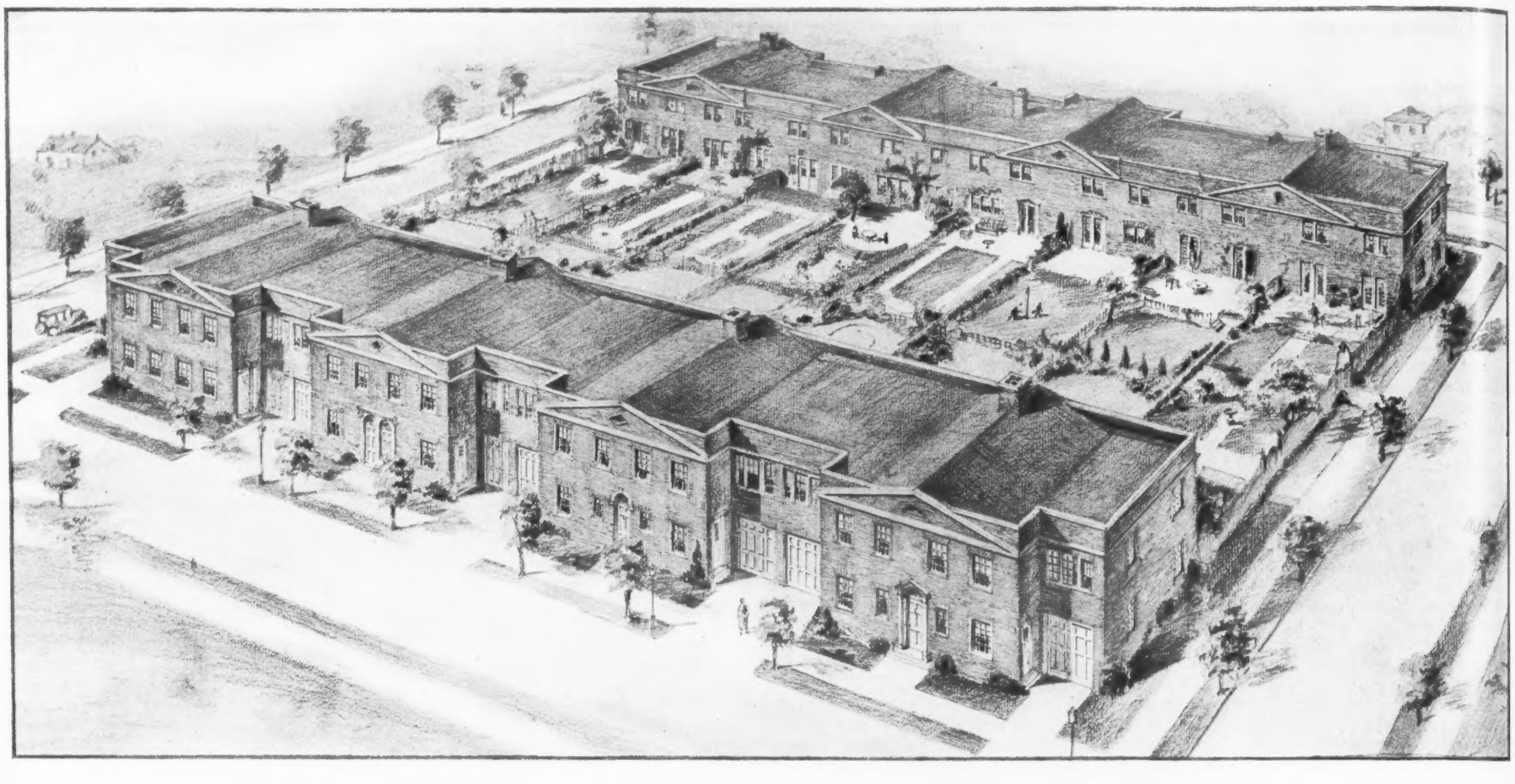
"IF YOU'LL TAKE ME OUT AND NOT TELL ANYBODY WHY, I'LL LET YOU MEASURE ME"



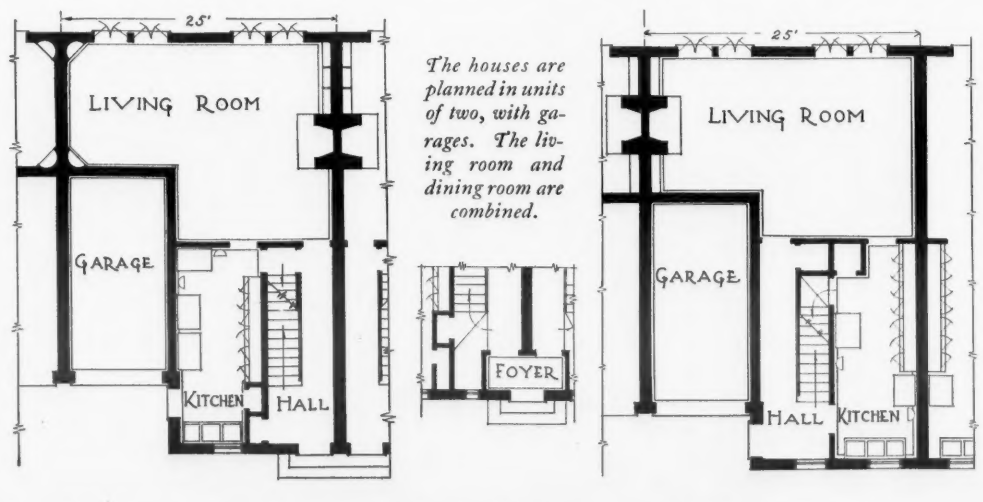
Something New in Row-Type Houses

Garden Homes for Congested Districts as Designed by Howard and Frenaye

IN ITS September, 1928, issue the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL proposed that a more common-sense placement of houses on small building lots in cities, towns and suburbs be made. It was shown that by moving the house up to, or near, the sidewalk all the lot not actually occupied by the house and garage would be available for the development of a real garden which the entire family could really use and enjoy.

And so the houses were called "Garden Homes," and the proposal attracted considerable attention throughout the country, because it offered a common-sense solution to the changing needs and demands of the times. All unnecessary sidewalks, driveways and porches were, by this plan, eliminated. All service entries and quarters were placed to the front of the house, nearest the sole remaining accessible approach—the street. The living quarters were placed to the rear of the house, away from the noise, the dust and dirt, the confusion of the street. The house and the garage were used to screen the grounds from public view and afford that privacy which every forward-looking family demands in the few precious hours our strenuous life grants these days.

It was shown that when houses were so placed on their building lots from 20 to 45 per cent of the area of the lot, which is now lost in cutting the place up in fragments, in unnecessary walks and drives and other wasteful practices, would be gained for the garden proper. The best part of it is that all this could be done at no increased cost; indeed, in most instances a distinct saving would result.



The houses are planned in units of two, with garages. The living room and dining room are combined.

Needless Restrictions

THE front porch was entirely eliminated, as being wasteful, because front porches have no real use these days. They are costly, unsightly and unnecessary in congested districts. A much more sensible use for the porch would be to put it to the rear of the house, where the family might really use and enjoy it—where the view would be over one's own garden, rather than over a dusty and noisy street.

Though it was realized that archaic building restrictions in many communities require the placement of houses a required number of feet from the street, it was urged that there was really no valid reason why these unnecessary and wasteful restrictions should longer be imposed upon builders who are forced to use small lots in congested districts. These restrictions, in the case of new developments, especially in the suburbs, are usually in the hands of those who place the project upon the market, and consequently the "Garden Home" type of house could be readily adopted by these builders at the time the subdivision was planned and plotted.

The "Garden Home" type of house, and all that it implies, as set out above, is by no means limited to detached houses. It is especially valuable and interesting when applied to the "row-type" house which is necessary in metropolitan areas and industrial centers where a congestion of population is inevitable. Houses of this type are certain to be built where conditions like these obtain, and in the past they have been decidedly unsatisfactory in architectural appearance and in construction, or in the advantages afforded the families who must live in them. Builders have been faced by the necessity of placing these types of dwellings upon the market at a figure which would enable them to sell or rent these houses at a profit. Competition has become increasingly drastic in recent years, and the tendency has been to sacrifice in many directions where it is unnecessary in order to maintain arbitrary price levels within the means of the public sought to be served.

The result has been, in many communities, that architectural monstrosities have been erected; houses that were not only false in appearance but false in construction, and oftentimes in materials used. One of the reasons for this condition has been the fact that a senseless bowing down to the past has caused builders to cling to old ideas of architecture; to the old front porch; to a wasteful disposition of the houses upon the building lot; to a failure to incorporate garages as an integral part of the architecture, thereby saving in the laying of unnecessary and expensive driveways to the rear, and the consequent detraction from the appearance of the dwellings.

Garden Homes

IN OTHER words, the essential features of the "Garden Home" idea when applied to the row-type house not only make it possible to produce a dwelling at a price which can be sold for a profit, but, by the elimination of unnecessary features which have increased the cost of these dwellings as they are now erected, actually to produce row-type houses of extreme charm of architectural detail and of honest construction and materials that are much more serviceable and livable to the families who occupy them.

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL presents in these pages to the builders of the country a suggested application of the "Garden Home" idea which utilizes the Georgian Colonial type of architecture as modernized by present-day demands. The Georgian Colonial has become distinctively American in association and history. It is the type of architecture found at Independence Hall, Philadelphia; the type which became so popular in Colonial days as adapted from England. Our architects in working out the plans shown in these pages have followed the best practice resulting from two hundred and fifty years of experimentation in this type of building in the city of London. We have modified the plans to conform to the needs and demands of American families under an

American standard of living, and for the first time have incorporated the garage as an integral part of the architectural design in this type of dwelling.

We have brought the kitchen to the front, where it is easily accessible; where service deliveries may be made directly from the street. There need be no more interruption of the privacy of the family in a row-type dwelling caused by service deliveries than in any other "Garden Home" type of house.

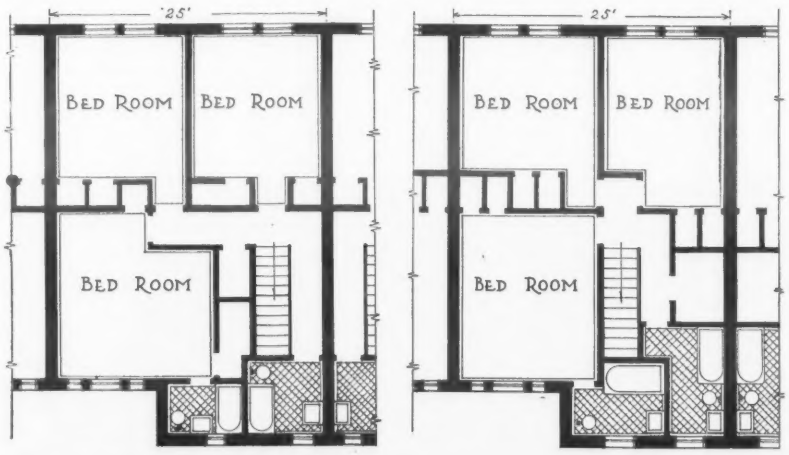
It will be noticed that one of the distinct advantages is the fact that all driveways, outbuildings and hanging porches at the rear have been entirely eliminated and every square inch of space can be utilized in the creation of beauty and attractiveness.

The living and dining rooms open directly upon the garden. Small flagstone porches, over which a colorful awning may be placed, are directly adjacent to modified French doors which open out of these rooms.

The houses are built in units of two, to which are joined garages in units of two. There are three bedrooms, two baths and sufficient closet space on the second floor, making these houses commodious for the average family. Each unit is planned to occupy a lot twenty-five feet wide by seventy-five feet deep, and by this economical disposition of the house and garage, it is possible to have as large a garden, even on this small lot, as families can have on a lot, twice the depth and twice the width, which is cut up into fragments by present-day methods of placement.

Special Features

GARBAGE disposal is provided for by a concealed garbage receiver near the kitchen door, which adjoins the garage entrance. Care and study have also been given to the question of standardized radio aerials in order to eliminate the unkempt appearance of many row-type houses with nondescript radio aerial wires of every type placed above them. We have worked out a design which is simple, effective and actually an essential part of the architectural appearance of the house. The plans provide that two radio plugs are to be placed in the house; one in the living room and one in the main bedroom. This is but an example of the many innovations and details which have been incorporated in this "Garden Home" row-type house, to meet the changing needs of the times and better to serve American families.



Each dwelling has three large bedrooms, two baths, a linen closet and clothes closets on the second floor.

Your attention is also called to the fact that by setting back the garage units six feet from the front building line, we have avoided the typical appearance of row-type houses in that one's impression when walking up the street is that they are individual houses. The entrance doors have likewise been recessed one foot in order to add attractiveness and neatness to the architectural detail.

It is in the complete elimination of all unnecessary architectural details that it is possible to achieve so much dignity and charm in houses of this type. The Georgian Colonial type of architecture admirably fulfills this need, for it has distinguished itself in the minds of builders for centuries because of its inherent dignity and simplicity. There is nothing false or garish in its lines. Indeed, the very charm of the Georgian Colonial rests in its extreme simplicity and pleasing proportions.

Row-type houses as constructed at the present time have gone far in the opposite direction. False fronts, false roofs, false walls and floors oftentimes result in false construction, cheap and shoddy. The rear elevations of the typical row-type houses of the present day are especially discouraging, not only to those interested in civic problems, but discouraging to the families who occupy them. Too often no thought has been given to the arrangement of entries which will not only serve the purpose intended but combine harmoniously with the sort of surroundings every forward-looking family has a right to demand. Back porches and entry doors, cluttered with garbage pails, ash cans and other pharaphernalia resulting from lack of proper planning, are an incentive to unkempt and disordered back yards—even to indifferent and disordered living.

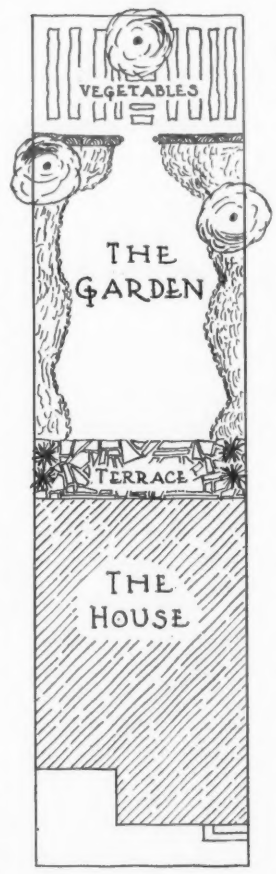
The biggest single feature in the "Garden Home" idea is the fact that all service entries and quarters are placed to the front of the house nearest the street, which is the sole remaining accessible approach for service deliveries in most residential sections of the United States. By this single step in planning, interruptions or interference upon the privacy of the family or the need for outsiders to go to the rear of the house is entirely done away with. This frees a considerable portion of the house and grounds from any possible interruption and permits the family to have that privacy which every one covets. There is, then, an incentive to improve surroundings and for the family to express its individuality in the actual working out of lawns and gardens and outdoor living rooms, which are impossible under the present placement of houses upon lots.

The elimination of unnecessary and unsightly porches, sidewalks, driveways, and the like, results in a saving that is considerable. More house is secured than otherwise would be possible. An examination of the floor plans will indicate to the reader that each dwelling is unusually commodious for dwellings of this type. Though three-bedroom houses are common, even in row-type houses, the bedrooms, as a rule, are extremely small and restricted in area. This is not true, however, of the plans shown in these pages. The bedrooms are large, comfortable, well lighted and ventilated, and the additional bath is a feature not often possible in houses of this type, because of the restricted area.

Many row-type houses costing even more than these do are often not more than sixteen feet wide, whereas the plans shown on these pages call for houses approximately twenty-five feet wide.

Another feature which is oftentimes overlooked entirely in houses of this type is generous closet and storage space. A number of closets and a large linen closet are shown on the second floor; in addition, the architects have provided a trapdoor, which opens above the upstairs hall to permit storage of trunks and the like in the attic.

Cellars are planned to go under the entire house, providing ample accommodations for the heating system, which is the hot-water type, for a comfortable and efficient laundry room, fuel storeroom and a fruit room if desired.



Placing the house to the front of the lot affords ample space for a delightful garden, where privacy is possible.

It is impossible to have a happy, healthy, contented home unless its surroundings are attractive. There must be the utmost in comfort and convenience which our civilization and economic status will permit. The family living in a house poorly planned and equipped, in unkept and indifferent surroundings, where the wife is chained to an endless round of drudgery and where there are none of the little conveniences that bring comfort and color into the daily life, is not much freer in degree than the family not owning its shelter.

Freedom

WITH comfort will come the desire to make the home more attractive; that means adding color and beauty to our lives, and these two are the handmaidens of spiritual freedom. Our whole life is a search for freedom—political, economic and spiritual. We crave freedom because it is only in an atmosphere of freedom that real growth can be obtained. Political freedom assures us of the product of our own labor; it frees the physical body from bondage. Economic freedom enables us to secure that leisure so necessary for advancement and culture, and from these two, and built up on top of them, comes the most important of all, spiritual freedom—the growth and development of the mental side, the release from fears and fancies, from superstition and prejudice.

And every time this wondrous change is worked in the individual, who is the chief beneficiary? Every life that touches theirs, the community, the neighborhood, the city in which the family lives.

These houses can be constructed by builders and sold at a price of less than $8500 per unit, which price still affords a profit to the builder, irrespective of any profit that may be realized on the land itself. Builders who are interested are urged to communicate with the Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, immediately. Plans and specifications will be distributed to interested and responsible builders at cost in order that this desirable type of building may be quickly available to American families in all parts of the country. Your comments and inquiries are invited.

The kitchen is to the front, entrance being through the side door. Garbage disposal is by means of a concealed container in the paving. The houses may have either one or two entrances.

All These Delightful Rock Gardens!

By ANNE B. WERTSNER

Color Photography by W. O. Floing

THERE is hardly a person who has seen a rock garden in bloom that has not said to himself, "I wish that I had one." The lowliness of the plants, the rocks and the general construction all have such appealing qualities.

Alpine gardening is a form of rock gardening. In Switzerland, where there are various kinds of vegetation on the mountains, it is noticed that heavy dense growth and tall trees thrive best at the base of the mountains, where much soil has been washed down and deposited. As one ascends above this region he finds less growth, consisting of dwarf bushes, small pines and evergreens. The region above the pines is called alpine, hence comes the general term which is applied to all plants of this region. Most of the plants are dwarfed or creeping, and grow in very little soil or over stones. Their colors are generally exceedingly brilliant. It is from this region that most of the rock, really "alpine," plants have come.

The appeal of the rock garden is quite easy to understand. Within a small space one may grow innumerable dainty plants which would be lost or would not thrive in a border. It is almost impossible to believe that such tiny plants can really give such a mass of bloom. The creeping phlox actually makes a solid sheet of color, as do many of the other plants. Perhaps this is one of the reasons for their popularity, as they are seen almost everywhere. Sometimes they are found on or over a wall, in a ledge or on the ground. So many people have turned bare banks, unsightly slopes, dry walls or even quarries into beautiful gardens that the old-fashioned border has taken a back seat. The colors of the flowers in the spring and the diversity of color in the foliage throughout the year make it an interesting garden at all times.

(Continued on Page 206)

Many people have turned bare banks and unsightly slopes into beautiful gardens, where the old-fashioned border would be impossible.

It overlooks a meadow, through which winds a creek. The view adds to the exquisite charm of the garden.

Size has little to do with the rock garden you build. This one was built around the foundations of an old barn.

This garden was built in an old quarry, the sides spilling down their loveliness to the tiny pool.

Evangeline is one of the most charming climbers.

The long stems of Bess Lovett make it an admirable rose for cutting.

Excelsa is quite vigorous and hardy.

Climbing Roses are Looking Up

By Robert Pyle

Secretary, American Rose Society

THIRTY years amid the roses and rose events of two continents have been years full of happy memories. Dominating those rose experiences, scattered through the gardens of differing climates, no single impersonal factor has played a more important part than have the climbing roses.

For whether in Paris or in Pasadena, in Belfast, Ireland, Portland, Oregon, Eastern America or in the finished gardens more frequently to be found in France, Germany and England, the color pictures seen through the years could never have stood out so vividly in one's memory except for one thing: That the climbing roses had played the indispensable rôle of lifting those pictures from the flat

Each of the plants of Mme. Gregoire Staechelin is trained on a cedar post at least ten feet high.

On the arch at the left is Excelsa, with Paul's Scarlet Climber at the right edge of the picture. F. J. Grootendorst, a rugosa, is between the two climbers.

The three roses on the festoons, from left to right, are Bess Lovett, Mary Wallace and Jacotte.

The pillar in the foreground is Nur Mahal.

plane at one's feet and had stretched the canvas in front, around and above the level of one's delighted eyes.

When cleverly done, as pictures built with climbing roses may readily be, their beauty becomes simply irresistible.

From Japan have come to us climbing roses, notable as the ancestors of many we grow today.

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PHOTOGRAPHED IN MR. PYLE'S GARDENS IN NATURAL COLOR BY W. O. FLOING

TWO TINY FIGURES HUGGED THE RIDGE OF THE HOUSE

Skippy and Barrelhead

By PERCY CROSBY

Illustrated by the Author

"FELLERS! Fellers!" yelled Skippy, pouncing on the gang assembled in Marlowe's orchard. "Listen! We're going to have a baseball team 'n' uniforms 'n' everything for nothin'!"

"What do we have to sell now?" inquired Ray.

"That's funny. I never saw the ad," said Barrelhead.

"It's Mr. Prince. He's goin' to buy them outa his own pocket. Yes, sir! He is!"

"We ain't got a team!" came a chorus of voices.

"Let us get one up!" Skippy shouted. "I was goin' to say let me be captain, because I'm good at that sort o' thing. Besides, who else is there?"

"Who else is there? Who else is there?" choked Ray. "There's me!"

"No! I'm the captain!" said Skippy. "It's all settled."

"Aw, you wanta be everything. Give somebody else a chance oncet in a while!"

"All right, I will give someone else a chance," agreed Skippy. "All those in favor of me as captain say aye!"

"Aye!" ventured Somerset.

"To the contrary?"

"No! Not much ya don't! Not me! Nor me! Me neither!"

"Carried!" broke in Skippy. "The ayes have it!"

"I'm goin' to pitch then!" announced Ray.

"Yes, Ray's goin' to pitch," agreed Skippy, "when I don't!"

"Where did you ever pitch?" yelled Ray.

"Where did I ever pitch?" Skippy tried to think of some place where he had pitched, but he was stumped. "Where did I ever pitch? Ho! Ho! That's rich, that is!"

"I'm goin' to catch, 'cause I held the swiftest Skippy's father could throw, 'n' I guess that's catchin'," boasted Sooky. "What say, fellers?"

"LISTEN, fellers," shouted Skippy, trying to make himself heard above the din of voices, "Mr. Prince says we gotta call the team The Honeydale Realty Company, Inc. Believe me, that's goin' to look wonderful on our shirts, an' we'll always be remembered as the Oriole A. C."

"A. C.—Athaletic Club!" They all turned at the sound of a voice apart and beheld a scornful figure lingering on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Well, of all the nerve!" muttered Skippy, surveying the newcomer, who never lowered his eyes under the scrutiny of the entire gang. "Never mind him, fellers, we got a lot of business to settle yet. After all, maybe it'd be better if we changed our club to the Oriole B. B. C."

"B. B. C.—Baseball Club!"

"What does he think we're holdin'—a spellin' bee?" demanded Skippy, thoroughly vexed. "Go over 'n' see what he wants, Sooky!"

Sooky's conversation with the stranger consisted mainly of listening. The stranger emphasized his remarks by tapping his palm with an index finger, he even held Sooky by the lapels as he took a breath and started afresh. When Sooky finally broke away from him he called after him, "Don't forget, now!"

"He says he wants to be a member of the Orioles," said Sooky. "He says his name's Hecky 'n' he's very tough 'n' ain't scared o' man or beast."

"Don't forget, now!" prompted the voice.

"He says he can play second base."

Fully aware that all eyes were now upon him, the candidate, desirous of showing himself to best advantage, spat continually between his teeth and screwed his face into scowls of toughness. He ended by balancing a stick everywhere but on his nose. Sooky was flooded with questions: "Who is he? Where did he come from? Let's ask him over, huh?"

"What's the use o' askin' him over?" cautioned Sooky. "We'll only kick him out again!"

"Maybe we could give him the slip 'n' go in the barn," suggested Ray.

"That's sneaky, 'n' besides it'd only hurt his feelings. No, I tell you," proposed Skippy. "I'll go over 'n' paste him in the nose 'n' he'll leave by himself." He rapped for order. "Fellers! Fellers! We gotta vote, remember. Them's the club rules. I'm goin' to give out little pieces o' paper for votin' 'n' remember, only one blackball to a man."

After the papers had been distributed and collected again Skippy unfolded them and counted the returns.

"How they comin'?" queried Hecky.

"All blackballs!" answered Skippy.

"C'n you imagine!"

SKIPPY fixed him with a menacing stare, annoyed that the disgrace rested so lightly on the outsider's shoulders. He seemed to be entirely unaware of the completeness of the terrible insult. Skippy felt it was a slight to the Orioles, who had given of their time so generously; and he addressed the newcomer between clicking teeth: "Ya didn't get in, 'n' we don't want ya!" As if the other might still have some doubts as to the exact meaning, he ground out, "Blackballed—that's what ya was!"

"Well, fellers, tomorrow's another day. Maybe after I c'n get in, huh, d'ya think—after?" returned Hecky. "What say, fellers?"

They answered with a shower of stones, but, apparently accustomed to such experiences, Hecky was soon out of range. Then Skippy set out for home, accompanied by Sooky and Somerset.

"Well, fellers," advised Skippy, "from now on we gotta start trainin'. Lots of sleep. 'N' we're goin' to get up a committee to call on the teacher to cut out the home work 'cause time is too much important."

"I'm chairman!" interrupted Somerset.

"No, I'm chairman," corrected Skippy. "But you and Sooky c'n ask her.

"Another thing," continued Skippy—"I want that you guys should eat on a training table. No more coffee 'n' buns. No, sir! Just thick steaks 'n' mashed potatoes. Very rich puddings 'n' only the top of the milk."

"You betcha!" agreed Sooky, turning into his house.

"You know what?" offered Somerset, breaking a long silence. "If we should ever need to raise money Lizzie says she'll bake ——"

"Skippy! Supper on the table!"

"Comin'," answered Skippy on the run.

THE next day Skippy brought his team over to the Honeydale Realty Office, situated in a clearing of woods back of town.

Mr. Prince advanced smiling. "Ah, welcome, Honeydales," he said, and he assumed the attitude of an incoming President of the United States as a line instantly formed in back of Skippy. One by one each boy took his hand solemnly and chopped it once like a cleaver. As Skippy concluded his own share in the reception he took his place next to Mr. Prince and nodded cordially at his own team mates as they passed. Inspecting the long line with pompous dignity, his glance traveled to the last boy; as Skippy stared he shifted his weight and rested a hand on his hip. The bent arm framed the face of Hecky. For an instant their eyes met defiantly. As Skippy shortened the space between them, Hecky broke under the strain and withdrew to a comfortable distance.

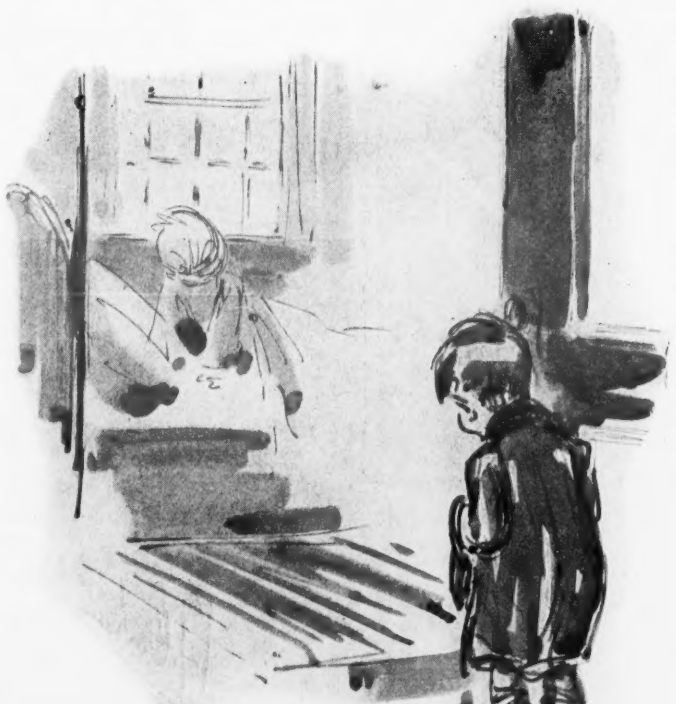
"Well, boys," said Mr. Prince, "I've got the cards announcing the team all printed."

"Printed already! C'n you imagine!" they exclaimed, fixing him with admiring glances. Awe-struck, they followed him into the office, where they beheld the piles of cards in the corner. Mr. Prince held a card before them like a magician displaying the missing ace of spades before a bewildered audience; their eyes caressed the lurid type:

OWN A HOME IN HONEYDALE!
ONLY FIVE MINUTES FROM THE STATION
$5 DOWN WILL BUY A LOT
WHY PAY RENT?
A BASEBALL GAME WILL BE PLAYED ON THE GROUNDS EVERY SATURDAY

"What'd I tell ya?" proudly asked Skippy.

"Gee! We're in print!" gasped Ray fairly astounded.



"MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, MR. SKIPPY?"

"I'd like to take one home 'n' show Lizzie—maybe she'll bake a ——" Skippy stepped on Somerset's toe before he finished.

"Why certainly, take one home!" said Mr. Prince, overhearing the remark. "The fact is, I had them printed just for that purpose. I want you boys to show your fathers and mothers just what kind of a team you fellows are on. Then your friends will want to know about your games. For this reason, I'd suggest that you take these cards and give them out to all the people in Morrisville. Not to the children, mind you. Ring the bells and present them to the mothers and fathers. I certainly hope you won't scatter them around the streets," ended Mr. Prince, seeming hurt at the possibility.

"Why, the idea! Leave them on the streets after all the

trouble Mr. Prince took to have them printed?" Skippy glared at his team mates, then turned reassuringly to the agent. "Not much we won't, Mr. Prince. We'll give them to every house, yes, sir!"

"You betcha!" came the chorus of voices.

Mr. Prince seemed pleased. "I'll let Skippy divide them among the boys," he suggested.

"I'll take some," said Hecky.

"Get out before we throw ya out!" warned Skippy.

Thus cautioned, Hecky contented himself with watching Skippy divide the cards in lots.

"Ya give Sooky more'n ya give me," whimpered Ray.

"He didn't neither!" answered Sooky.

"Hey, come back here, Somerset! You can't go first—I'm captain!" shouted Skippy.

As the crowd turned and rushed toward town the solitary figure of Hecky stayed for a brief moment undecided; then, sucked in by the stampede, he galloped in their wake.

"Gee! They don't come no better'n Mr. Prince," cried Barrelhead as they ran.

"You betcha!" came the chorus.

"'N' him thinkin' we'd throw 'em away!" suggested Ray.

"C'n you imagine!" came the chorus.

"I wisht I had him for a father!" panted Sooky.

"Me too!" agreed Somerset.

"You betcha!" they cried.

"Well, if I didn't have my own father, d'ya know who I'd want?" asked Skippy.

"Mr. Prince!" came the chorus.

"I'd rather have Santy Claus!" shouted Hecky from the rear.

"Jealous is as jealous does," whispered Skippy out of the corner of his mouth.

Hecky paused and flapped a hand behind his ear. Somehow he felt that they were talking about him.

"Well, fellers, here's the town," said Skippy. "Now when I count three —— One! Two —— Hey, Somerset! Come back here, d'ya hear! Stop him, fellers!"

The team was lost in a cloud of dust.

GOOD MORNING!" said Hecky briskly. "May I have a word with you, Mr. Skippy?"

"Huh? Whuzzat?" replied Skippy drowsily. He snuggled deeper into the covers. "'Tain't eight o'clock."

GARGLED UNTIL EVERYBODY FOUND SLEEP IMPOSSIBLE

"It's about the team," cried Hecky, giving him another shake. "I was wondering about second base. Could I maybe—that's to say, after, maybe, huh? Not now but after, if ya ——"

"How'd you ever get up here in my very room!" gasped Skippy, now fully awake.

"The door was open, 'n' I ——"

"'The door was open, 'n' I!'" mimicked Skippy. In a threatening tone he continued, "G'wan home! Before I sock ya with this!" and he groped for a shoe.

"I used to play second base on the Magnolias," chirped Hecky, ducking behind the door and holding the knob in case of accident. "I guess you heard o' them, I guess! I guess!"

"I suppose ya think ya goin' to ring in on a uniform off'n the Honeydales, don't cha?" suggested Skippy, with underlip protruding.

"Well, now that ya happen to mention it, I *am* easy to fit." Hecky replied, slackening his grasp of the knob.

"Yeh? Well, I wish ya'd go out and get measured for some tar 'n' feathers."

"As I was sayin', the Magnolias asted me to come back to the ole bag again. S'help me if I wasn't begged to come. 'N' what d'ya think I said?"

"Come out 'n' tell me!" siruped Skippy, thumbing a shoe.

"I said the Honeydales was weak on second ——"

"You must come out!" invited Skippy, reaching for another shoe.

"Now c'n I play second base, d'ya think, maybe?" beseeched Hecky.

"Ya went around to Mr. Prince yesterday 'n' said we made a barn fire of all them cards he give us, didn't cha?" Hearing no answer, Skippy continued, "Told him we couldn't be trusted with no uniforms, didn't cha!" He peered dangerously through the crack of the door. "Ya says we was goin' to sell 'em an' keep the money, didn't cha? DIDN'T CHA?"

"Oh, that!" answered Hecky.

"Yes, that!" retorted Skippy. "Now you get outa here!" And he tried to wrest the door from Hecky's death grip.

"Skippy, what's all that noise up there?"

"N-nothin', ma, I'm just gettin' dressed." Turning to the crack, he muttered. "Breakin' up a home, ain't cha!"

"No, I ain't! I only asted to play second base—a guy what can play."

"If I let ya play will ya come out?" Skippy asked.

"Y-yes," replied Hecky suspiciously.

"All right, then, you c'n play second base," conceded Skippy.

"Yeh, I know that one! Then ya say 'not' under ya breath. Oh, I ain't to be took in like that!" answered Hecky warily.

"Watch through the crack in the door, 'n' I'll leave me mouth open. Now watch! You can play second base."

For a full minute Hecky studied the open mouth through the door. "Now say 'Honest,'" he demanded.

"Honest!"

The door slowly opened, and Hecky cautiously emerged from his corner.

"Second base on the Magnolias!" howled Skippy, barely missing the head of the unwelcome visitor with a flying shoe.

"Mrs. Skinner! Mrs. Skinner!" shouted Hecky, ducking under the bed in terror.

"Sh-h-h!" cautioned Skippy.

"Skippy, who was that calling?" queried the mother from the foot of the stairs.

"It's Hecky, ma. He just wanted to see me about somethin'. He's just goin' now," answered Skippy. He turned to Hecky. "Well, old man, ya'll have to go now, 'cause I gotta get off to school."

WONDERING what it was all about, Hecky allowed himself to be ushered down the stairs to the door, as Skippy remarked in loud tones, "S'long, old man, see ya at school."

"You betcha!" replied Hecky.

"Beetle!" hissed Skippy, poking his head out the front door.

In ten minutes Skippy had dressed and breakfasted. "I'm glad this is the last week of school, yes, sir," he sighed. "No more for three months."

"Do you think you'll be promoted?" anxiously asked his mother.

"I know I will."

"WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A BASEBALL TEAM 'N' UNIFORMS 'N' EVERYTHING FOR NOTHIN'!"

"Nobody knows until the last day," corrected Mrs. Skinner.

"But I know. Sooky ought to know. He got kept in, and he peeked at the list."

"That wasn't fair," advised the mother, greatly relieved.

Feeling that the conversation was taking a dangerous turn, Skippy pecked his mother's cheek and sailed away. Meeting Sooky in the school yard, he greeted him with a friendly slap. To his astonishment, Sooky merely looked away.

"What's up?" asked Skippy.

"Yeh, what's up! You know what's up!" replied Sooky, with averted eyes.

"Heh? What's eatin' ya?" puzzled Skippy.

"Maybe ya don't think I heard that ya went around slittin' me up the back," Sooky shot out. "Belittlin'—that's what ya was."

"I did? *Me?* G'wan, ya full o' canaries!"

"Is that so! Well, I guess I don't have to play second base on the Honeydales, when I ain't wanted, I guess, I guess, returned Sooky.

"Who said ya couldn't play second base, I'd like to know?"

"You did. Ya told Hecky, 'n' he told me."

"I never did!" bellowed Skippy. His eyes suddenly lighted on Hecky, who was drinking in the scene benignly. Turning to Sooky, Skippy whispered, "Now ya c'n see

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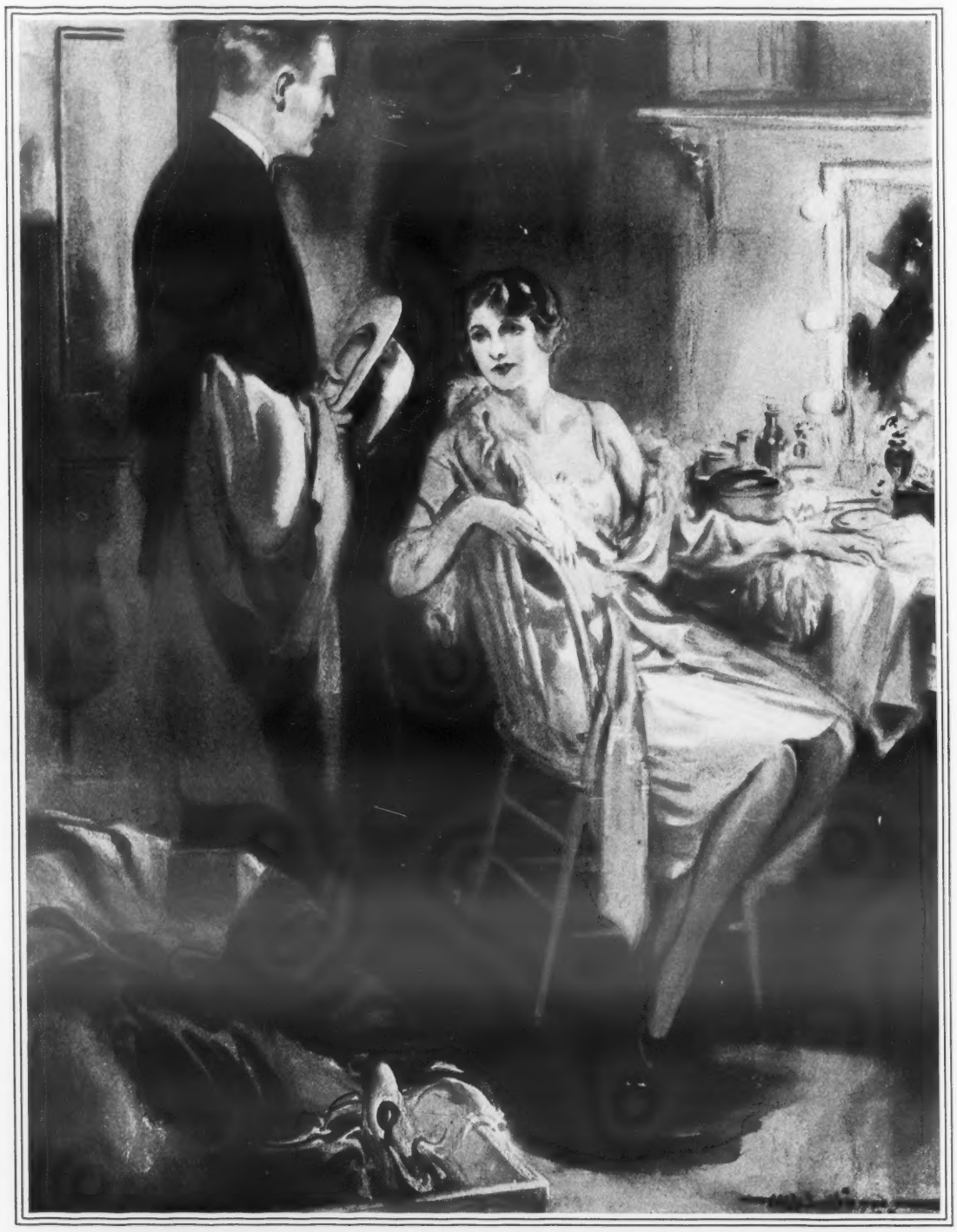
NO BOOK COULD HOLD HIM LIKE TREASURE ISLAND



"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME OUT SOMEWHERE AND HAVE A BITE TO EAT?"

Illusion

By ARTHUR TRAIN

Illustrated by H.R.Ballinger

CARLEE THARP is a very personable young man who has been associated since boyhood with his stepfather, Dan Jernigan, an old-time showman, now reduced to keeping a lodging house for actors. Carlee and his stepsister, Felicity, do a mind-reading act in vaudeville. Through an engagement for a private party Tharp gains an entrée into New York society. He is invited to attend a great reception given in honor of Queen Diane of Dalmatia by the Schmittlap family, new rich who are storming the gates of the Four Hundred. Carlee makes a great hit with the queen, but even more he arouses the interest of Hilda Schmittlap, daughter of the House of Schmittlap. To his surprise Felicity appears during the entertainment in a monologue and he saves her act by boldly removing the queen's growling and barking dog from the room. But to Hilda he passes off Felicity as merely a casual acquaintance, and to Mr. Vincent Pepperill, one of the few surviving blue bloods who, it seems, had known his grandmother, he passes himself off as a writer rather than a magician. He realizes that, in a sense, he is leading a double life. On his return to the lodging house Dan Jernigan expresses anxiety about Tharp's social aspirations, fearing for Felicity's future if their act is dissolved. Carlee reassures the old man and promises to take care of the latter's debts after his death. Early in the morning Carlee is awakened by Felicity, who tells him that her father is dead.

III

IT WAS five o'clock on the Monday afternoon following the great Schmittlap party to Diane of Dalmatia; the last royal trunk had been carried down the steps and Jarmon the butler stood bareheaded at the curb crumpling a fresh two-dollar bill in his hand. Two dollars! And nobody else had got a cent! The four members of the Schmittlap family were gathered at tea in the library surrounded by newspapers.

"Well, she's gone!" sighed Mr. Schmittlap, looking toward the window through the smoke of his cigar. "I hope you're satisfied!"

Mrs. Schmittlap was examining a full-length portrait of herself in an illustrated supplement. "I wish it showed my sapphires better!" she remarked. "We had wonderful publicity. All the papers say it was the greatest success."

"They ought to," remarked Hilda, "considering how well we treated the reporters!"

"Well, it was worth it!" said Mrs. Schmittlap.

"They all seemed to have a good time, including the queen," said her husband.

"Until the dog incident," amended Hilda. "She got over it, though. She danced until after one."

"She had no business to bring that dog in there!" asserted Eric, the twenty-two-year-old son of the house. "Who was the guy that lugged it out?"

"That's young Tharp—a friend of Hilda's," answered his mother. She turned to the girl. "You oughtn't to have gone off alone that way with him, though, right in the middle of the evening. If Prince Eberhardt had seen you he'd have been terribly upset."

"Seen her!" snorted Eric. "Of course he saw her! But that Jernigan girl was a peach!"

"I should think you'd have had enough of that kind of peaches," said his mother. "Have you settled the da Gamba case yet?"

"No, and I'm not goin' to! Finkelstein fixed it with the papers. Say, it's lucky I'm not a minor or she'd probably have sued father!"

"Listen here, Eric!" said Schmittlap. "You may think it's funny to be sued for breach of promise by a chorus girl, but it's no joke for me or for the rest of us! I don't say you're to blame in the matter, but it would pay you to keep better company. Anyhow, I tell you now, that outside your twelve thousand a year you won't get a cent from me under any circumstances. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"I've no kick coming!" answered Eric, unperturbed by his father's outburst. "I think you're dead right!"

"What sort of a person is that Mr. Tharp, Hilda?" asked Mrs. Schmittlap. "It struck me he was rather fresh."

"I didn't think so much of him! I thought he was a kind of Smart Aleck!" said Eric, getting up and doing a few dance steps. "Looks sort of like an actor."

"He's all right!" rejoined his father. "I put him up for the Colophon Club."

Hilda's mouth had hardened. "You know as much about him as you do about Prince Eberhardt!" she retorted. "His manners are just as good and he's better looking. Isn't it enough that he's attractive and honest and good-natured?"

"Well," hesitated Mrs. Schmittlap. "Of course these are the main things, but after all—if two young men are equally nice there's no harm in having a little money or even a title."

Hilda reddened.

"It's so kind of you to be so interested in my private affairs!" she snapped. "I'm in no hurry to get married, but when I do I shall marry to please myself and not my family."

"Of course you will, dear," placated her stepmother.

"Where Hilda is concerned," declared Mr. Schmittlap heartily, "the best is none too good. I'm not so stuck on these royal families, at that!"

He was interrupted by the appearance of Jarmon in the doorway.

"The mah-soor is here, sir."

Mr. Schmittlap got up. "Good! Tell him I'll be right along. Anybody going to be home to dinner?"

"I'm not," answered Eric. "I've got a date."

"I'm going out, too," said Hilda. She threw a whimsical glance at her mother as she added—"with Prince Eberhardt."

ERIC'S "date" had been made at the party the Saturday evening before. The heir apparent to the "Schmittlap Towers" had lost his heart again, but this time he felt that it was the real thing. Not that it was real in the sense that marriage, either morganatic or otherwise, had occurred to him, for it rarely did in such cases. He had merely "fallen hard" for Felicity Jernigan with all the delicious and tantalizing uncertainty as to future possibilities which such falling implied.

He was a slenderly ornamental, good-natured, yellow-haired youth with a predilection for blue shirts and soft collars, nothing to do, an apartment of his own, and an allowance of twelve thousand a year, and since he was to inherit the major part of fifty millions there seemed no particular reason why he should have worked even had he so desired, which he made no pretense of doing. He had flunked gracefully and good-naturedly out of Harvard and on to Broadway, and his chief accomplishment was the ability to play a saxophone, for which he had a natural ability. He was amiable, convivial, fond of the society of pretty girls who were not too refined to be bores, and liked to give parties for them at which he could demonstrate his abilities as a musician. He was on friendly terms with producers and managers, and had a wide acquaintance on the yonder side of the footlights. He was just emerging from an affair with a young dancer whose ambition was to "marry a million dollars" when Felicity had floated into his ken at the party to the queen. With her warm Irish beauty, her soft gray eyes and innocent charm she had instantly captured his roving fancy and he had sought her out at the conclusion of the performance. Gus Bloomberg had introduced him.

"Gosh, but you're wonderful!" Eric assured her as she stood at the performers' buffet nipping sturdily at a pâté de foie gras sandwich. "Your act was a knock-out. Wish I could see you again. Can't I?"

"Glad you liked it," she answered simply. Her life was full of Johnnies who drifted up and drifted off again. "Matter of fact, it was the first time I'd tried a single. My line is really magic and mind reading."

"Mind reading?"

"Sure. I'm Mystic Myra of The Mysterious Romeros."

"Gee! I'd like to see you."

"We're playing the Bronx Palace first half of the week."

"May I come up?"

"If you can find your way across the Harlem River."

"If I came would you read my mind?"

"Sure!"

He looked at her significantly. "Can you read it now?"

He was a little soft, she thought, but quite nice, and she gave him a snappy come-back. "I'm no good at invisible ink," she said.

Gus Bloomberg, who had no intention of letting anybody get gay with Fel while she was in his custody, interrupted the conversation and Eric yielded her regretfully. "You'll see me there tomorrow night! Front row center!"

"You panicked the juvenile hero all right, but no use giving him a play," Gus advised her as they drove off. "Stake him a hefty earful, then give him the air. He won't change no routine."

BUT Eric slipped into his seat at the Bronx Palace just as the house curtain fell and the "flicker" shifted from "Eddy Wise—The Personality Boy" to "The Mysterious Romeros." Glancing about at the shabby, gum-chewing audience he had about decided that he had made a mistake to embark upon what promised to be so shoddy an adventure when with a flourish from the brasses, the lights dimmed and the oleo rattled up on a darkened empty stage hung with black velvet curtains. The orchestra stopped dead with dramatic suddenness. There was a faint explosion followed by a smoke cloud from which materialized a diabolical person in a short crimson cape-cloak, black-satin knee breeches and silk stockings, with heavily penciled eyebrows slanting upward and outward, pointed mustaches and an imperial.

Eric had never seen Carlee until the preceding evening and had not then been introduced to him, but even had this not been the case he would hardly have recognized him in his Satanic make-up.

Then the spot shifted, Felicity came running on, and he ceased to have eyes for anyone but her. Dressed entirely in crimson, save for her black stockings, she made a lovely picture as she sank in a graceful curtsy against the velvet background. He could see the sparkle of her gray eyes as they swept the front row, looking, as he believed, for him. No, he had made no mistake in coming!

It was a twelve-minute act of illusion magic. Eric, who could do a few tricks himself, was completely baffled at seeing Fel locked in a trunk left in plain view upon the stage and then suddenly appear in the center of the audience; delighted to watch her capture live pigeons with a net out of the empty air. Then Nero the Necromancer raised his hand for silence while a rack holding four rifles was carried upon the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he said. "Owing to the great danger involved in our final demonstration I must beg you to maintain absolute silence. We are about to attempt what to those uninitiated into the realms of esoteric magic must believe impossible: namely, the deflection of rifle bullets fired from regulation army rifles at close range.

"We all know the supremacy of mind over matter, but few have had the opportunity to see its absolute demonstration. Yet it is possible under certain circumstances for the human intelligence to assert its superiority over the laws of physics. My partner, Mystic Myra, will now demonstrate her ability to defy death by allowing any four members of this audience to mark and load their own bullets and fire these rifles at her from the lower balcony. The distance will be not more than sixty feet, which is, of course, point-blank range. Have I any volunteers?"

A buzz ran through the house, while Carlee turned and offered his hand to Fel, who stepped forward to the footlights and stood there smiling.

Eric grew nervous. Of course it must be some sort of trick, but rifles! Suppose there should be a mistake. A mistake under such circumstances could not be rectified. What was the use of taking chances like that? For an instant he considered protesting against what she was about to do under cover of joining the group of candidates for homicide assembling upon the stage. But it was no use to interfere, he could not stop her and it would be so infernally conspicuous! Besides, they might select him as one of the marksmen! No, he must sit with the rest and calmly watch this suicidal performance!

WHILE the four chosen, one of them a soldier in uniform from the neighboring Fort Totten, were inspecting the rifles, Felicity descended to the pit and allowed the audience to examine the cartridges. Eric fingered one. Yes, it was regulation army ammunition, heavy and smeared with grease. "Don't! Please don't!" he begged her under his breath, but she moved along without any sign of recognition and, returning to the stage, handed the cartridges to the firing squad who proceeded to load in view of the audience.

A hush had descended over the entire house. Eric could hear the heavy breathing of the men as they threw the cartridges into place. The young soldier showed uneasiness. Now he cleared his throat and took an awkward step forward.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "I don't know as I quite like this. I don't want to hurt the young lady."

"Of course not!" smiled Carlee. "But you would find it quite impossible. Mystic Myra is bullet-proof."

The soldier grinned half-heartedly. "All right. It's up to you."

"Are all the rest of you satisfied?"

The three others nodded. Eric watched with growing anxiety as Carlee fitted a black bag over Fel's head, tied it around her neck, thrust a plate into her hand, and led her to the center of the footlights directly in front of the orchestra leader. Then he turned to the firing squad.

"If you gentlemen are ready please follow me to the balcony."

THERE was no sound as, rifles in hand, the four men descended the steps leading from the stage to the aisle. It was plain to Eric that the audience shared his apprehensions. Things did go wrong, sometimes. Perhaps it was a bluff and at the psychological moment a policeman would intervene. The file of men had already reached the back of the house. In the silence they could be heard making their way up the stairs. Then they reappeared with Nero at their head coming down the aisle and lined up at the edge of the balcony. The great stage was empty save for Fel's slender figure in its black hood. She swayed slightly. Occasionally her fingers would give a spasmodic twitch. Eric saw the squad in the gallery raise their rifles and take aim. The orchestra leader and the men nearest him scrambled hastily to either side. The snares began to roll in ever increasing crescendo.

"Are you ready?" shouted Carlee from the balcony.

"Ready," came in a muffled voice from the stage.

"Are you ready?" asked Carlee of the squad. "Take aim!"

Were they really going to shoot? Many of the audience shrank down in their seats. A few stopped their ears. Eric closed his eyes tight.

A woman in the rear of the gallery became hysterical. "Don't!" she screamed. "Don't shoot!"

Eric's heart stopped beating.

"Fire!" cried Carlee.

Crash! Eric's nostrils were filled with smoke. He dared not open his eyes. Had she been killed? Above the confusion following the reports he heard a curious sound, like marbles spinning upon china. There were excited exclamations all about him. Shouts. The musicians piled back into their places and the orchestra burst into a fanfare which was almost drowned in the uproar from the house. Fel stood apparently uninjured, holding in her hand the plate upon

(Continued on Page 106)

"DO YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR CHAUFFEUR UP?" HE ASKED AT TWO O'CLOCK. "WE CAN ALWAYS GET A TAXI".

The Fairy Tale of Benjamin

By Ernest Poole

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

THROUGH an uproarious tenement street teeming with humanity, down on the Lower East Side of New York, a chic town car, the very last word in luxury and elegance, slowly and carefully plowed its way; and over the huge blunt features of the chauffeur, the exiled Russian Prince Borissovitch, spread an expression of grim distaste. Ruined by the Revolution, he was a chauffeur in New York; but he had never come before into this section of the town. At the odors of garlic he wrinkled his nose; and with a whimsical puzzled look in his twinkling wide-set black eyes he turned to his partner, Claire Cobb, the trim young lady's maid at his side. She had been in the clothing business only a few weeks before, a buyer for a Chicago store; but the prince had met her here in New York, and had persuaded her at last to give up her work for a time and join him in this enterprise. She had bought on installments this gorgeous car, which they hired at exorbitant rates to those venturesome New Yorkers who wished to appear, for a day or a night, like veritable millionaires. Already the enterprise was a success. Not only were they making nearly a hundred dollars a day; they were getting intimate glimpses, too, into many little dramas, comedies and tragedies of the tumultuous city's life. But today the prince could see no chance of doing any business here among these dirty tenements.

"Shall we find a customer down here who will hire such a car as ours?" he asked in an incredulous tone. Claire Cobb smiled quickly up at him.

"Oh, yes, we'll find a customer."

"And he will pay our price?"

"He will."

"BUT why?" the prince demanded. A curious light came suddenly into her bright clever eyes; and in a softened voice she said:

"So that he may tell a fairy tale." At the puzzled look on the prince's face she smiled again and went on to explain: "When I was in the clothing business I met a good many wolves in New York—but now and then I met a lamb—and one of them was Benny Glück. If Glück means luck and happiness, then Benny had a joke of a name; for all the misfortunes in Greater New York seemed always to turn in at his door. It had been so for twenty years. Ever since his father came from Galicia, when Benjamin was only fifteen, they'd had a grinding, hopeless fight, which at last had worn the old man out. I never met him. For over two years he has been in a sanitarium. I heard about him the other day when I looked up Benny at the shop. Now his father is coming back to town, and we are to meet him at the train."

"But why in such a car as this?"

"So that his son may tell him that fairy tale I spoke of."

The first scene of the tale was dark. The car drew up in a foul-smelling street before a tall, dirty tenement. A slim little man stood waiting there. Well dressed in a quiet, neat blue suit, he looked like a prosperous business man, but his dark face was tensely lined and he had bright, anxious, tragic eyes. At sight of Claire Cobb his features lit up in an eager friendly smile. Quickly he came and wrung her hand.

"*Gott sei dank!* I thought you were not coming already! I thank you! Oh, you are good, you are kind!" And with a nervous anxious haste he turned to open the door behind. But Claire Cobb stopped him with a smile.

"Look! I've a little surprise for you here." And she drew his attention to the monogram on the door of the car.

"What's this?" he asked in astonishment.

"Your initials of ownership," she replied, "to help you in your fairy tale."

Tears started abruptly in his eyes. Without a word he wrung her hand again and got into the car; and half an hour later they arrived at the Pennsylvania Station.

"Now when my father comes," he said, "we go by Seventh Avenue—pleass? And then up to Riverside Drive—and on a Hundred-and-Sixth Street we turn and come to the hospital on the Park. You will drive him very careful—yes? And slowly—pleass? You give me time?" In a low voice Claire Cobb replied:

"We'll be very careful of him, my dear—and we'll give you plenty of time."

"And you won't mind what I say to you—if I treat you as servants?" Benny implored, nervously wringing his hands.

"ACH! DON'T YOU WORRY. ASK NO QUESTIONS"

"No, no; say anything you like. I promise you I'll act the part."

And a few minutes later, standing at the door of the car, the whole demeanor of Claire Cobb became respectful and demure. Slowly out of the station came Benjamin Glück and his young wife, a dark, slender woman dressed in brown, who had brought his father in from the country. Between them, in a long wheel chair used for transporting invalids, lay a little old skeleton of a man with thin, hollow, feverish cheeks. His small black eyes were bright and fixed with a hungry affection on his son, and he clung tight to Benny's hand. As they came out he looked around feebly.

"*Ach,* Benny boy, vere ees it? Vere's de ambulance?" he asked. Benjamin bent over him.

"We don't need any ambulance," he replied. "We got a surprise for you, *Tatta lieb*"—which means "dear little father." And with a smile he pointed to the Car of Crœsus standing there. "Look at the car we got," he said. The old invalid looked, then started forward, eyes popping nearly out of his head at all that rich magnificence.

"Vot you mean, you gotta car?"

"I mean I got it! See for yourself! Ain't it fine? Ain't it expensive, papa?"

Rising still farther in the chair, the bony hands of the little old man reached out and seized those of his son, while his look, in sharp desperate appeal, searched the two eyes smiling down.

"Benny! You mean we got a success? We got a success in our business, son?" Jocosely Benny wagged his head.

"*Ach!* Don't you worry. Ask no questions. Wait till you see our new office already—the showrooms—all the stylish models! Wait till you see our new apartment!"

"Apartment—apartment ——"

"ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE. All the modern improvements, *Tatta lieb*—every inch of it positively de luxe! And we got a fine big room for you, as soon as you come from the hospital home. *Tatta lieb's* room the kids call it already." Sharply the old man swung around.

"Frieda! Vy didn't you tell me?" he cried. The dark, slender young woman smiled tenderly down.

"Now, now, papa dear, no excitements," she said. "Benny begged me to let him tell it himself. He has such a big surprise for you, and he'll tell it all while you're going uptown. I'll run up ahead to the hospital and see that your room is ready there."

"But Frieda—no! Mit us you must come!"

"Oh, you won't need me, papa dear. Benny wants you all to himself. And if he needs any help at all, Jenny, my maid, will be right in the car, you know."

"A maid you got?" the old man gasped; but with a quick kiss his daughter was gone. "*Oy, oy, oy, oy*—such expenses, my son!" But Benny had now turned away, and his manner grew suddenly stern and impatient.

"Hey, Jenny! What's the matter?" he cried. "Do I pay you eighty dollars a month that you should stand like a dumb-bell here? Come on now—help me!"

"Yes, sir." Respectfully the trim young maid came forward, and with tender care assisted her employer to lift the excited old merchant out of the chair and into the car. As they did so Benjamin pointed to the initials on the door.

"CAN you see it, papa, my monogram? B. G. That stands for Benjamin Glück. Will you believe me now already?"

"*Oy, oy*—such expenses—such expenses!" gasped the little invalid as he sank limply down inside.

"Shall I come in, too, sir?" asked Claire Cobb. Benny turned on her an indignant stare.

"With us, you mean? You will sit in the car like a lady?" he cried. "Have I not told you your place is in front—with the chauffeur?" And as the big car started off, he said to his father, in a low tone: "Would you believe it? We got a Goy prince for a chauffeur! A busted Russian!" He chuckled with glee. "Tell him to drive slow, Jenny, dear. I want papa should see our fine new office, only a few blocks from here." Then he turned back to the little old merchant, gathered him tenderly into his arms and began to make him comfortable with the pillows that Frieda had brought from the train.

"Now, now—no more excitements," he begged.

"Excitements—how can I hellup excitements? Apartments, apartments—automobiles—shofers und maid—und I get no excitements? Vy don't you talk business? Vot ees it, vot ees it? Tell me the truth, so hellup you Gott!" A fond, steady smile was the son's reply.

(Continued on Page 144)

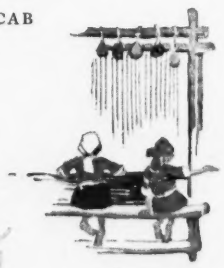
Adventures in Geography

Written and Illustrated by GERTRUDE A. KAY

OXEN SLEDGES

THE ROCK

A GIBRALTAR CAB



LITTLE RUG MAKERS

THE ARAB QUARTER

NOW, speaking of grammar and arithmetic and geography, and all that sort of thing—how would you care to have some *adventures in* geography?" said Colonel Bob.

"What like?" asked Bobby, not knowing *at all* what his uncle was talking about.

"Like this," answered Colonel Bob; "you and I would sail away on a big ship and go clear round the world and see some of the places where history was made. And all the time we'd be *doing* geography—longitude and latitude. We'd cross the equator and the prime meridian. We'd sail oceans and seas and bays and harbors. We'd see continents and islands and mountains and deserts. Not to mention dozens of cities and strange countries."

"And people?" asked Bobby.

"Well, rather," said Colonel Bob. "Caucasian, Ethiopian, Malay, Mongolian, and possibly Indian—the whole outfit."

"Let's go," said Bobby.

"Let's," said Colonel Bob. They shook hands.

"But he might get some strange disease," said one of the aunts nervously. "And he might get some *foolish ideas*," said the other aunt.

"Nonsense!" said Colonel Bob. "What he'll get will be some first-hand knowledge of history and geography—and, we'll hope, some flesh on his bones."

You see, Bobby was a thin-legged little boy who lived with two aunts and one uncle. The aunts were very kind, but the uncle was a colonel. His friends called him Colonel Bob. He was the biggest man Bobby had ever seen; he had been about everywhere and could answer any question at all. Bobby admired him more than any other human being. Away back when he was a very little boy, he thought him greater than Santa Claus.

S. S. Reliable

AND so after that many things happened. Everybody was very busy. They got passports which said that they were American citizens and permitted them to visit all the countries round the world. They bought thick clothes and thin clothes, which the aunts packed into trunks and bags. And all the while they told Bobby lots of things to do, and things not to do. He said that he would remember.

The name of the ship that they were to sail on was the Reliable. Colonel Bob said it meant the same as Sure Thing! Bobby thought that, of course, it would have lots of masts and sails like pictures of ships, but when they reached New York and went down to the pier, he was surprised to see that it had no sails *at all*. But big! *Goodness!* You almost had to stand on your head to look up at it. Smoke came out of the huge striped funnels. Inside, everything was white and gold and red, and smelled—well, like a boat.

A great many people with all sorts of bags and bundles were going along too. There were men in uniforms with gold buttons giving orders, and there were men in white jackets doing things. And a band was playing on the deck. It was exciting.

"Let's go below and see where we are to hang out for five months," said Colonel Bob. "Hop in the elevator."

A boy in uniform opened the door. Bobby thought he put on airs because he wore a uniform. But his hair was curly.

"Here we are," said Colonel Bob, throwing open the door to a room with two of everything—beds, washbasins, closets, dressing cabinets. Then there was one big round porthole where you looked out and saw things.

All Ashore!

THE aunts clapped their hands and said that it was cozy. They began to unpack at once and hang up and put away. They gave Colonel Bob and Bobby lots of directions about keeping well, and so on.

"All visitors ashore," called someone.

A bugle blew.

"Time to say good-by to the aunties," said Colonel Bob. They all went up on deck. Everybody was saying good-by to someone, waving handkerchiefs and throwing kisses as they went off.

Just as Bobby called his last good-by to his aunts the big, big whistle gave a tremendous snort that made everything shake. Bells rang, ropes and chains were hauled in. Then ever so slowly the big ship began to *move*.

Colonel Bob and Bobby stood side by side at the rail.

"Queer feeling, sailing away," said Colonel Bob. "You almost wish that you hadn't started, yet you don't want to get off." Bobby was very sure he didn't want to get off.

"See the tugs." Sure enough, there they were busily pushing and pulling until finally the big ship was out in the river, headed for the ocean, ready to begin the long voyage. Then there was a rumble and grumble far below, which meant that the engines had started, and they were on their way. People on the pier grew smaller and smaller, then were

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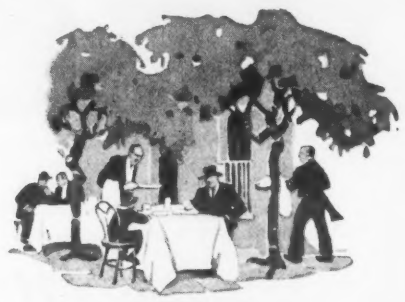
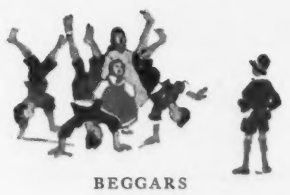


A TABLE FOR TWO

THEY WOUND UP, UP, UP

THE VEGETABLE BOY



BEGGARS

POMPEII

Fig. 1. Two treatments for more formal drawing or living room windows are shown in these illustrations.

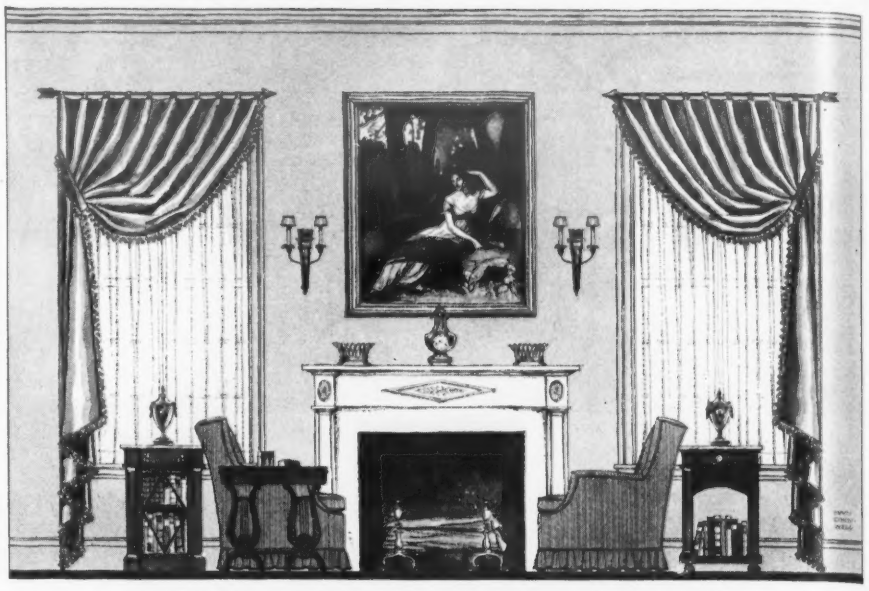
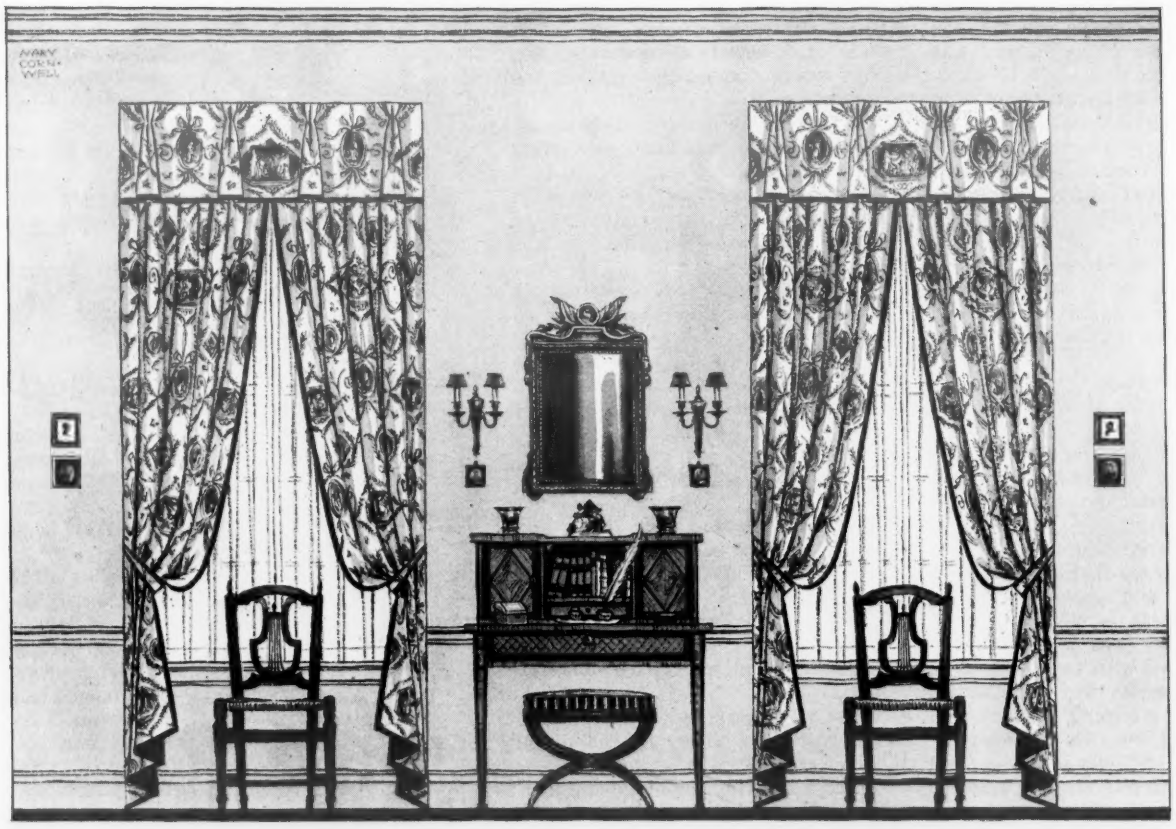


Fig. 2. Here the drapery is drawn back at one side of the window, allowing both light and air to enter the room.

Insuring Well-Tailored Windows

How to Solve the Common Problems They Present: By Lewis R. Hastings



Drawings by Mary Cornwell

HAVE you ever entered a room, after a short absence, to find that its entire personality has changed? You were amazed at this miracle. But, when you began to investigate the reason for all this change, you were even more surprised to find that it is only the draperies that were different. Here, with a few deft touches, a clever person had changed the entire appearance of the room.

We are, therefore, quite correct in giving first consideration to the treatment of the windows. The money we expend in their behalf is never lost when well used. In planning draperies one does not need to change completely the fabric, for often with a few dollars and a few hours we can perform a marvelous transformation with old materials.

One often encounters problems in changing the furnishings of a room, or in moving from one place to another. We find that the room is too dark or too light, or that it lacks character and dignity. It may have windows that are too small or too large, too high or too low; and they may be unevenly spaced. Before making any changes one should first consider a few factors.

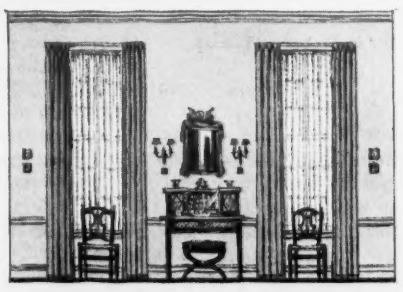


Fig. 3. Correct (above) and incorrect ways of treating windows in rooms with high ceilings.

The first consideration is the color scheme. We must consider the location and light of the room, as well as the certainty of our color choice harmonizing with the furnishings that are already there. Let us first consider the influence of the room's location upon our color scheme.

If your room has a cold and bare feeling—perhaps it faces the north—you should select warm colors. Such colors are found in the many different tones of yellow, orange and red. If the variety of warm colors that you use is not too great, the result will be cozy and livable. The overuse of these colors will result in a most exciting and disturbing interior. Should the room face the south, or if it has an abundance of heat, we should choose such colors as greens, blues and blue-violets.

In selecting colors we must remember that rooms which have little sunlight should have light or pale colors, and rooms with quantities of light should have dark or heavy colors. This will overcome either that soggy or dazzling effect we feel in rooms too dark or too light to be really comfortable.

It is true, of course, that the colors which we use in our draperies are somewhat limited by the colors already existing in the room. There must be compatibility between these.

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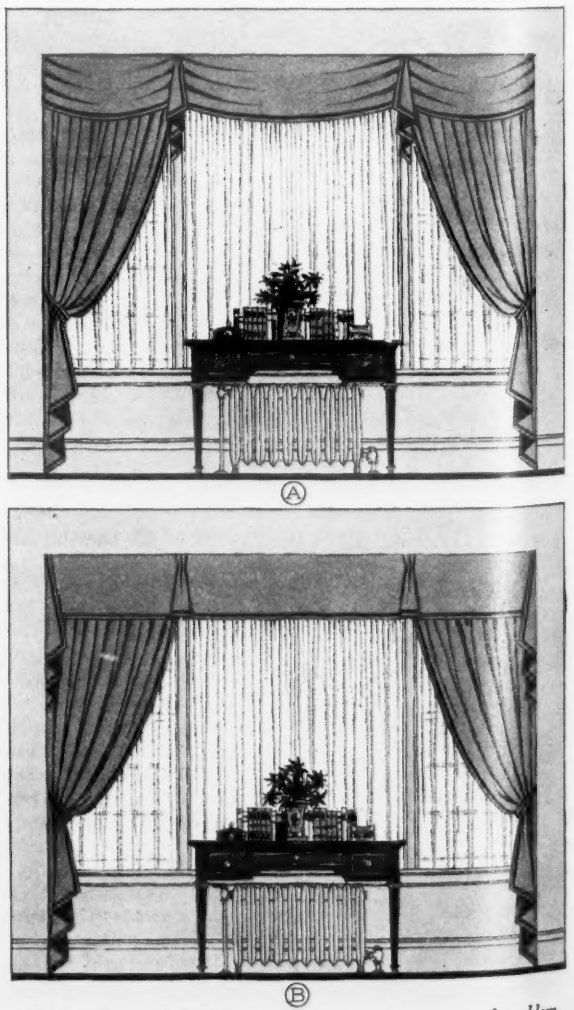
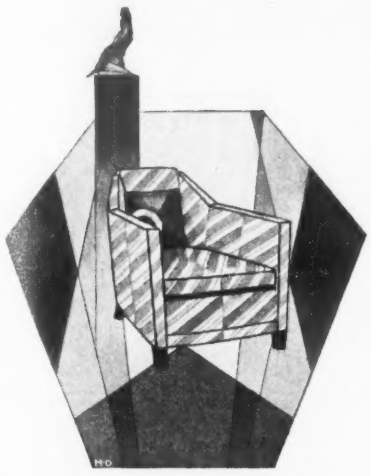
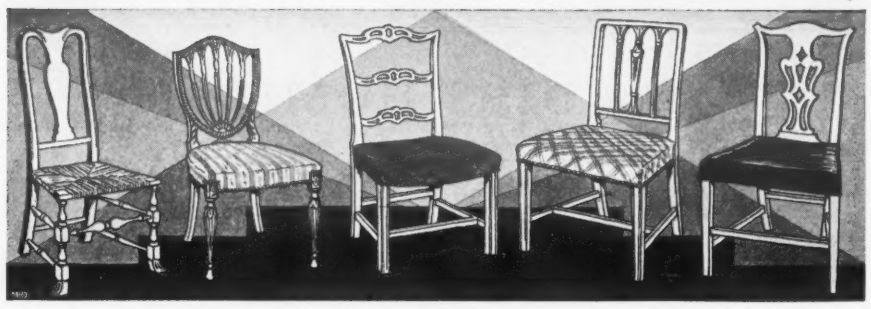
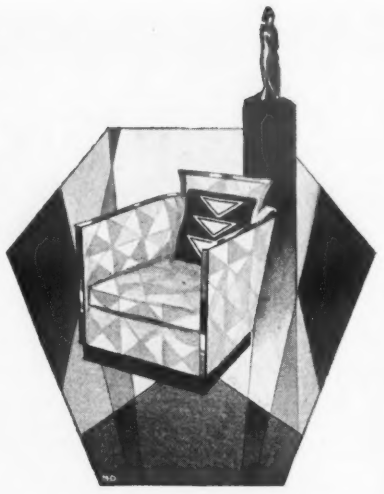


Fig. 4. Successful dining or living room treatments of problem shown in Figure 5.





Desirable styles in side chairs for living-room use.



Odd Chairs

By Ethel Davis Seal

Drawings by Marion Dismant

HOW many of us have found out, I wonder, that a room is only just as smart as the chairs we have chosen for it? And, going one step farther, that chairs must be smart not only in themselves, but smart also in combination with each other? Fill any room with overstuffs all of which are too weighty, and the room is very apt to savor of a padded cell; err on the other side, and choose every chair of a somewhat spindly nature, and the room not only looks leggy and scattered, but it lacks in dignity as well. Match chairs too closely and you achieve the ordinary appearance of a set. And yet if you choose your chairs with no view to harmony of type, the room shows just about as much grace and purpose as the unrelated assemblage of show pieces in a shop. But put the right chairs together in any room at all, and the success of your scheme is half won by means of its chairs alone.

Easy-chairs usually are chosen singly, not in groups of two and three, and, save for dining rooms, rarely should any chairs be chosen in a set. This is fortunate for the sake of subsequent variety, as well as for the possibility of spending just that bit extra which so often procures a very much finer chair—an extravagance not always so possible when more than one piece is to be acquired.

French chairs for elegance or simplicity as required.

A few years ago, when I refurnished one of my own living rooms, if I had bought all the chairs at once I couldn't have had such nice ones as I have now. Not only should I have failed to find so many beauties in so short a time, but if I had found them I never could have afforded them all at once. So my first chair was a seventeenth-century wing which gave me much to live up to in my later choices, and encouraged me to wait for each new chair as I found, and could afford, those equally delightful . . . a Queen Anne lacquered side chair, an upholstered Chippendale, two Hepplewhite chairs and a French bergère—with still a space or two which may be made ready for friendly new ones as I find them. For, after all, we do not furnish or refurnish any room more than once or twice in a lifetime and we should be able to take our time about it.

EVERYBODY should be interested in odd chairs, for of all furniture pieces we buy most of them. So let us examine the lovely chair types pictured in these groupings, for it is just such chairs which bring glory to our rooms, either in various combinations, or else employed as single units which can be counted on to set the first style keynote or the final touch of beauty to the scheme. In your chair-hunting travels through the shops you will see many chairs like these—they are usual enough to be found easily, but so often they are engulfed among types so much less lovely that you pass them by. Rarely are they set so clearly that their characteristics may be compared as truly as they may be here.

Nearly every living room feels slighted somehow if among its easy-chairs it does not include a wing. When you study the diversity of the wing chairs shown here, which might be multiplied twice over were there sufficient space to show them, you will not wonder at the continued popularity of wing chairs. The chair at the lower right of the grouping pictured below is of seventeenth-century inspiration, especially wide of seat, and with flared arms and wings which would make it comfortable for even a large man; yet it is grace personified. The chair at the lower left is of a seventeenth-century type equally important, and it is a large chair, too, but because there is little flare in its wings and seat, and because the wings do not run up to the top of its back, it is slimmer and a bit less roomy. It is a wing which will not dwarf neighboring small chairs, no matter how small they are. Both of these chairs are extremely versatile, and merely

Wing chairs that satisfy comfort and good taste.

by the character of their covering they are suitable for use in rooms of widely differing type. Upholstered in velvet, needlepoint, tapestry, damask or brocade, they may be fitted into many schemes; and added to this choice of coverings, the slim wing might be considered in colored morocco leather for libraries and in handsome glazed chintz for less formal living rooms and bedrooms.

The barrel wing, to be seen at the upper right hand of this grouping, is a chair for which is predicted great coming popularity. It is comfortable, it is of a medium-large size, and it is different. Upholstered in any of the materials already mentioned, this chair would be suitable for use in any room calling for one of these fabrics, for this chair may be said to take its character from its covering in a most adaptable manner. The chair in the center of the grouping is called a ladies' wing, probably because it is small and somewhat delicate; but upholstered in velvet, mohair or an antique satin or damask it would grace many important rooms; and in some rooms where a larger wing could not be used, it might take the place of one of the smaller chairs. Covered in a less formal fabric, such as plain-colored quilting or richly flowered glazed chintz or cretonne, it would make an ideal chair for informal living-room and bedroom use.

THE Early American wing shown at the upper left of this same drawing is very delightful covered in glazed chintz, in calico, either of which may be quilted if desired, in homespun or in reps. In living rooms of the Early American style this chair is most effective, and it is also suitable in bedrooms of this character. It blends with American pieces of mahogany, maple or pine showing suitable simplicity.

In the room for which you have chosen one of these wing chairs, your next chair must show a different though harmonious character. If your room is a large one, and furnished in a strong rather than a delicate style, you will be

The sturdy chair at the left is a Charles II type.

interested in the Charles II chair, upholstered in plain dark velvet with a plain self-toned fringe at the bottom of the back and seat, especially if you have chosen one of the two wing chairs at the bottom of the other grouping, or the barrel wing upholstered in a striped or checked mohair.

There are many fine chairs similar to this Charles II chair which may offer alternate choices, and though not pictured here, they are seen in many shops. One is nearly like this except that it is in the William and Mary style; another is Italian, another is Louis XIV; and for rooms of strictly English and American eighteenth-century style, there is a slender, tall-backed Sheraton armchair which would fit into the less-sturdy schemes.

Any of the three chairs shown diagonally above the Charles II chair would make an excellent second choice for use in the room which had already selected one of the wing chairs; in fact, every living room should include some such medium-size chair in its collection, for variety of style and variety of comfort.

(Continued on Page 202)

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL
LORING A. SCHULER, EDITOR

Women in Government

THE incoming Administration, we are informed, will probably call more business women to the service of Government than have any of its predecessors. The reason being that Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, has found that women possess to a marked degree those qualities of mind that go to make successful investigators, and has long maintained that if a woman can swing a given job better than a man the job is hers.

A young woman, for instance, is recognized in trade circles as one of the best-informed persons in the country on tropical and subtropical fruits, and is an expert on such intricate problems as the Brazilian coffee-valorization scheme. Women are performing valued service for the United States as trade commissioners at the important cities of Rome and Shanghai.

A woman is official geographer of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce; and as commercial geography is becoming a major study of business executives, her work is assuming constantly greater importance. A woman is assistant chief of the tobacco-trade section. There are several women in the chemical division, including a ranking expert on the trade in nitrates and tanning extracts.

The senior research assistant on foreign tariffs is a woman; other women are specializing on economic conditions in Canada, Brazil, South Africa, Ireland, Southeastern Asia and the Philippines. And of course women play a great part in studies of retailing and textiles.

More and more opportunities for women in business are constantly appearing. Queer, unfeminine occupations, some of them, like those described in the article on Page 10 of this issue. Unusual successes in usual businesses, many of them, such as those related from month to month in our page of Women in Business. While the number of women writers, artists, manufacturers, storekeepers, executives, bankers, brokers and what not is now so great that they attract little more than passing attention. And the election of women to legislative and executive offices is generally no more spectacular than the election of men.

The marvel of it is that so many of these modern women in business find time also to run charming homes and to dress better than women have ever before dressed in this world.

Experience

A YOUNG man, or a young woman, graduating from school or college is told by prospective employers: "You'll have to start at the bottom and get experience before you can fill an executive position. Learn the job yourself before you try to boss others."

The same advice might be given to all girls who marry: "Even if you can afford it, don't try to keep a maid for a year. Learn the job yourself before you try to boss another." For several reasons:

First, every woman—and every man, too, for that matter—should know how to cook.

Second, homemaking is today an adventure—an education in color, in mechanics, in chemistry, in economics; in history and geography, too, if you choose so to make it. The price of a maid for a year, invested in modern household equipment, will run a home so completely and easily that perhaps the maid will never be wanted.

Third, the woman who knows—really knows—how to run her own house will seldom have a real servant problem, because she will have sympathy and an understanding of just how much one pair of hands can accomplish in housework.

We recommend this practical school of applied home economics.

Motor Manners

IF A GENTLEMAN, walking on the sidewalk, accidentally collides with a lady so that his eyeglasses are knocked off and broken, he will take off his hat and apologize profusely for his own clumsiness. But if the same gentleman, driving his automobile, sideswipes the lady's car and crumples her fender, he will glare at her and yell, "Say, why don't you learn how to drive?"

And if a lady, hurrying to keep an appointment, comes to a door through which but one may pass at a time, she will stand aside to let another lady go ahead of her. But the same lady, driving her car, will invariably race another driver for a narrow opening in the road, and whether she wins or loses will exclaim, "Dumb-bell! The police ought to keep people like that off the roads."

What is there about motoring that makes the most estimable citizen, man or woman, forget all manners, all etiquette, all decencies of behavior? Every driver has a chip on his, or her, shoulder. We conceive hates toward strangers we have never seen before and never will see again. We scorn the slow drivers and abhor the speeders. We sass the police—when we are safely past them. No one suits us. And yet, once we are afoot again, we resume politeness as a matter of course.

Perhaps someone should write a book of motor etiquette—only we'd have to change human nature to get it read.

A Place to Park

THE latest development in city planning, which is in effect a broad application of the JOURNAL'S Garden Home idea, is the motorized community. Meaning that such cities are deliberately laid out in accordance with present-day high-speed conditions, instead of having to adapt themselves as best they can from the horse-and-buggy limitations imposed upon them in a slower age.

In such communities, through traffic sees none of the homes—runs down none of the babies and the dogs. The residential section is set apart from business and roads of heavy traffic. Houses are built in pretty, winding streets, with yards and gardens merging into community parks, with schools and churches placed in quiet spots where there will be no wild distractions of motor horns and roaring trucks.

And there is plenty of room for the housewife to park her car when she goes shopping.

Continental Divorce

A CAREFULLY anonymous "international lawyer" has sent to us for review his pamphlet entitled Divorce: How to Obtain on the Continent. In appropriately red covers it is announced as the fourth edition, the price is five francs, and the object of the booklet as set forth is "to explain to English and Americans how they can obtain divorce in France and Monaco."

Ease, speed and privacy are presented as the divorce attractions of these two nations, and an addendum gives further information that in Switzerland "ordinary cases take from one to two months if properly handled," and that "there is no publicity."

The rotten business must be pretty bad since the courts of Paris, alarmed by the world-wide scandal over their divorce mill, shut down on this traffic some months past. But buzzards like "international lawyers" still circle around, desperately seeking to feed on unhappiness and disgrace.

Women of the A.E.F.—at the Front

By GLADYS MOON JONES

(With MAJOR JULIA C. STIMSON *and Other Officers of the Army Nurse Corps)*

"MY GOD, it's a *woman!*" This exclamation burst from an artilleryman when he peered through the early morning mists of September 13, 1918, into an ambulance and saw Alice S. Kelley, an Army nurse. For they had met on a desert billowed by shell holes and strewn with camouflaged guns, shell jackets, dead horses and dead men. Opposing armies had clashed on the spot only the day before. All things that were once landmarks had been raked down by high explosives.

The driver of the ambulance was lost. He had stopped to inquire the way to a forward sorting station, where his two women passengers were being sent to care for the untransportable wounded. And so a few soldiers of an artillery regiment moving across the devastated terrain to help push the firing line forward were given this surprising and perhaps last opportunity to look into the face of a woman.

"I shall never forget that ride," says Miss Kelley.

Finally they came to the ruined village of Flirey, where some of the boys were having a hasty breakfast before shoving on. The great St.-Mihiel drive, that was to employ, between September twelfth and sixteenth, 550,000 men and more than a million rounds of ammunition in artillery fire, had begun. Excitement was everywhere and the men cheered when they caught sight of the women.

On the Heels of Battle

THE order to serve on a battle front and the experiences in getting to that uncertain place excited every one of the 2662 nurses who went to the Zone of the Armies. These women were selected for their professional skill and organized with medical officers and enlisted men into surgical, shock, splint and operating teams. Equipped to be moved on short notice, they could be sent to any location well up toward the firing lines to save the lives of men who had thinned the mud of France with their own blood.

The nurses with teams not only became lost on the roads crowded with the business of war, but were sometimes victims of collisions. As secrecy was deemed essential, the greatest movement of troops, supplies and medical units was at night. Frequently the roads were bombed. But bombs became too usual to mention. "Oh, yes, they dropped all around us," is the answer of veteran nurses when questioned now about bombs. However, one says, "I still have the feeling that in every clump of trees there must be guns and ammunition," and describes an unforgettable night near Azerailles, southeast of Nancy, when the shrapnel fell like hail.

Ten nurses with Evacuation Hospital No. 3 received their first taste of raids and guns at Crezancy. The first enemy bomber scattered them panic-stricken in an adjacent cemetery. Soon they grew accustomed to air battles and the constant heavy firing that jarred instruments from the tables. Wrote Josephine Kennedy:

> After that we never ran again, though three bombs that fell right behind our tent seemed directly over us. . . . Guns all night. We are evacuating as fast as we can. It seems endless—so many gas cases. The tents reek with the odors of mustard gas and gunpowder.

Close on the heels of battle came these doctors, nurses and men of the forward mobile, evacuation and field hospitals, growing ever more oblivious to their own danger. The nurses gradually built an immunity against the proximity of guns. There was one day, however, when shells could not be ignored. Everyone had been toiling day and night at Fromérêville, near Verdun, the last stand of Evacuation No. 4. Verdun was being shelled heavily and on the morning of November third the enemy got the range of the hospital and threw over thirteen shells directly upon it. One of the nurses describes this terrifying experience, telling how the women ran with bandages, carried stretchers and tried to cover their wounded patients. Each shell exploded with a deafening roar. No one knew where the next one was going to land. Some of them struck the tents. The barracks that housed the headquarters of the hospital were completely demolished. Two sergeants of the unit were killed and one officer and twelve boys wounded.

Evacuation hospitals and the smaller mobile hospitals moved often nearer the lines. And they were never near enough. Sometimes truckloads of tortured boys were received four days after they had been wounded. The drivers were blear-eyed from constant day-and-night concentration on the muddy shell-pocked roads.

Just moving up over the battle-torn country was war enough. The nurses of Mobile No. 1 had orders in July to move in trucks on up to Chierry beyond Château-Thierry. They excitedly anticipated going just as the enlisted men traveled. However, standing up for forty miles over a war-used road, where bridges had been destroyed, cured them forever of their enthusiasm for this mode of transportation.

Caring for the Wounded

THERE were nine so-called mobile hospitals with the American Medical Corps in France, but only three were organized early enough to demonstrate their mobility. Of these three, Nos. 1 and 2 served on all American fronts. Mobile No. 1 moved eight times from June fourteenth to November eleventh. Twenty-one nurses permanently attached to this unit were on duty during all those days and nights. One cold late-October day on the Meuse-Argonne front an order came out for the signature of any nurse who felt that the physical strain was too great. Not one of the twenty-one signed it.

After July eighteenth, as the Allied troops advanced, little caravanning mobile, field and evacuation hospitals followed over the old scarred battlefields. Under the summer sun, where not a tree or a building remained, where flies and the stench of dead horses and barely covered dead men pervaded the air, they pitched their tents around old dugouts on the famous Château-Thierry hills a few days after their fellow countrymen had bought the vile and precious ground with their own lives. The first thing set up in camp was the telephone to announce their new location. Soon afterward ambulances and trucks unloaded the wounded boys. All beds and operating tables were filled. The ground around was covered with stretchers bearing the leavings of battle. Nurses on operating teams stood at the tables eighteen and twenty hours at a stretch and went to sleep listening to the guns, to be awakened again by the sound of exploding bombs or the flashes of a barrage. Women on

(Continued on Page 184)

MOVING UP TO THE FRONT

Dœuillet-Doucet Creation
1001

Nicole Groult Creation
1018

Article by PAMELA COYNE
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Nicole Groult Creation
1010

Nicole Groult Creation
1002

Louiseboulanger Creation
1019

Now Can Reproduce Designed by the Great

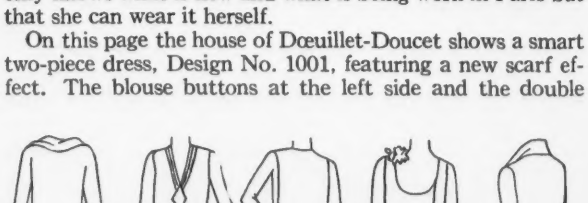
THE American woman has been the inspiration of the great French designers for several years. Her slim, athletic figure has influenced the modes worn round the world, and her ability to wear clothes well and to choose them equally well is fast making her claim to being the best-dressed woman in the world a very dangerously correct one.

There are, of course, American women who can shop in Paris—every three months, once a year, once in four or five years. But there are so many who can't. In Paris one views several collections and comes away with whirling head, so many brilliant colors and exquisite fabrics have passed in quick succession.

Believing that the American woman who cannot shop abroad appreciates the great art of the dressmakers, we have selected one or more outstanding models from several of the great French couturiers and have presented them here to the American woman not only as a report of the newest developments in fashion, in which she is, of course, interested, but in such form that she can reproduce them for herself. We have selected models that are artfully created, elegant in their simplicity, practical, yet decidedly chic.

Hereafter, in our fashion pages, she may select models from the designer or designers whose creations best express her particular style and type, have them reproduced for her exactly—or reproduce them herself—and feel that she not only knows what is new and what is being worn in Paris but that she can wear it herself.

On this page the house of Dœuillet-Doucet shows a smart two-piece dress, Design No. 1001, featuring a new scarf effect. The blouse buttons at the left side and the double



pocket above and below the belt on right is attractive. Designed for ages 14, 16, 18 and 20. The plain skirt is made with a knife-plaited section in the center front.

Nicole Groult, whose frocks are youthful and very chic, designed the three costumes shown in the center of this page.

The three-piece ensemble, Design No. 1018, features the very smart little short jacket, with a new, rounded collar, and hip pockets. The wide belt and appliquéd band at the neck are the only trimmings of the plain, fitted blouse, and the skirt has an inset circular section at the center front. Designed for ages 14, 16, 18 and 20.

The loose paneled back is very distinguished as designed by Nicole Groult in No. 1010. The square-shaped yoke is seamed at the center front; the skirt has an inset front plait and an applied band extending around the back. Designed for ages 14, 16, 18 and 20.

Nuitrouge, Design No. 1002, is also from Nicole Groult. The neck line of this charming gown is square in the front and rounded in the back, an important note in the evening mode. The simple trimming of flowers with drooping buds on the left shoulder and the jeweled belt buckle is particularly French and elegant in effect. The gown is cut in one piece; at the left the inserted circular section descends to a point below the hemline, and the same effect is repeated in the back at the right side. The dress is designed for ages 16, 18 and 20, and sizes 40 and 42.

Louiseboulanger, one of the most distinguished of the Paris designers, sends an unusually smart coat for midseason wear. Cut in three sections, with a slightly fitted top, Design No. 1019 has a fitted hip band and flaring skirt. The collar is worn turned back on itself. The coat laps over and buttons at the waistline. Applied patch pockets add a swagger touch. Designed for ages 16, 18 and 20, and size 40.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

Illustrated by Grace Hart

Worth Creation
1015

Worth Creation
1013

Worth Creation
1012

Worth Creation
1014

Worth Creation
1011

You Exactly Gowns Dressmakers of Paris

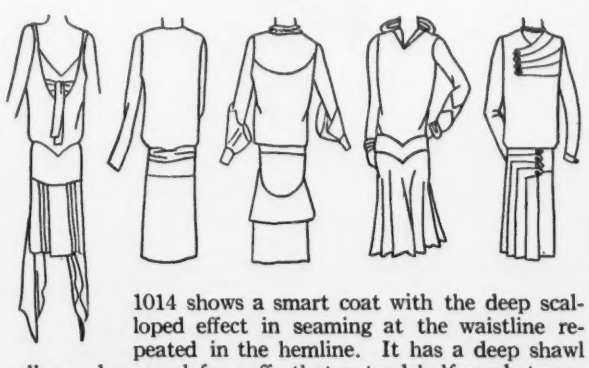
The House of Worth, for many years the favorite designers of royalty as well as of well-dressed women from all parts of the world, sends five designs characterized by its usual inspired simplicity and masterly design. The evening gown, No. 1015, is designed with the new, very narrow "lingerie" shoulder straps.

The bloused waist is pointed in back above a closely fitted hip band, which is scalloped in the front. The décolletage is curved in back, with a pointed inner vest. Two bands of material loop and hang down to the waist. The circular skirt has an even hemline in the back and graceful, dipping side points in the front. Double inverted side plaits are shown at each side of the center back. Designed for ages 16, 18 and 20, and size 40.

The overskirt of Design No. 1013, which is very smart in its simplicity, is rounded in front and gathered with soft fullness to a close-fitting yoke that is straight in the back. The skirt hangs gracefully below the hem in a point at the left side. The scalloped neckline with narrow tie strings is very new and chic. The sleeves are long and closely fitted. Designed for ages 18 and 20, and sizes 40 and 42.

The tiered skirt, the two tiers slightly circular in front and dipping in the back to form full circular flounces, is the distinguishing chic of Design No. 1012. The set-on, flaring cuffs of the closely fitting sleeves are also unusually effective. The belt ties and its looped ends hang at the right side. The neck is scalloped for the insertion of scalloped lace and a long end of the lace, finished with a silk tassel, hangs at the left shoulder. Designed for ages 16, 18 and 20, and size 40.

The ensemble is important for midseason wear—important in chic and important for comfort as well. Design No.



1014 shows a smart coat with the deep scalloped effect in seaming at the waistline repeated in the hemline. It has a deep shawl collar and unusual fur cuffs that extend halfway between the elbow and the shoulder.

The gown that is worn under this coat has an inset, circular hip band and a circular skirt with a scalloped hemline which repeat the motifs of the coat. The bishop sleeves are trimmed with diagonal rows of stitching halfway between the elbow and the wrist. The plain blouse has a V-shaped neckline and a standing collar and flat cuffs. Designed for ages 14, 16, 18 and 20.

Somewhat more tailored in effect is the second Worth ensemble, Design No. 1011. The edges of the standing coat collar of fur are rounded and the fur cuffs extend upward in pointed outline on the sleeve, falling out in a new sleeve silhouette.

The dress that is worn with this coat is very chic and tailored. The blouse has a yoke that is trimmed with fine tucking in circular diagonal lines and its pointed ends are finished with buttons. The pointed motif of the blouse is repeated in the skirt. Its three inverted plaits are fastened by diagonal seamings to a straight hip band, and buttoned at the left. The long, close-fitted sleeves are trimmed with applied bands which button at the wrists. Designed for ages 14, 16, 18 and 20.

The popular materials used in Paris this season are the close-woven kashas and duveteens for coats, georgette de laines for light wool house dresses, and soft, heavy crêpe-satins for evening. For fur trimmings, natural lynx and red fox are often chosen for fluffy, long-haired effects; and broadtail or the small-patterned astrakan is good for the soft, shiny, close-haired fur which does not enlarge the silhouette, but gives luxuriance and finish to a dressy costume.

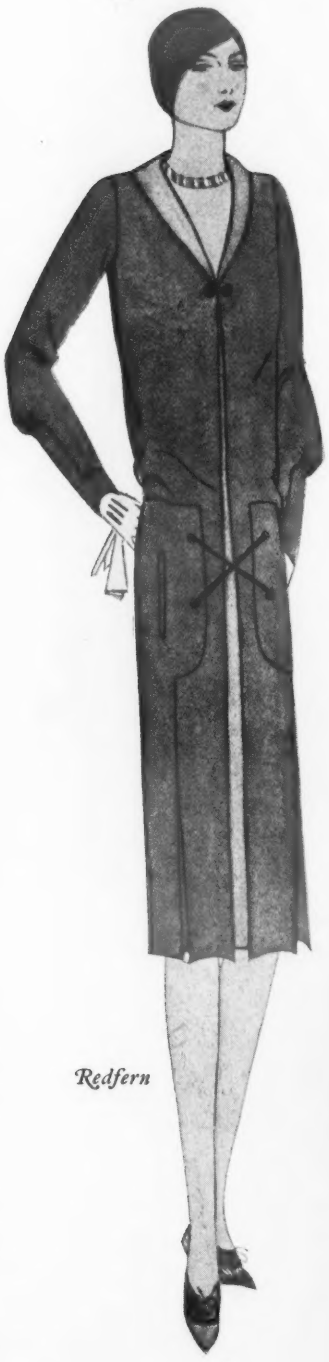
Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

Five Designers—Five Parisian Interpretations

Each One an Individual and Very Chic Mode

FIVE different designers—every one distinguished—creating continually for the smartest of clienteles the gowns which create modes and establish them in world-around favor. Each designer creates after his or her particular taste, of course. On the Champs-Élysées in Paris one will find slightly picturesque frocks, the type which takes "a great deal of wearing," infinitely careful grooming, the proper setting. Just around the corner one may approach some salon where the frocks shown are faultless and absolutely inconspicuous—and inconspicuousness is often held to be the real perfection of being well-dressed. "The mode" is the ensemble of all these types, the potpourri of the creative ideas of these Paris couturiers for one season.

Just consider the time one would spend in Paris selecting a wardrobe, with so many types to choose from—and shopping in Paris, joy that it is, does take time. Sports clothes, of course; one morning gone, just for selection—and oh, the fittings to come! Afternoon gowns in a somewhat more formal mood—another house, another day. Evening frocks—perfect but very simple ones from one salon, elaborate and more picturesque *robes de style* from another—and one's troubles are only begun. Those of us who cannot shop in Paris, but who love these smart, these very new designs, who want to be as suitably and smartly dressed as possible in the really new thing, can sit down with a copy of the JOURNAL, quietly and in peace, run through the new designs created in Paris and select various types of clothes according to our needs, according to our own particular style and type. A trip to the store which carries the patterns, a selection of the woolens or silks, either imported or domestic, and one can have a gown as new and smart, as suitable to one's own type, as can the woman who actually shops in Paris.



Redfern

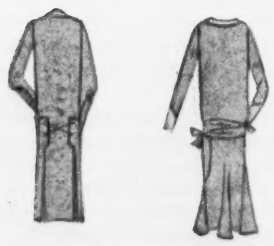
1016

No. 1016, Redfern—A very simple but unusually original dress, made in one piece, the pocket section at each side extending to the hem, with inverted tucks folding at each side in front and in back. Cross bands from the pocket sections are shown in front and back. The unusual sleeves are made with a cuff extending to a slightly full elbow. In soft red wool, with beige crêpe collar and underdress, it is designed for ages 14 to 20.

Joseph Paquin

1017

No. 1017, Paquin—Green tweed is trimmed with applied bands of matching crêpe in the blouse of the very smart little two-piece sports dress. The arrangement of the bands in back is particularly original. The all-round pleated skirt is also of the green silk. Designed for ages 14, 16, 18 and 20.



Premet

1003

No. 1003, Premet—Very elegant in its simplicity, this gown of black satin is effectively trimmed with white and red. The drop girdle of the blouse wraps and ties at each side in the back with small bows. The circular-shaped skirt has a curved yoke in front, ending at the left side in the back. The embroidery of the shaped neckband and center front insertion is repeated on the cuffs. Designed for ages 14, 16, 18 and 20.

Lucile

1004

No. 1004, Lucile—The circular mode finds expression in a dress tied at the left hip above an inset circular skirt piece. A circular section is also inset at the right. The back of the frock is cut in one piece, with a girdle. Designed in black, dotted with red and white, for ages 18 and 20, and sizes 40 to 44.

No. 1020, Philippe et Gaston—"Carnaval" takes its name from the confetti-dotted material in which it was originated. Triple-pleated flounces with handkerchief drapery at the sides give a soft movement to the skirt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and sizes 40 and 42.

Philippe et Gaston Creation

1020

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents each.

Lunch time... and you are *so* busy!

How the morning flies... And there's so much more to do... You promised yourself an afternoon out, too... Small chance for a real good luncheon, unless you have Campbell's Vegetable Soup in the house... that takes only a few minutes to prepare, you know... In it are 15 choice garden vegetables, whole, diced or strained... Body-building cereals ...Invigorating broth... Fresh herbs and seasonings... Hearty, substantial, healthful food... And how good it does taste... 12 cents a can.

I'm Rollicking Rollo, the Flash,
To race me, it surely is rash,
For I and my steed,
Are lightning for speed
When Campbell's thrill me for the dash!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Four Characteristic Designs From Jenny and Lanvin

Jenny Creation, 1123—One-piece dress with stitched belt fastened at left side in front. Cut with right side lapping over left, finished with narrow binding outlining neckline and extending to jabot, which hangs at left side. Designed for age 16 and sizes 36 to 42.

Lanvin Creation, 1122—Blouse and skirt of this charmingly dignified and simple frock are joined underneath the belt. A few gathers at the underarm seam, front and back, give fullness to the blouse, which is plain across the center back and front. The sleeves are plain-fitting at the top, flaring to a wider movement at the wrist and partly opened on the back seam. Designed for ages 14 and 16 and for sizes 36 to 42.

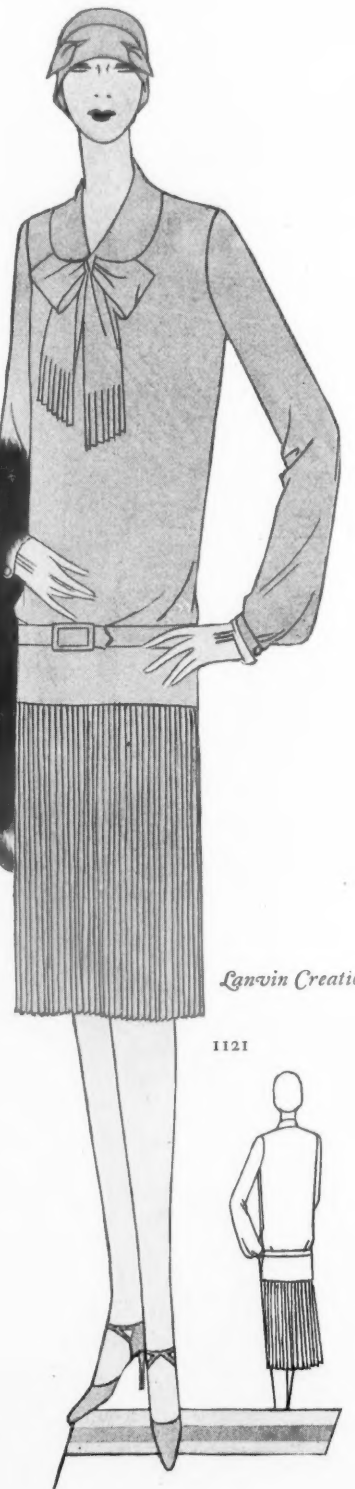
Jenny Creation

1123

Jenny Creation

1124

Jenny Creation, 1124—Two-piece dress joined at the hipline with a scalloped movement. The blouse is made with close-fitting saddle sleeves, widening at the wrists. The chic neckband, fastening at the back of the dress, ties closely in front. The skirt is circular in cut, dipping in back. Designed for ages 14, 16 and sizes 36 to 42.



Lanvin Creation

1121

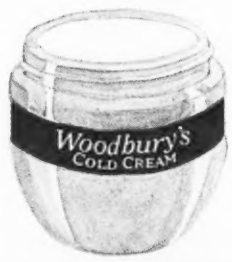
Lanvin Creation, 1121—The plaited skirt of this two-piece dress, which reflects the new "little-girl" mode, fastens at the hipline. The low Dutch collar, slit open at the front, is finished with a binding. Bishop sleeves with turn-over wristbands are buttoned through with links. The tie is finished with plaited ends. Designed for ages 12 to 18.

1122

Lanvin Creation

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price 65 cents each.

Small wonder that this new Facial is given regularly in thousands of smart homes!

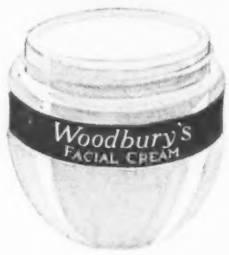


. . . it is so delightfully soothing

Woodbury's Cold Cream—First, to thoroughly open the pores, use a cloth wrung from hot water. Then cover the face and neck with Woodbury's Cold Cream, massaging it well into the skin with an upward and outward movement. Notice how it soothes the skin with a cool caress, while with searching thoroughness it penetrates every tiny pore—softening and dissolving the embedded dust and dirt particles.

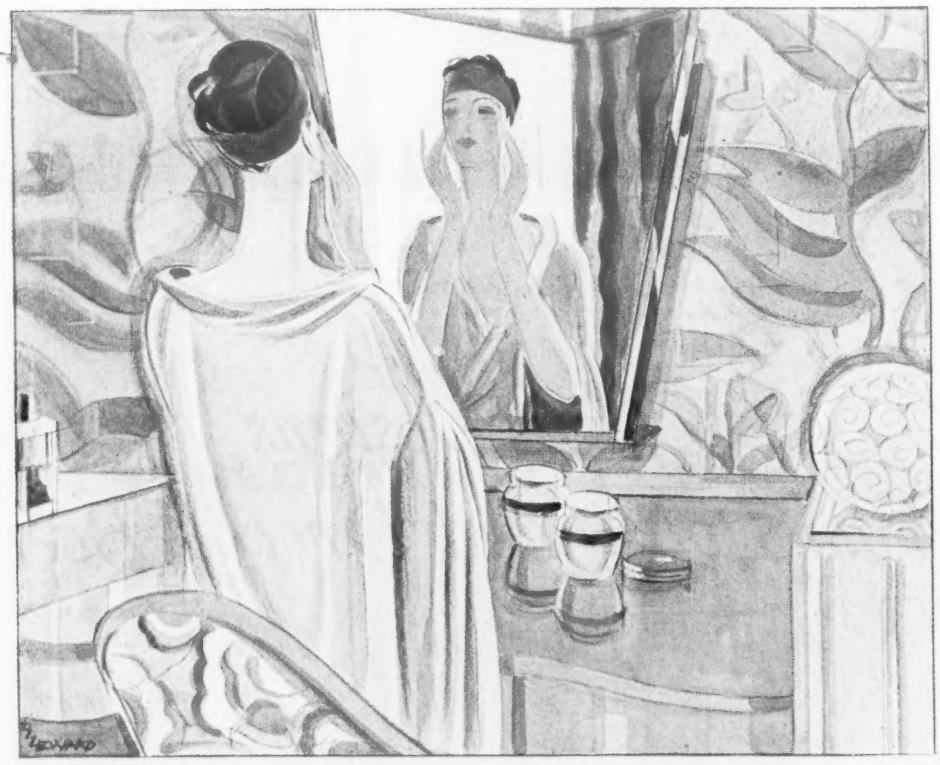
. . . so surprisingly stimulating

Woodbury's Facial Soap—Next remove the surplus cream with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue, and then wash the face and neck with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Work the creamy lather into your skin to remove from the pores every vestige of soiled cream. Then a warm water rinse, and a dash of cold water—or use a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth. Immediately your skin will feel stimulated, awakened, glowing.



. . . so immediately effective

Woodbury's Facial Cream—Finally, with your fingertips, apply Woodbury's Facial Cream. Cooling, greaseless, it supplies just the right amount of natural moisture, without loading or clogging the pores. This refreshing treatment is only a matter of minutes—just three simple steps—but follow it faithfully, regularly, and yours will always be the natural beauty of "A skin you love to touch!"



". . . this gentle, home-given Facial — *so immediately resultful!"*

YOU'VE noticed, of course, how today's fashions tend to *focus* attention on the face . . . the little head-hugging hats cast no concealing shadows—their very colors seem to accentuate the texture of the skin.

And so, more and more, women of chic are shunning complexion artificialities. Theirs the charm of *natural* skin beauty—deeply clear, satiny smooth, aglow with that elusive coloring cosmetics cannot duplicate.

Which means, of course, a skin *exquisitely* clean . . . free from blemish-forming impurities—the result of faithful, systematic care.

And it was to answer this very need for a thorough—a natural cleansing treatment that the new Complete Woodbury *Facial* was developed. For, by combining, as it does, the use of Woodbury's Facial Soap with the Woodbury Creams, this treatment insures not only surface cleanliness, but also that under-the-surface cleanliness, which specialists will tell you is the beginning of a beautiful complexion.

Such a simple treatment, too. You need only Woodbury's Cold Cream—soothing and caressing—to soften and dissolve the dust particles that lurk deep down in the pores. Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its bland, foamy lather to wash away every vestige of soiled cream from the pore-depths. Woodbury's Facial Cream—greaseless and refreshing—to tone up the skin.

After the very first treatment, you will be delighted with the improvement in your complexion. Such a sense of exhilaration—such a healthy glow—such a feeling of absolute skin-cleanliness! This because the Woodbury's Creams are made especially to work in harmony with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

You will want to begin today to give your skin the care it needs.

Copyright, 1929, by The Andrew Jergens Company

Your drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*. Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band that holds your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Woodbury *Facial* every day for a week, and then—forewarned as you are—you will be astonished at the radiant loveliness your mirror will reflect. After that, give yourself a Complete Woodbury *Facial* once or twice a week, to keep the pore-depths always exquisitely clean—using Woodbury's Facial Soap in between times, as directed in the booklet around every cake. Write today for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

JUST MAIL THE COUPON FOR YOUR GENEROUS TRIAL SET

THE ANDREW JERGENS COMPANY
1803 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*, and a Tressette.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd., 1803 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

1009

Drecoll-Beer Creation

1006

Maison Paul Poiret Creation

1007

Maison Paul Poiret Creation

1005

Maison Paul Poiret Creation

1008

Drecoll-Beer Creation

Five Designs From Poiret and Drecoll-Beer

DRECOLL-BEER designs sports dress No. 1009, at the lower left corner, using a scarf collar on a blouse which buttons down the front. The buttoned cuffs of the bishop sleeves are trimmed with stitching. The skirt is made with side folds turning to the left, and a deep yoke trimmed with circular stitching. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 38.

Inimitably French and very youthful in its effect, the second Drecoll-Beer dress, No. 1008, emphasizes the feminine *genre* of dress, with its circular skirt, and turnback collar and cuffs finished with a ruffle. Inserted box pleats at the center front of the skirt give added fullness. Designed for ages 16 to 20 and sizes 32 to 40.

The three designs shown in the center of this page illustrate the unusual distinction and beautiful design of the Maison Paul Poiret. Every one is "different" but not bizarre, and every one is outstandingly smart. The fitted princess bodice of No. 1006, the skirt with its circular fullness at the right side and back and its deep dipping movement, the simplicity of the carefully placed gold embroidery illustrate perfectly this distinctive quality. Designed for ages 16 and 18 and sizes 32 to 42.

In an entirely different mood but equally original and swagger is the coat, Design No. 1007, shown in the center. It is cut with a flaring movement at the sides, is set on loose panels in pointed effect in the back, and has scarf collar and sleeves trimmed with pointed squares overlapping toward the front. The coat buttons down the front. Designed for ages 16 and 18 and sizes 34 to 40.

The Frenchwoman loves short sleeves, although her American sisters have taken the fashion up rather slowly; but short sleeves—in the right sort of dress—are very, very smart. The short sleeves, square neck and applied trimming of the blouse, the circular skirt and circular-shaped overskirt add to the distinction of a gown, No. 1005, originally created with a white blouse and black skirt. This youthful model is designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 38.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns, or by mail postage prepaid, from LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Paris Pattern Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

"Oh, it's a Parsee coat I picked up at Malta," Mrs. Iselin says of this becoming frock, gorgeously embroidered in the hues that best set off her beauty. She designed it herself, like the debonair caped "highwayman's" coat worn with the chic Reboux tricorne of the larger portrait.

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II *is the wife of the internationally distinguished yachtsman. Her chic, her charm, her Titian beauty, her generous heart, her merry wit, and her many brilliant talents make her one of the smartest and one of the best-loved women in New York.*

"Women are loveliest in evening dress," says Mrs. Iselin. "There is charm in smooth white skin!" This dramatic Lanvin model of antique green brocade and silver lace reveals the ivory beauty of Mrs. Iselin's neck and arms. A magenta girdle and slippers with magenta heels are worn.

"A lovely skin is essential to Chic," says

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

MRS. ISELIN'S BEAUTY recalls the gorgeous Renaissance. She has burnished copper hair and wonderful green eyes like precious jewels. Her perfect skin is white and smooth as ivory. Tall, smartly slender, graceful in every gesture, Mrs. Iselin is famous for her chic.

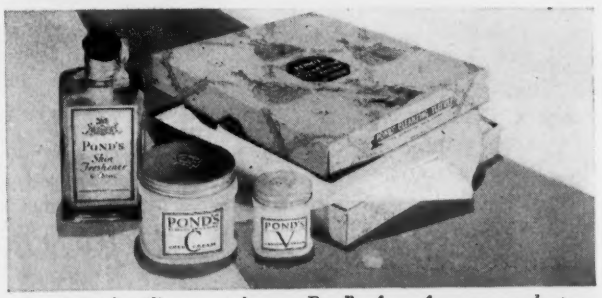
Color is her hobby. Color can make or mar a woman's beauty. For her own auburn type she chooses tawny browns and tans, yellows and greens. Her home is a magnificence of color. Every tint but pink is in the great living room—red lead floor, lemon yellow walls, sapphire and magenta, flame, emerald, purple.

"Nowadays to be perfectly groomed is all-important," says Mrs. Iselin. "Fastidious women follow a daily régime.

"Pond's complete Method makes this daily treatment simple and practical.

"The Cold Cream has always been my standby. Now the Tissues are exquisite for removing cold cream. The Freshener keeps your skin firm and young. The Vanishing Cream gives a delightful powder base. I've used it on my hands for years."

Mrs. Iselin's dressing table with special green glass gift jars made by Pond's to hold her Two Creams and Freshener.



In their familiar containers—Pond's four famous products, Two Creams, Freshener and Tissues, which lovely women prize.

Thousands of chic and beautiful women are keeping their skin lovely by Pond's Method. Follow it thus:

AMPLY APPLY the light, pure Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, night and always after exposure. Use firm, upward strokes, letting the penetrating oils sink deep into the pores.

Wipe away the cream with the Cleansing Tissues—ample, soft and absorbent.

For a bracing effect—the tonic Freshener closes the pores, tones, invigorates.

The finishing touch—a suggestion of Vanishing Cream for satin smoothness and to make your powder cling.

Try Pond's Method! Send for a week's supply of all four products.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 delicious preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. P
107 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company)

As you rest in deep comfort in this pleasing living-room of Mr. H. W. Prentis, Jr., you are conscious of the fine, old-fashioned charm of the Georgian period. Combined with this spirit of yesterday are many modern ideas you cannot so quickly sense. Walls, for example, are all insulated with Armstrong's Cork-board. Underfloors are concrete over steel beams, completely fireproof. And right at your feet is the most modern note of all—a quiet, springy, colorful floor of Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Linoleum, Design No. 89, laid with a two-toned border.

This Pennsylvania home depicts the Gracious Georgian Manner

Residence of Henning W. Prentis, Jr., Lancaster, Pa.
Frederick Houston, Architect, New York

NEAR the Lincoln Highway in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, is this fine example of Georgian architecture.

Stately in line and spacious, its white-painted brick exterior bespeaks Colonial days, gracious living, comfort.

Yet with all its atmosphere of old-time charm, this pleasingly designed home represents the very last word in modern-day construction.

Particularly is this evident the moment you step into the welcoming foyer. The floor you walk on is not hard, unyielding, noisy. Rather it rests your footsteps, quiets them, conveys a sense of unexpected comfort.

You note, too, that this floor *looks* quite unlike the floors in the average home. It has a soft shimmer. It is unbroken by cracks, by seams. It simulates all the elegance of old French floors, its colors inlaid and hand-polished to a rich eggshell gloss.

As you go from room to room, a pleasing variation of floor color-tone and design meets your eye. But the same foot-easy quality is unchanged. Even the bathrooms, the closets, present a quiet, springy and delightfully colorful floor surface.

What is it? Certainly not linoleum as you used to think of it. But nevertheless linoleum—modern Armstrong's Linoleum, cemented in place the modern way over soft, builders' deadening felt. It's modern Armstrong's Linoleum laid over reinforced concrete underfloors to make a perfect, fireproof construction. It's Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum of the latest design, with colors inlaid to the burlap back so that they never scuff off, fade out, or need refinishing. It is the same Armstrong's Linoleum that is being used by decorators, architects, and home-lovers everywhere who strive for refreshing newness and spirit in the interiors they create.

In the breakfast room of this Pennsylvania home the floor is Armstrong's Linoleum, Marble Inlaid Design No. 79.

Trimly tailored, custom built, a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum should never need refinishing.

You can see the new, exquisite designs in modern Armstrong's Linoleum Floors at stores near your home—department, furniture, and linoleum stores. And a letter to us enclosing 10c to cover mailing costs (in Canada 20c) brings you Hazel Dell Brown's new, 40-page book—a complete, color-illustrated story entitled, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 914 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

When Parisians are Very Small

Their Dress is as Chic as Their Parents'

Jenny Billioque

Worth

Mr. Jean-Charles Worth dresses his own small children in coats of beige English woolen, made on classic tailored lines and worn with slip-over sweaters of fine, dark-red woolen to match the cardigans closed with brass buttons. The little socks are in beige wool with red stripes and the shoes in plain brown leather. All the little girls are dressed exactly alike, and his small son—in the background—wears a suit like the boys in England.

Rouff

Henry à la Pensee

Fairyland

THE child standing at the left in the upper-left illustration wears a frock from Jenny Billioque. It is in natural-color linen trimmed with white-and-yellow braid combined with black embroidery. The figure at the right—standing—wears a rose crêpe de chine coat and hat from Jenny Billioque. The bands and buttons are in the same material. The left figure—seated—shows a little boy's suit in beige wool bound with red and trimmed with beige buttons. The right-hand figure—seated—is in yellow linen with white, orange and brown bands.

The seated figure at the upper right shows a boy's suit with delft-blue linen trousers fastened with pearl buttons, worn with a fine white linen blouse made with fine tucks and trimmed with hemstitching and crocheted buttons and plaited linen collar and cuffs. This is from Maison Rouff, as are the three figures standing. From left to right the figures show a boy's coat of oyster Shantung made with a belted back and worn with a blue linen hat; in the center a small girl's coat and hat of pale pink wool crêpe, the coat designed with a shawl collar ending in scarflike ends and the hat incrusted with the material of the costume. The right-hand figure wears an enchantingly chic little girl's party frock in apricot crêpe de chine with plaits held by flocked smocking, and cherry vines with monkeys climbing on them, embroidered in silk.

The figure at the left in the lower group on the left shows a coat for a little girl from Henry à la Pensee. It is made in pink taffeta to match the dress and hat. The yoke of the frock is composed of bands of taffeta joined by fagoting and the skirt is bordered with rose-petal ruffles. The center figure is a tiny girl's frock of pale blue Shantung with a white linen collar edged with ruching. The big buttons are white pearl. Red kasha is used for the trousers in the very smart little boy's suit at the right, which Henry à la Pensee makes with a white crêpe de chine blouse trimmed with bands of tiny tucks. The trousers button onto the blouse with pearl buttons.

Fairyland makes the baby's coat and bonnet of pale rose washable satin, shown in the lower right-hand illustration. The bonnet is made with shirring and a border to match the coat. Groups of fine plaits are used in the lower part of the coat, which is made with deep cape fulled with smocking and trimmed with incrustations defined by Turkish point. For the small girl, Fairyland makes this ensemble in a "chiffon lamé" in which the coat is banded with the rose material. Red embroidery decorates the frock and fine tucks give fullness to the skirt. The small belt closes with an attractive mother-of-pearl buckle.

There's more to Washing the Face *than many women think*

Unless you actually cleanse the skin of powder, rouge, dirt and impurities, your complexion will suffer seriously. Olive oil, blended into this facial soap, provides the ideal means of removing dirt and make-up.

THE next time you wash your face, consider these facts; all day long dust and dirt, oil secretions, and dead skin gather in the fine pores that make up your surface complexion. If you add cream, powder, rouge—and only half remove them by incorrect cleansing methods—the result is blackheads, pimples, oiliness, sallowness—dozens of defects that might entirely be avoided if you know *how* to wash your face.

The value of olive oil in soap

How to wash your face! That sounds so simple. Yet it can be an art. It can make or mar your beauty. That is why doctors and beauty specialists advise a soap blended of olive oil—blandest, gentlest, yet most penetrating of all emollients.

You use it twice a day, in the treatments described below, and this is what happens: the gentle lather of this facial soap, with its olive oil content, works into your pores and gently, easily frees them of tiny, hard masses which otherwise become blackheads and pimples. It keeps the skin firm, stimulated, healthy with color. It leaves a satiny glow, an enviable smoothness of texture that typifies youth.

You, yourself, may be abusing a naturally beautiful complexion by the wrong cleansing methods. Just as a test, use these simple treatments beginning tonight, and watch the way your skin responds within a short time. There is no doubt that your own loveliness will surprise you.

At night:

Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently with an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold, until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin by patting it tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning:

Repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. It costs so little, millions use it for the bath, as well. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

Retail Price
10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time—over WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

4184

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Accessories Hand in Hand With the Mode

THE ensemble idea continues—growing in importance, and particularly in subtlety. It is no longer chic to have everything in one shade—but all accessories must be selected with a very definite relation to the costume which they are to accompany, as well as for beauty and utility in themselves.

Old and new meet in the handsome bag of modernist design shown in the upper left-hand corner of the page. Antique seventeenth-century Persian brocade is combined with fine antelope, and the frame, of sterling in a green-gold finish, is decorated with black-and-green enamel and seed pearls. Just as smart but not so elaborate, the bag at the upper center, in the vagabond style, is of antelope with an unusual and new turnkey lock of sterling silver, marcasite and chrysoprase onyx.

The mesh bag has returned to a very chic importance, and probably the unusually effective new designs shown at the upper right and in the middle and lower center are the most telling explanations. The two upper designs, in gold-finished mesh, are adaptations of Vionnet's creations and are as modern as they are chic. The bag at the lower center is of sterling silver, adapted from a Chanel design, and with a frame which may be selected in a solid enamel or combinations of brilliant enamels to harmonize with the ensemble.

For wear with a suit or street clothes nothing is smarter than the swagger bag shown in the lower right-hand corner. It may be had in shoe calf, suède or antelope, in black with green ornaments or brown with carnelian ornaments.

One of the finest manufacturers of cosmetics has created the complete and very, very smart motorist's bag shown at the lower left. A capacious purse is combined with a fold to which is strapped a complete array of bottles in miniature, making possible a quick and efficient freshening-up after a long, dusty trip. Tissues and cotton are included, as well as cleansing cream, skin food, vanishing cream, skin tonic and lotion and lip salve. The entire kit is very compact and chic when closed, and comes in brown, blue, red, tan or green leather to match one's traveling or motor ensemble.

An accessory apt to be much in evidence during the evening and hence one which should be as carefully chosen with an eye to the evening ensemble as bag or slippers is the powder-and-rouge compact. One of the nicest and most fragrant powders comes in the charming double compact sketched at the left. It may be had, as sketched, in silver or gold kid scattered all over with tiny specks of brilliant red, green and black, or in plain gold or silver kid.

If you are unable to purchase any of the articles sketched on this page in your local shops, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for addresses of stores where they may be found, to the Fashion Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Schiaparelli *Dœuillet-Doucet*

Worth *Worth* *Belts from Hermes* *Jane Régny*

The French Designers Consider the Sweater

OF THE two Schiaparelli sweaters at the upper left-hand corner that at the extreme left uses yellow wool with a vague black mixture in shadow pattern; the black Indian-blanket motif is repeated halfway down on the back. The belt is of black rolled leather with gold screw fittings like a door lock. The Schiaparelli sweater at the right is of beige yarn with understitches of black and royal blue, the two latter tones being used for the motifs. The perpendicular stripes are black; the squares—which conceal pockets—are blue, repeated on the sleeves.

Worth designs the sleeveless sweater at the center left in rose brushed wool with black, rose and blue stripings and invisible pockets at the corners of the stripes above the ribbed hip band. The same great house also sponsors a pull-over shown in the lower left-hand corner—in one of its favorite color combinations of navy and red. The pull-over is of navy blue jersey, with inlaid bands of red lace jersey in zigzag pattern.

Worth's Pour la Chasse—shown in the center—is a very wearable, somewhat mannish but infinitely smart sports costume in brown-and-beige striped jersey, with plain brown jersey revers and a tan silk broadcloth chemise blouse.

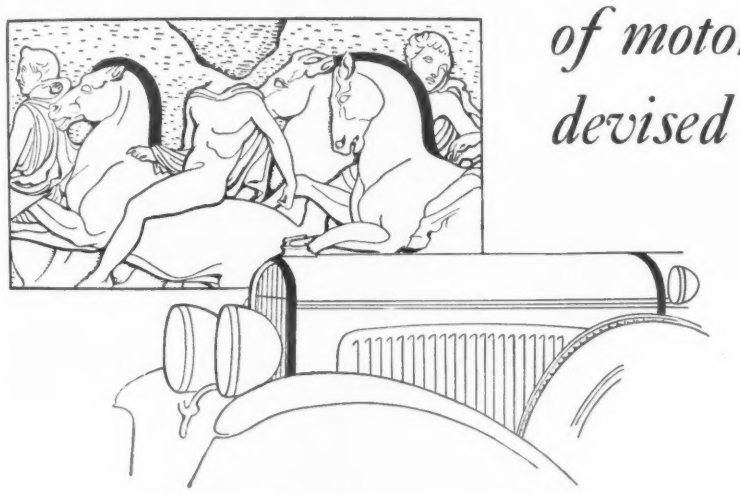
Hermitage, from Jane Régny—lower right—is a pull-over in deep beige wool knitted with wide diagonal stripes of deep brown and narrower lightning stripes of white. The whole sweater is shot with white, and cuffs, hemline and neckline are solid brown. Pacifique, also from Jane Régny and shown directly above, is a pull-over of greige jersey with an appliquéd star of brick-red crêpe de chine above waves of ocher and brick. The same colors are repeated in the hip and cuff stripes.

At the upper right is shown a striking new pull-over brought out by Dœuillet-Doucet in neutral-toned jersey with coarse ribbed, turn-over collar opening as low as the red piping used to define the round yoke. The collar is held by a red-and-blue leather "necklace" which fits closely around the neck. With these sweaters are shown belts from Hermes, one of the smartest houses in Paris for leather goods.

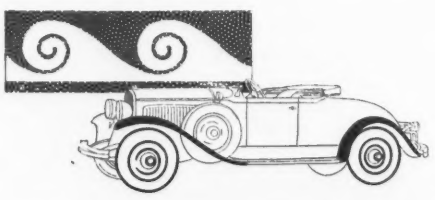
CHRYSLER

BEAUTY *is no chance creation*

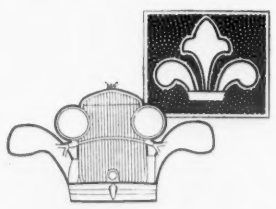
FOR the first time *in the history of motor car design an authentic system has been devised based upon the canons of ancient classic art*



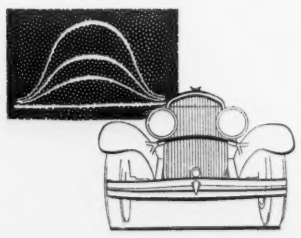
The most modern thing in motor car design—Chrysler's matching of slender-profile radiator with cowl bar moulding—has its artistic origin in the repetition of motif in the historic frieze of the ancient Parthenon.



Note how the dynamic symmetry of Chrysler fender contours and wheels expresses the very essence of life and motion, just as does their counterpart in the "wave border" of the classic masterpieces of architecture and design.

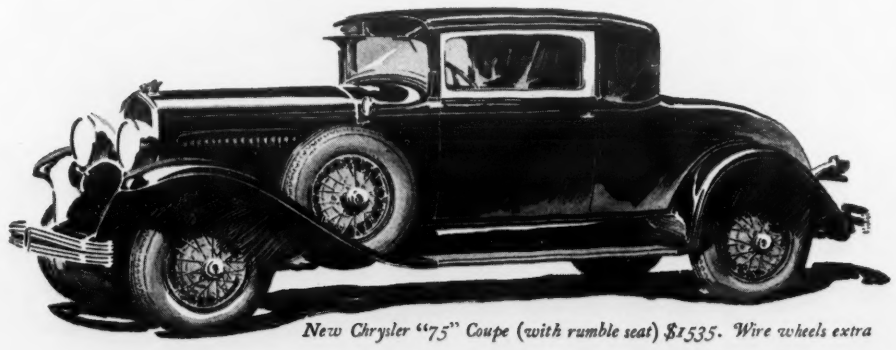


The Chrysler front elevation indicates the influence of the Egyptian lotus leaf pattern. Modified to its modern application, it is perfectly proportioned, and applied with consummate artistry in blending beauty and utility.



Artists know this as a "rising, diminishing series." The level road, the slightly arched bumper, the shorter arched tie-rod above, and finally the shorter and more deeply arched radiator contour, form a series in perfect harmony.

CHRYSLER designers realize fully that beauty is an elusive thing and that the pursuit of it in motor car design must not be hampered by too rigid adherence to laws and conventions . . . But Chrysler also has found that there are so many glorious precedents and inspirations in art, architecture and design, that the search for authentic and harmonious symmetry can actually be reduced to something like a scientific system in which results are certain . . . Chrysler has left nothing to chance . . . Chrysler has not relied alone upon the inspiration of individual designers . . . Chrysler has sought instead to do something never done before in motor car design—to search out *authentic* forms of beauty which have come down the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged and *translate* them in terms of motor car beauty and motor car utility . . . The lengths to which Chrysler designers have gone in this patient pursuit of beauty will doubtless prove a revelation to those who have probably accepted Chrysler symmetry and charm as fortunate but more or less accidental conceptions . . . The Chrysler process goes far deeper than any charming but accidental conception.



New Chrysler "75" Coupe (with rumble seat) $1535. Wire wheels extra

Graceful Suggestions

For Afternoon and Evening Gowns

This charming evening gown, pictured in Design No. 6107, is made in a two-piece effect with a bloused top. The décolleté is round in the front and back, and the skirt is straight, trimmed only by three gathered sections falling in graceful tiers on the left. One tier dips below the skirt. Designed for age 16, and sizes 36 to 42.

The evening dress at the right, Design No. 6106, has a long, straight bodice, the lines of which are fitted in the princess manner at the waist, and a skirt with three circular flounces dipping low in the back, and ending with an upward tilt in a saucy bow at the front. The oval neckline is formed by a double-lace or chiffon yoke, most suitable for either high or low décolleté. Designed for age 16, and sizes 36 to 44.

6107

6089 6099 6090

6106

Design No. 6089 is an afternoon frock with a long close-fitting hipline, finished with two circular flounces. The upper one is slightly narrower than the lower and extends in a point in the front, meeting the belt and bow. The collar and jabot are écru lace. The sleeves end in lace. Designed for ages 14 and 16, and sizes 36 to 42. The hat shown with this model was made by Marie Christiane in black velours trimmed by parallel tucks from the top of the crown to the brim, and a large pin.

Design No. 6090 is a youthful one-piece dress with box plaits mounted in a modern uneven line forming the front of the skirt. The collar is deep and hangs capelike over the shoulders, and the cuffs turn back with a flare. Designed for ages 14 to 20. The hat is a Georgette model made in felt with long folds across the top and around the base of the crown, caught in front by a buckle.

This dignified gown, Design No. 6099, is unusual in line because of its long tunic. The foundation of the dress is made separately and the over part is a two-piece blouse caught at the waist by a narrow belt. The skirt is faced with a contrasting color and draped around the figure with the ends hanging softly on the right side. The collar, also double-faced, is formed by a straight band that slips through an opening at the center of the back, leaving room for a color-lined panel that sweeps down from the back of the neck and hangs below the skirt. The long ends of the scarf may be tied in front. The long sleeves have two folds of the contrasting color at the wrists. Designed for age 16, and sizes 36 to 44. Shown with this afternoon gown is a Rose Valois béret made in red velvet and drawn over in soft folds by the weight of the oval black-felt ornament and long, silky tassel.

The importance of

Healthful Cleanliness

in Good Cooking can not be over-emphasized

Good cooking essentially requires Healthful Cleanliness

To assure full food value and flavor, utensils must be healthfully clean—free from all impurities, taint or odor. Old Dutch cleans them perfectly and is therefore one of the greatest helps in good cooking. It also keeps utensils smooth and unscratched. This is important, as scratches cause food to more readily stick to the pan.

Old Dutch Cleanser has established a standard of cleanliness which should prevail in every home. *Safety*—thorough cleaning without injury to the surface. *Efficiency*—thorough cleaning quickly and easily done. *Healthful Cleanliness* most important of all—thorough cleaning by removal of the invisible and often dangerous impurities as well as the visible dirt.

Distinctive in quality and character. Old Dutch contains no harsh, scratchy grit, acids or caustic. Its flaky, flat-shaped particles possess remarkable detergent properties and wipe away the dirt with a smooth, clean sweep.

Perfect for snow-white and gayly colored porcelain and enamel cooking utensils, kitchen cabinets, ranges, refrigerators, etc., glass, earthenware and aluminum. Old Dutch preserves and protects their beauty.

Doesn't harm the hands—
there's nothing else like it

Old Dutch Cleanser Homes
are Healthful Homes

© 1929 The C. P. Co.

6104

6095

Smart Street Dresses

Appropriate for Morning and Afternoon

THE simple, tailored one-piece dress, Design No. 6104, has pieces set in at each side of the dress running down to a close-fitting hipline. The skirt is gathered from the lower edge of the pockets which are set on below the belt. The narrow bishop sleeves end with cuffs to match the simple, flat collar. Designed for ages 14 and 16 and sizes 36 to 42. A Marcelle Roze hat is shown with this model, made of felt and trimmed with bands of goatskin.

At the right a charming gown, No. 6095, has a molded hipline with a deep draped girdle contrasting with the flare of the bolero jacket and the fullness at the side of the skirt. The long tight sleeves end with soft turnback cuffs. Designed for ages 14 to 20 and sizes 32 to 38. The Georgette hat is chicly molded to the head in two tones of felt with a saucy felt tab poised over one eye and held firmly by gold and silver rings.

At the lower left, the smart street frock, No. 6098, is designed with a plain back and a crossover front with tailored revers. The three buttons at the side draw the skirt closely over the hips. The circular skirt flares softly in the front. The back is plain and straight, broken only by the adjusted hipline. The plain vest is made of soft georgette. Designed for ages 14 and 16 and for sizes 36 to 46. Caroline Reboux is the creator of this chic toque with the felt brim of a contrasting color folded in a diagonal line sharply across the right cheek.

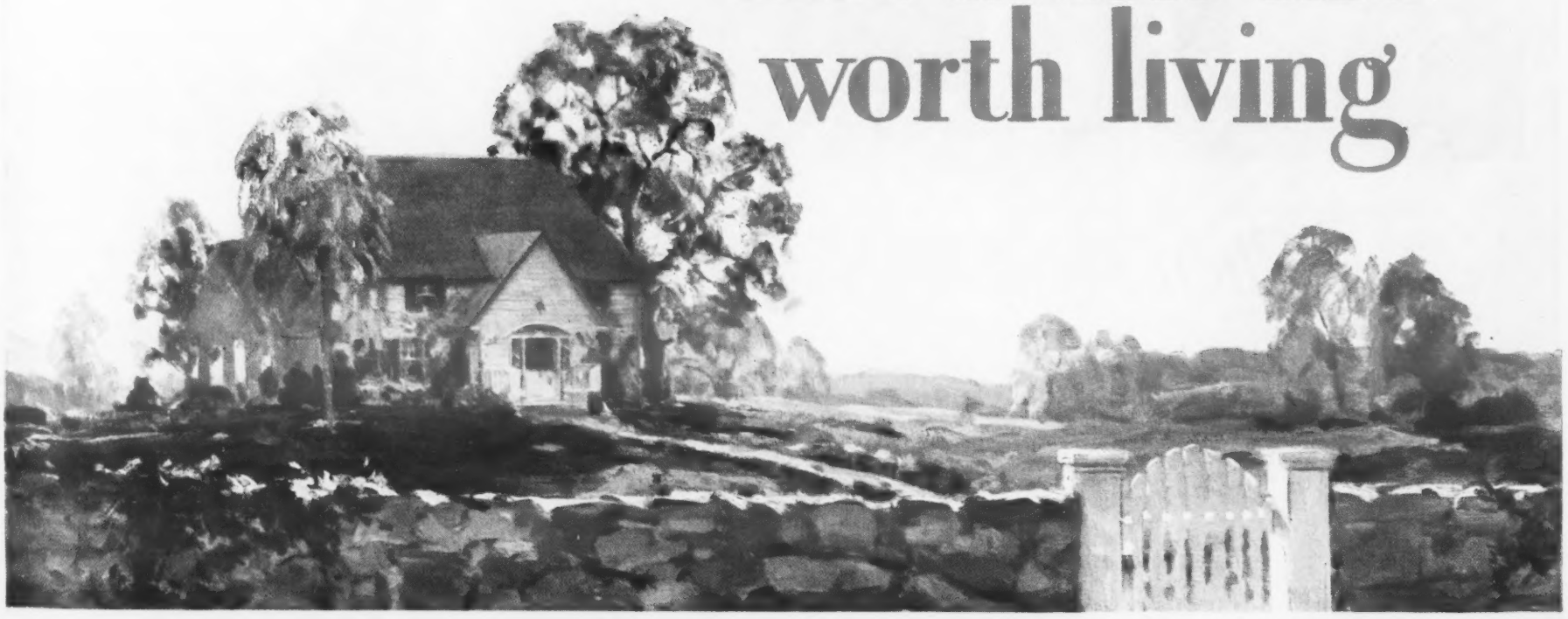
Design No. 6100 is a smart little "trotteur" cut in one piece from the shoulders to the hips. The skirt has two inverted plaits in front and the square-necked blouse buttons at the side, ending in a soft jabot. The sleeves are tight-fitting with pointed tabs at the wrists, echoing the trimming of the blouse and skirt. Designed for ages 14 and 16 and for sizes 36 to 42. Georgette is the designer of this hat of black felt and panne velvet trimmed with a silver buckle.

The dignified afternoon dress, at the lower right, Design No. 6103, has a graceful collar which ripples across the back and down one side, balanced by the circular pieces set in two tiers on the left side of the skirt. The sleeves are long and tight-fitting and a buckle fastens the belt. Designed for ages 14 and 16 and in sizes 36 to 42. The Le Monnier hat is a combination of Persian lamb and felt, sewed together in strips and brought up smartly in a point over one eye.

6098 6100 6103

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 50 cents.

It's the *extras* that make life worth living



YOU buy a cottage. It has a lovely view. That's the extra.

You buy a tire guaranteed 12,000 miles. It gives you 13,000. That's the extra.

No matter what you are getting, wise buying will almost always find the extra—the baker's dozen.

When you buy laundry soap you are buying cleaning help. And when you're getting help, get *extra* help.

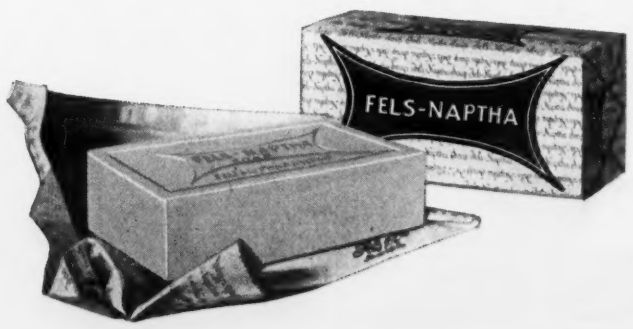
Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help—*extra* help that saves *you* by making your work easier.

For every golden bar of Fels-Naptha brings you two active cleaners instead of one. Good golden soap and plenty of naptha, (you can smell it!) combined by the special Fels-Naptha process. Naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt-remover; working together they get your clothes clean without hard rubbing . . . they help you save *yourself* . . . and that's why millions of women say "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

With washing machine or tub, Fels-Naptha gives you this generous *extra* help—in cool, hot or lukewarm water—or when your clothes are boiled. It's excellent for painted woodwork and other general household cleaning, too. This is *extra* help that you should have. So ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha today. Get it by the bar or in the convenient 10-bar carton. FELS & COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



©1929, Fels & Co.

Men's suits for spring continue to feature the broad shoulder effect. The jackets are cut a little longer than heretofore and peaked lapels are much in favor.

The Chesterfield is the smartest and most practical topcoat for town wear. In Oxford gray, dark blue or black it is correct for both day and evening wear.

When You Do Shopping for a Man

By SCHUYLER WHITE

Illustrated by Earl Sargent

IF YOU don't think it's something to have coped successfully with the problem of shopping for a man, you should know what the male of the species thinks when he is presented with some ill-chosen article of wearing apparel!

Many a misguided woman has spent hours painstakingly deciding on just the wrong thing because she was resolutely determined to be guided by her own taste in clothes rather than by the preference of the man for whom she was shopping. It is this matter of not visualizing the man, his personality and what is becoming to him which so often leads a woman astray when she ventures into man's sartorial domain.

Men are sensitive creatures, especially when it comes to their clothes. They have very definite likes and dislikes. And, generally speaking, if let alone will usually keep well within the bounds of good taste. They don't like to look conspicuous, but they do want to look smart and well-groomed. They realize only too well that clothes help to make the man—that there is a very decided business advantage in being well-dressed, a very obvious social advantage in wearing the correct clothes for every occasion.

Therefore, when you do shopping for a man, try to select the thing that he will like, that will be becoming to him, and which will not make him the butt of his friends' criticisms or jests.

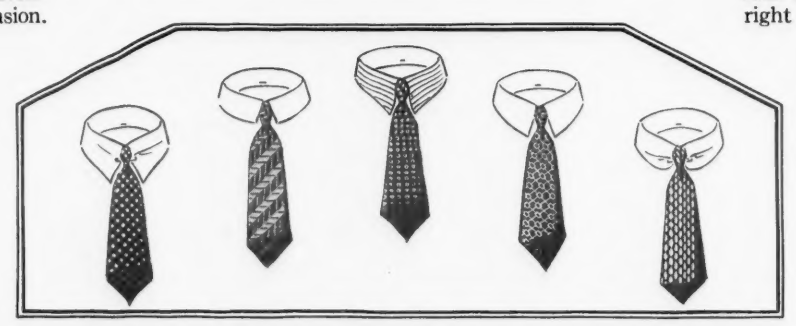
It is now well recognized that women do not dress merely to please men. They dress to please other women. It is the competition of their own sex which causes them to want to look just a little better dressed than their friends. And the same thing holds true for men. They want to be considered well-dressed by their men friends and business associates even though the average man would rather die than admit that he was unduly interested in his clothes.

Take, for instance, that time-honored institution, the Christmas tie. Perhaps no one thing has caused more hard feeling, more mental anguish among men of all ages than the tie that is selected at random when one's nerves are ragged with the stress of other Christmas shopping. And it is in the selection of neckties that women so often go wrong.

Now there are certain fundamental principles which must be borne in mind when you're buying a tie. First, when it is tied only a small part of it shows in that area between the collar and the beginning of the waistcoat. Therefore, the part that does show must appear to the best advantage. The design must not be too large in size or bizarre in pattern. Remembering that sobriety is the creed of the well-dressed man, buy the type of neckties shown in the illustration on this page. If you want a tie to be worn with any degree of pleasure, select patterns which are small and geometric in design. And be a little restrained as to the colors you select. Don't let it worry you that men's clothes are less colorful than your own. Select colors that are bright and will blend nicely with the clothes a man wears—and stay away as you would from the plague from the loud-color combinations and the patterns that are "different."

If you are at a loss to know the kind of tie to buy, stick to solid colors such as the darker shades of blue, bottle-green and maroon. Your choice will be applauded and it will indicate that you know the smartest tie of the moment is one in a solid color. And think of the relief of the man who does not have to worry because he can't find just the right tie to go with a certain shirt and suit because of the conflict in the patterns of all three. The same is true of socks. If you buy fancy socks, select subdued and quiet patterns which will not attract undue attention. Plain socks are best and those with a clock worked in a contrasting color are very smart. But always remember that they should blend in color with a man's suit.

(Continued on Page 53)



Starched collars for business wear and soft collars for sport and country wear are correct. Small geometrical designs in neckties are not only smart but are in the best of taste.

Shirts with short starched bosoms are another evidence of the return to formality in men's clothes. Shoes should always be kept on shoe trees when not being worn, in order to keep their shape and prolong their life.

Sweaters and odd flannel trousers for sports wear come in a variety of colors. For tennis, white is the correct color, but for other sport wear grays, blues and tans in soft light shades are appropriate.

HOLLYWOOD'S *LOVELY* CLOTHES

"The original loveliness of our beautiful fashion wardrobes is actually *Re-Newed* again and again—and they last twice as long—with Lux,"

say all the great Motion Picture Studios

HOW can you actually *know* the best way to keep lovely sheer things gloriously new—make them last much, much longer?

Now this very problem of yours has been solved! By actual tests on the fascinating million-dollar wardrobes of Hollywood.

Movie clothes *must* look new—yet they must stand the long, hard wear of "shooting" a super-film.

Testing impartially many different cleansing methods—different soaps—the movies have found that:

"Lux actually *Re-News* the original beauty of fabrics in a way that no other washing method does—keeps them like new *more than twice as long!*"

Now in the very same way that every movie studio in Hollywood does, you, too, can *Re-New* again and again the loveliness of nice things—*keep them like new so much longer* with Lux!

The Greatest Groups of Experts ever consulted find:

"The original beauty of fabrics can be constantly Re-Newed *by cleansing with Lux."*

Famous Dressmakers

insist on Lux for lingerie and stockings worn by mannequins in "modeling" their creations—such as Hattie Carnegie's very smart silk jacket suit (above).

Musical Shows

use Lux to *double* the life of sheer stockings worn by stars and choruses. (Above) Charming dancer from New York's great success, the romantic "Three Musketeers."

BEAUTIFUL FAY WRAY,

Paramount player, wears this ethereal chiffon and lace ensemble, typical of dainty clothes shown in her pictures. "Lux is a perfect miracle," she says—"the marvelous way it Re-News the beauty of even the most delicate garments."

Like the movies, women everywhere—8 out of 10 in representative homes in cities from coast to coast, investigations show—use Lux! They find Lux *Re-News!*

For the delicate Lux diamonds, made of the purest materials known, by a special costly process, have no harmful alkali, as many soaps have—whether flakes, chips, or cakes—and with the instant Lux suds there's no rubbing!

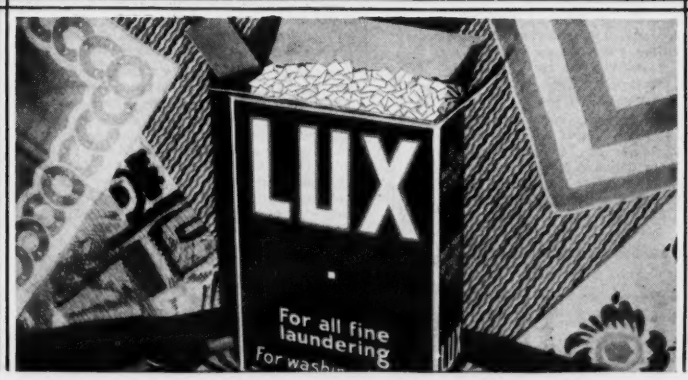
Department Buyers—

such as this clever buyer for Best and Co., Fifth Ave.—in 112 leading stores (92% of those interviewed) insist upon Lux for their *own* things!

The Million-Dollar Wardrobe Test proves Lux most economical!

Adrian, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer costume director, designed this thrilling costume of gorgeous satins and chiffons for Aileen Pringle.

Speaking of tests on Metro's million-dollar wardrobe, he says: "Garments come out of Lux cleansing looking beautiful as new . . . and the materials, fragile or sturdy, wear so much longer! . . . *We can't afford* to risk using anything but Lux."



FREE!

How can you keep sandwiches moist, fresh for hours?

How can you make an airy omelet that won't fall, even while you serve it?

Many new pointers in the $20,000 cook-book. Sent *free*.

New Desserts that are a joy to see and taste!

ORANGE MINUTE TAPIOCA CREAM

⅓ cup Minute Tapioca; ⅓ cup sugar; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 quart milk, scalded; 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten; 1 egg white, stiffly beaten; 1 teaspoon orange or vanilla extract; 4 oranges, sections free from membrane.

Add Minute Tapioca, sugar, and salt to milk and cook in double boiler 15 minutes or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolk, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened. Remove from heat, fold in egg white and flavoring. Place few sections of orange in bottom of individual serving dishes and cover with pudding. Garnish with additional sections, and whipped cream, if desired. Serves 8.

All measurements are level.

BERRY MINUTE TAPIOCA

1 pint berries; ½ cup Minute Tapioca; ½ cup sugar; 1 teaspoon butter; ¼ teaspoon salt; 3 cups hot water or berry juice; 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Crush berries, sweeten to taste, and let stand 1 hour. Cook Minute Tapioca, sugar, butter, and salt, in water or juice in double boiler 15 minutes or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Remove from heat; stir in berries and lemon juice. Chill until firm. Serve with sweetened whipped cream. Serves 8.

Fresh raspberries or loganberries may be used, or any sort of canned berry. Canned berries should be drained, sugar should be omitted, and juice should be used to replace part of water

MINUTE TAPIOCA GRAPE-NUTS PUDDING

4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca; ¾ cup brown sugar; ¼ teaspoon salt; 2 cups hot water; ½ cup raisins; 4 tablespoons walnut meats, chopped; 1 small apple, pared and chopped; ½ teaspoon vanilla; ½ cup Grape-Nuts.

Add Minute Tapioca, sugar, and salt to water, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Remove from fire; add raisins, nuts, apple, and vanilla. Just before serving, add Grape-Nuts. Serve with cream. Serves 6.

GINGER MINUTE TAPIOCA

¼ cup Minute Tapioca; ¼ teaspoon salt; 3 thin strips orange peel; 2 cups milk scalded; ⅓ cup sugar; ¼ cup orange juice; 1½ tablespoons ginger syrup; 2 tablespoons preserved ginger, chopped; 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten; 1 egg white, stiffly beaten; 1 tablespoon sugar; ½ cup cream, whipped.

Add Minute Tapioca, salt, and orange peel to milk and cook in double boiler 15 minutes or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Remove orange peel. Add sugar, orange juice, ginger syrup, and preserved ginger. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolk, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened. Cool. Fold in egg white and chill. Add sugar to whipped cream and fold into mixture. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish with whipped cream and preserved ginger. Serves 6.

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MINUTE TAPIOCA

So wholesome, so nourishing—they are equally fine for adult and child . . . . .

What sparkle—what color—what tasty delight there is in the new Minute Tapioca desserts!

They are *new* discoveries—recipes developed by cooks with imagination, with an eye to appearance and taste as well as to nutrition principles! Perhaps you never dreamed, when you were little and ate plain tapioca pudding, that there would ever be so big a change as Minute Tapioca and the festive-looking, festive-tasting desserts it makes possible.

And the beauty of it is that Minute Tapioca desserts are so nourishing, so energy-giving, so easily assimilated that they're perfect for adults and children alike! The old tiresome chore of making separate "good for children" desserts is perfectly needless now.

And Minute Tapioca desserts are so easy and quick to make. No soaking is needed—only brief cooking, and Minute Tapioca is ready for use in a whole array of triumphant dishes. That's because, unlike other tapiocas, Minute Tapioca comes partially cooked in small granules. That makes it easier to digest, more quickly nourishing, too.

Send for new $20,000 Cook-Book—78 tested recipes—revised edition, FREE

All sorts of delightful dessert recipes are in the new cook-book, as well as many recipes for an amazing new use for Minute Tapioca—as a *precision ingredient* to help achieve perfect results in many recipes throughout the rest of the meal. These 78 recipes were selected by experts from 121,961 original recipes submitted by women the world over. It cost $20,000 to select, test and publish them—yet the cook-book is yours, FREE. Send coupon now.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY
12 Filmore St., Orange, Massachusetts

Please send me FREE sample of Minute Tapioca and a copy of Minute Tapioca Cook-Book.

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

In Canada: 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.

(Continued from Page 50)

Shirts are another item in a man's wardrobe that women frequently buy for him. In this connection it might be well to point out that shirts come in various sleeve lengths, and in buying a shirt the proper sleeve length as well as the size of the collar band should be known.

Having the correct measurements, the selection of a plain-white shirt is above reproach. It is in the selection of fancy patterns that care should be taken. At the present time there is a decided vogue for color in men's shirts. They may be of blue, tan or gray. A little more variety of color is permissible in the hair-line-stripe patterns which are also popular this spring, but always remember that the patterns should be neat and clean-cut.

Suits and overcoats for town wear this spring are most conservative in color and cut. Gray is the outstanding color for spring, followed closely by blue. Navy blue, of course, is always good, but this year the popular shades of blue are the "dusted" shades with a grayish tinge.

For sports and country wear the various shades of brown, extending from the darker tan shades to the lighter shades. This is the ideal color for sports wear, since it is generally becoming—and particularly so when a person is sunburned.

Accessories for sports wear permit of much more latitude in color. It is with clothes of this type that the gayly colored tie may be worn. Sweaters and golf hose can also show interesting color combinations; but, as with accessories for town wear, they should blend with the color of the suit worn, rather than show a sharp color contrast.

Suggestions for Accessories

TO SHOW you how easy it is to shop for a man, the next time you are buying accessories for him try out one or two of the following suggestions: Bear in mind only one suit that he particularly likes, and with this as a basis start to create an ensemble for him just as you would if you were buying one for yourself. Yes, men have even progressed to the state where they, too, think in terms of the ensemble!

To start with, let us take the stand-by of any man, regardless of age—the navy-blue suit. With a plain white shirt it is possible to wear a plain-colored tie in almost any shade of blue, dark green or maroon; or one with a small geometric pattern in such combinations of colors as blue and white, red and white, black and white, red and blue, and the like. Black shoes and black or navy-blue socks and a gray Homburg hat complete the turnout.

If a colored shirt is worn, the choice of neckties is a little more limited. Blue shirts of the shade known as "butcher blue" are very popular this spring and, worn with a white starched collar, are very smart when set off by a necktie in a small neat design in black and white, gray and black, or red and blue.

Completing the Turnout

FORTUNATE, indeed, is the man who achieves the smart appearance he will have by following the above suggestions, especially when he has had nothing to do with their actual purchase. And his confidence in your taste and judgment will be increased when, for wear with a gray suit, you present him with a plain-gray shirt, to be worn with a white starched collar and a dark-blue-and-red-striped tie. You will, of course, to complete his turnout, see that he wears black shoes, and his socks will be all black or black with either a red or a white clock at the sides, or plain dark gray. If he prefers to wear tan shoes, you will have bought brown or navy-blue socks for him.

By this time, if he is at all appreciative, he will actually look forward to wearing the accessories you have selected for wear with his brown suit—that woody brown which is so much easier to wear and is so much better-looking than those reddish, cinnamon shades of brown. And why not? You've bought two shirts and several neckties for this suit. The plain tan shirt worn with a collar to match or a white starched collar is combined with a Spitalsfield tie whose small design is developed in several shades of brown and tan. And the several solid-color ties of barathea silk which you have also selected in shades of blue, bottle-green and Burgundy will go very well with the brown-and-white hair-line-striped shirt which you could not resist. And if you are criticized for extravagance in buying several ties in plain colors, simply because they are smart, what better excuse can you offer than that they were bought with the sole idea of thrift and economy since they can be worn with any of the combinations given here?

Ingratitude

(Continued from Page 5)

I treated her myself, only day before yesterday—taking her to the Alcove for lunch and to the theater afterward. And then to wait till you were just ready to start for the ship and calmly tell you ——"

Mr. Holland Gill shrugged philosophical shoulders.

"In business," he declared, "you get over expecting gratitude, but I'll admit that it was a nasty shock, all the same, when she ——"

"When she knew you couldn't possibly leave the business unless she was there to look after things! When she knew that you'd have to give up this trip, and the bit of rest you'd get out of it—why, it's simply fiendish! And only last Saturday I was silly enough to imagine, from the way she talked about you, that she actually liked you!"

"I always thought she did, in some dried-up, old-maid fashion of her own," said Holland Gill. He paused, frowned. "It's queer, Milly, but even when she stopped me just as I was starting for the boat and coolly told me she was quitting her job then and there, I—I didn't get the idea, exactly, that she was sore at me. She sounded—well, she sounded as if she were doing me the biggest kind of favor."

He straightened slowly in the deep chair. The dancing flicker of the firelight glinted on the tip of Milly's absurd slipper, the silken sheen of her fragile ankles; touched the round softness of her cheek and the wave of spun-gold hair that curved against it.

Reluctantly his glance detached itself, shifted over his shoulder to the eastern window, as a man looks back at danger narrowly escaped. Far beyond the shaded panes and the low Leicester Hills he seemed to see the lights of a plunging liner, lights suddenly more perilous, for Holland Gill, than the sullen winter surge of black Atlantic under them.

He drew in a slow breath. A favor, the very biggest kind of favor. . . . Of course she must have guessed . . . telephone messages . . . florist's bills . . . he remembered the downward quirk of her mouth as she sorted them out of the mail unopened, for his private attention. Nobody else could have stopped him. Not even Miss Beamish could have stopped him in any other way.

"I think," said Milly, "that the most absolutely hateful thing in the world is ingratitude."

"You bet it is," said Holland Gill. He shut his teeth. It would take a lot of explaining, of course, at home, but bright and early tomorrow morning Miss Beamish was going to get back her job!

Six weeks old... and he gets *Bottled Sunshine* every day!

"*YES,* at 4 weeks, at 6 weeks your baby should be getting Bottled Sunshine every day." Why are baby specialists everywhere saying this to mothers?

It is because they know that only if one essential factor—Vitamin D—is plentifully supplied, can your baby have a well-shaped head, a fine full chest, straight legs and sound, uncrowded teeth.

Even though your baby is breast-fed, even though he looks strong and plump and rosy, he still requires special help in building his bones and teeth.

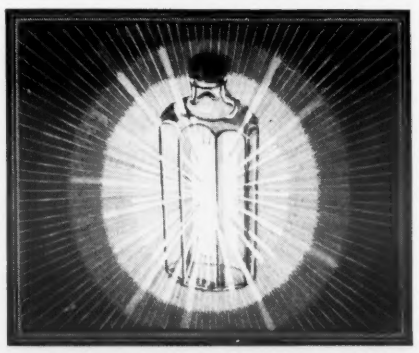
Nature offers two means to meet this essential need of Vitamin D: Sunshine and *good* cod-liver oil.

But it is hardly possible, under modern living conditions, for your baby to get enough sunshine on his bare body to protect him. Clouds, fog, smoke, and clothing shut out the rays that protect—the ultra-violet rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

It is for this reason that physicians urge mothers to depend on *good* cod-liver oil—Bottled Sunshine.

In prescribing cod-liver oil, many physicians specify Squibb's.

They prefer Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil because they know they can depend on its effectiveness. Laboratory tests show it to be very rich in Vitamin D which is essential in building good bones and teeth, and in Vitamin A which promotes normal growth and increases resistance to certain infections.



'Bottled Sunshine! Your baby needs it especially during the winter months to make up for the lack of sunshine

Also helps protect the teeth of expectant mothers

Physicians are also advising expectant mothers to take Bottled Sunshine. It helps protect their teeth from the decay which is so frequent during pregnancy.

For these mothers and all adults and older children, Squibb has developed an appealing new flavor—a cool, fresh mint flavor! Even those with the most sensitive tastes find it easy to take Squibb's Mint-Flavored Cod-Liver Oil.

You can get it at all good drug stores now and also Squibb's plain Cod-Liver Oil. Be sure to ask for Squibb's.

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession Since 1858

FREE! ***Helpful booklet for mothers***

E. R. Squibb & Sons
Dept. S, 80 Beekman St., New York City
Please send me a copy of your booklet—*free*, *"Why every baby needs Bottled Sunshine"*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

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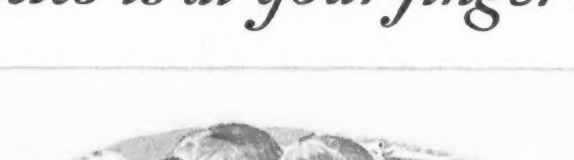
Always have this matchless maple flavor on tap

" " " a world of tempting maple delicacies is at your finger tips

LOG CABIN BAKED HAM WITH SWEET POTATOES

6 sweet potatoes, uncooked
1 slice ham, 3 inches thick
8 whole cloves
1 cup Log Cabin Syrup

Peel potatoes and cut in slices 1 inch thick. Parboil 5 minutes. Trim rind from ham. Stick cloves into fat. Place ham in baking dish. Place sweet potatoes around ham and pour syrup over all. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 1 hour. Serves 6.



LOG CABIN MAPLE APPLES

1 cup Log Cabin Syrup
1½ cups water
6 tart apples, pared and cored

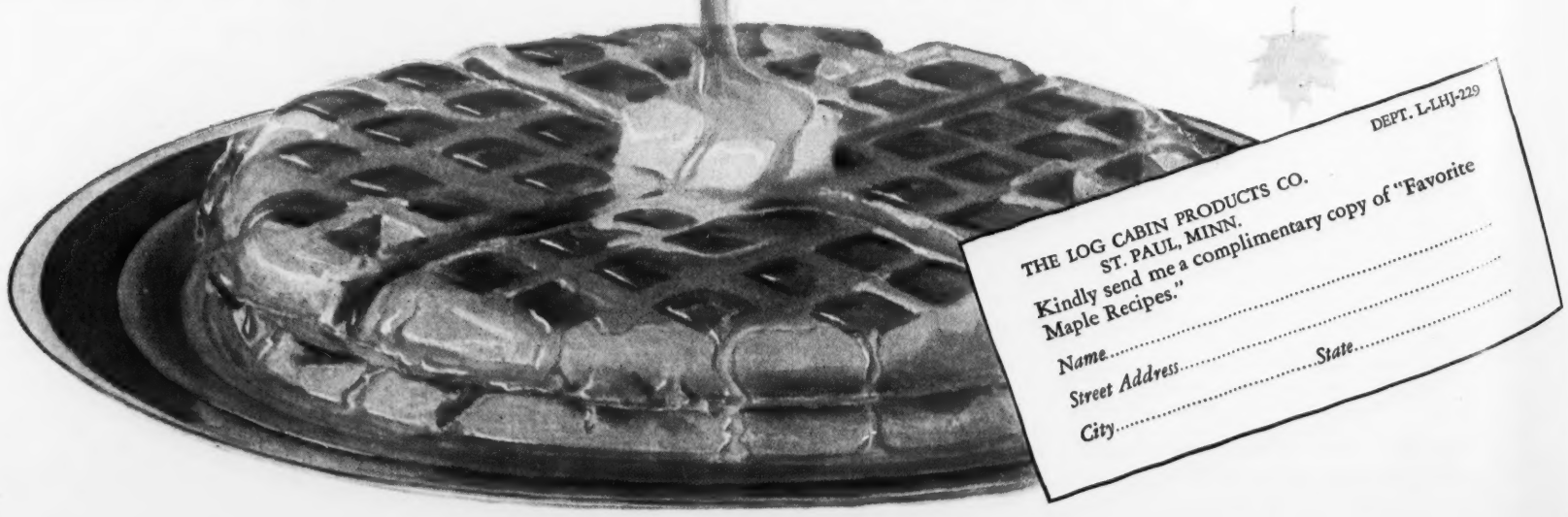
Heat syrup and water to boiling and add apples. Simmer apples gently, turning frequently to insure even cooking. When soft, remove apples from saucepan. Cook liquid until thickened, and pour over apples. Serve either warm or cold with cream. Serves 6.

TO give Log Cabin Syrup its matchless maple flavor, the world's three choicest sugars have been united. For its melting sweetness, there's the early springtime sugar of New England's far-famed maples. For the forest's fresh woodsy fragrance—the choicest sugar from the giant maple groves of Canada. And, for mellowing these two full-flavored maples to delicate richness—the purest granulated sugar . . . Just as the full, rich taste and fragrance of the world's finest teas and coffees are obtained through the expert mingling of the rarest individual flavors, the matchless maple flavor of this luscious syrup is secured through the skillful blending of the most delectable sugars. Each separate sugar brings to Log Cabin an added richness, delicacy, and mellowness.

Such wonders as this full-flavored syrup works with pancakes and with waffles, it works with countless tempting maple dishes—each recipe a little gem of Log Cabin cookery, delicious beyond words. For *this* maple flavor is the *true* maple flavor that has made Log Cabin Syrup the most famous maple blend in all the world. Buy it at your grocer's in unique Log Cabin tins.

Maple Recipe Book. Send for it—Free

Mail the coupon for a wonderful little cook book of delightful maple dishes. Maple cookies, candies, cakes, coatings, custards, maple puddings, pies, puffs and pastries—*this* book is one that you simply *mustn't* miss!



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Cotton, Wool and Linen

By Gove Hambidge

NOWADAYS the engine that took Lindbergh winging safely across the Atlantic is sometimes equipped with a propeller made of material which is cousin to that in your cotton frock. These cotton airplane propellers are curious things. Layers of heavy cotton are thickly impregnated with a synthetic rosin and pressed together under heat. When the mass cools it becomes as solid as a block of wood, and tougher—tough enough to stand the terrific strain of pulling an airplane over the ocean. It is satiny smooth in look and feel, and it can be cut and machined as though it were ebony; in fact, it is not unlike ebony, but much lighter in weight and a nice tan color. Not only does this rosined cotton pull airplanes; it is also an up-to-date material for automobile and other machine gears, big or little. Gears made of the stuff run noiselessly, like a cat's paws, even at high speeds.

Nowadays you may ride on cotton without knowing it. Just underneath the surface of these modern concrete roads that make motoring sheer bliss there is sometimes a layer of cotton webbing. This makes a cleavage surface. When the road needs repairing, they don't have to set a gang of men to work with pickaxes. The whole top layer of the road, if necessary, can be neatly pried off with wedge and mallet.

If you lived in Europe, you might skim along the road in an automobile made of cotton. Cotton cloth stretched over both sides of a wooden frame has replaced metal in some European car bodies, and has recently been tried experimentally in this country. In appearance, they tell me, you can't tell it from metal. Its lightness, it is claimed, brings the center of gravity of the car down close to the road. The layer of air between the outside and the inside surfaces acts as an insulator to keep the car warm in winter and cool in summer. Of course if you have a collision the body is torn instead of dented; but you may save buying a new body by having a section cut out and a new one put in. The material is not cheap; it costs more than metal. I don't know anything about its merits, but it ought to have wonderful decorative possibilities. You can get a car, for instance, that looks as though it were made of elephant or alligator hide, or the skins of snakes. Why not also cars in chintz, cretonne, flowered organdie and modernistic prints to match a feminine buyer's favorite frocks? What a splash of color Fifth Avenue could be!

ONLY PATIENT, PAINSTAKING HAND LABOR WILL PRODUCE THE FLAX THAT BECOMES THE NAPERY UPON YOUR TABLE

The Most Versatile Textile

COTTON is the versatile one in the textile family. It is the textile of a thousand uses. And at the two-year-old Cotton Textile Institute in New York a keen bunch of fellows sitting at desks or plugging away in laboratories do little else all day but figure out and try out new uses for cotton. The man in charge of this work told me he began with this thought: Cotton is a covering material. What could it be made to cover? Well, first of all, the surface of the earth. He has been going ahead with this modest idea as a starter. The Department of Commerce and the Department of Agriculture have been helping along the good work with all their resources. Just last year they completed and published a survey of the present uses of cotton, preliminary to making a survey of possible new uses. That report, showing the vast number of things that are done with cotton these days, is an eye-opener.

Down South, half a nation depends on the heavy fluff of the burst ripe cotton bolls for a living. And this *Gossypium*, cousin of the hollyhock and marshmallow, keeps hundreds of thousands busy at the whirling spindles and clanging looms of yarn and textile mills. On the cotton exchanges men speculate feverishly on the coming crop. Cotton makes millionaires and dead beats of gentlemen who may never have laid eyes on the stuff, either in the field or in the bale.

And on the radio and in cabarets the world over we have jazz, bizarre elf-child of the American cotton fields—that is, if we agree that this emotion teaser is born of the negro love for weird moonlight melody. And we have corn bread and crisp fried chicken, and the melancholy beauty of negro blues and spirituals, and the jerky rhythm of negro jigs, and the tales of Uncle Remus to tickle our children, and negro plays and novels to stir up a furore along Broadway. All by-products of the fluffy white bolls of the South, picked by slow-moving gangs of the sons and daughters of Africa.

There are many kinds of these white bolls. The length, or staple, of the fibers clinging to the seed varies from three-quarters of an inch to an inch and three-quarters, the longer fibers making the stronger and finer yarns. On the islands along the coast of North Carolina, Georgia and Florida we used to grow sea-island cotton; here the air and the soil tangy with sea salt produced the best cotton in the world, with the longest staple. But sea-island cotton has been practically wiped out by the boll weevil, that scourge out of Mexico, which lurks overwinter in long grass and dead stalks, and in spring creeps up to smite the cotton plants and ravage the young buds and breed a new generation of weevils.

Egyptian cotton is almost as good. We grow it now in irrigated sections of Arizona and California. This cotton was originally sea-island stock, taken a hundred years ago to the Nile, where it flourished wonderfully in the soil of the ancient valley. Now it has been brought back to America. There is no more fascinating story in practical science than the tale of how a handful of men down in the Department of Agriculture secured and studied this plant, wheedled it into growing in a foreign soil, got the farmers to organize and produce it scientifically, and helped put it over with American manufacturers. In fact, the whole story of what we are doing to improve cotton, how we are pitting our brains against the boll weevil, which was almost too much for us humans, is a drama of science; just as the story of King Cotton in the world's markets is a drama of economics, with the American South playing the chief and often tragic rôle. King Cotton is a monarch with a turbulent history and a huge influence in world affairs.

Well over half of the world's cotton crop comes from our own country. Our production in 1927 was more than 12,000,000 bales of 500 pounds each. We ship a great deal of it over the water to be fed into foreign mills. But other countries are doing their best to jack up their own production. They send men to America to study our methods; they pay American experts well to go abroad and give them pointers. Many kinds of cotton are grown abroad. India, the birthplace of cotton, has its Bengal and Dacca and Surat; Egypt its Sakellarides and Mitafifi and Abassi; China its nankeen; Peru, Brazil, Russia, Mexico, the West Indies are cotton producers.

From the field to the finished fabric, this ribbony, twisted filament of the cottonseed goes through some rough adventures; it is a wonder it stands the gaff. It is hauled to the gin, where it goes into machines that tear the fiber off the seed with revolving saws or knives. It is squeezed down into bales at tremendous pressure. It is shipped hither and thither, left out in sun and storm, yanked around with ruthless hooks. It comes to the mill. Once practically all our cotton spinning mills were in the North, but now, tempted by more favorable labor conditions, reduced shipping expenses, tax concessions, increasing numbers of them are moving to the South; I was informed at the Department of Commerce that a million spindles have gone South since 1921. At the mill the raw cotton is mixed, beaten up mercilessly and dust-cleansed with blasts of air, carded and combed by thousands of sharp teeth on rollers. Then the fibers are united, drawn out into slivers, doubled and twisted and redoubled and retwisted, and spun into yarn on those inhumanly efficient machines whose birth brought the travail pangs of the Industrial Revolution.

More rough adventures are ahead. The yarn must be bleached with chemicals, dyed, perhaps mercerized by dipping in caustic soda and stretching, or Schreinerized by passing over polished engraved cylinders which give it a luster. It is coated with starch and gum to make it strong enough to stand the pull of the loom. It is whirled onto spindles, and the clashing loom takes it; shooting bobbins crisscross the yarn into cloth, and a heavy beater bangs them tight against each other. After the cloth is woven it may be finished in a multitude of ways, depending on the maker's ingenuity and purpose. It may be left pretty much in its natural state, or it may be treated with glycerin, starch, fats, oils, waxes, mucilage, ammonia, clay; it may be passed through machines which beat, polish, brush, shear, singe, gas, beetle, stretch, nap, press, print and emboss it. For cotton is the versatile textile. Not only does it have a multitude of uses; it can be made into almost any variety of fabric, given the look and feel of silk, linen, wool, leather, wood, metal, or just about what you will.

The Cotton Renaissance

NOW for feminine clothing cotton suffered something of an eclipse in recent years. Nothing could have been sweeter in the old days than a lady decked in quaint cotton organdie. But ladies got fed up on sweetness; they got so they viewed quaint cotton organdie with considerable disfavor. Silk fabrics were so much more modern, so much more stunning and attractive in design. Silk shelves at the stores were cleaned out; cotton shelves remained stacked with quaint, pallid organdies. And in the cotton camp, presumably, there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

But at this moment there is great joy in the cotton camp. They are dancing the war dance. For cotton, by all the signs and portents, has come back. The cotton men were shocked into action. They got high-priced designers busy, they tried out some of the splashing and exquisite stunts that are done with silk, they improved their dyes in variety of colors and fastness.

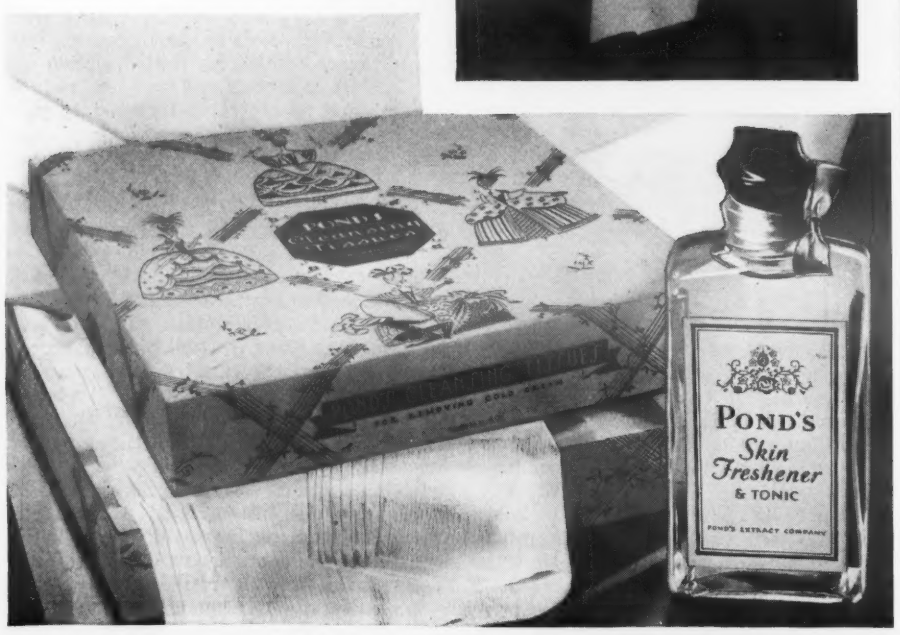
Certain gentlemen of Paris, the creators and magi and high priests of fashion, got busy with these new cotton fabrics. Their deft fingers and their clever brains did things with the new fabrics that made women gasp. Could this be cotton? Leaders of style tried out the new garments; cotton promenaded at the Lido and Palm Beach cheek by jowl with silk, and held its own.

COTTON FABRIC LAYERS ARE MOLDED INTO A PROPELLER OF ENDURING STRENGTH

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

has added Pond's "delicious" Freshener and "exquisite" Tissues to her daily régime

MRS. ISELIN *is one of the smartest women in New York society. She says, "To be perfectly groomed is all important. A lovely skin is essential to chic." Her own beautiful complexion she keeps as smooth and white as ivory by following Pond's Method every day.*



Pond's Freshener closes the pores and tones and firms the skin . . . Pond's Cleansing Tissues are silky soft, exquisite to remove cold cream . . . These delightful new products with the famous Two Creams enable you to have your daily beauty treatment wherever you live.

CHIC WOMEN like lovely Mrs. Iselin gave Pond's the idea for their two delicious new products.

These women agree that lovely, clear, smooth skin is essential to chic—that to keep the skin fit a complete daily treatment is a necessity.

So they asked us to add Tissues and Freshener to our famous Two Creams. We did—with what amazing success you'll understand when you try them!

The exquisite Cleansing Tissues are silky soft. Modern science prescribes them for removing cold cream. They are generously large and firm, and so marvelously absorbent that in an instant they wipe away dirt and oil.

As for the Freshener—there's a blessing for your skin! It is a tonic and mild astringent, safe to use as often as you need. It closes the pores and tones and firms your skin—brings lovely glowing youth to your cheeks.

HERE'S how these two new beauty aids should complete your daily treatment:

One, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing. *Two*, remove with Tissues. *Three*, pat face and neck briskly with the rejuvenating Freshener. *Four*, just a whisk of Vanishing Cream for satin finish and to make your powder cling.

Try this delightful method! See how it helps you! Send for a week's supply of all four preparations.

THE FAMOUS TWO CREAMS

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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At the Cotton Textile Institute I was shown a stack of telegrams and letters from retail stores all over the United States. The burden of their song is that we are in the middle of a renaissance of cotton. Cotton is smart. It has acquired that magic and nowadays indispensable quality, style. Cotton dresses, coats, beach coats, shoes, accessories sell like hot cakes, they say, among the upper levels of consumers. Washable cotton frocks are no longer merely sensible, like square-toed shoes; they have become chic and fashionable; voiles, dimities, piqués, brilliantly styled, printed, tinted or white, are among the materials used. These fabrics are not imitations of silk; they stand on their own merits. The next question that interests the cotton folks is how long it will take for this popularity of cotton to filter down to the lower level of buyers, those hordes of us who make movies and chain stores pay good dividends.

But vast as is the amount of cotton used for clothing, the amount used for industrial and household purposes is probably more vast. There are two reasons for the astonishing versatility and wide use of cotton. First, its qualities. The natural twist of the fiber makes it easy to spin. Although it soils rather easily on account of the fine hairs on the yarn, it can be cleaned with exceptional ease. It is not readily injured by moisture or by heat. It is a good heat conductor, and therefore comfortable for hot-weather clothing. It has fair tensile strength, which can be increased by treatment. It can be woven into sheer and fine, tough and heavy, or light and fluffy fabrics. It is readily filled, coated or treated with foreign substances—as in making those airplane propellers, for instance.

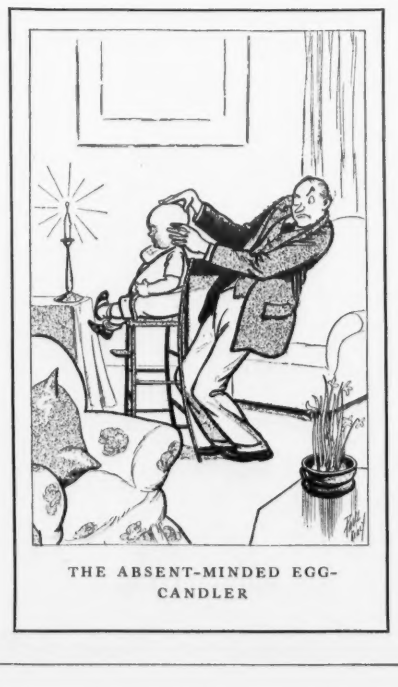
The second reason for the wide use of cotton is that it is plentiful enough to be cheap. The world output of cotton, according to the Cotton Textile Institute, is about five times that of wool, nine times that of flax, sixty times that of rayon, a hundred and forty times that of silk.

Cotton's Many Uses

WITH absorbent cotton we bring babies into the world; we blow young men out of it with guncotton. For birth or death, cotton is always at your service. We sleep in cotton pajamas on a cotton-covered mattress. We take our morning shower inclosed in a waterproof cotton curtain, step out on a cotton bathmat, and dry our bodies on a cotton towel. We use tarpaulins and tents and sails and awnings and fly netting of cotton. Cotton covers our books and the tops and seats of our automobiles. We combine cotton with rubber to make our tires—there were 219,000,000 pounds used for this purpose in 1927, according to the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Our millions of business letters are typed with inked cotton ribbons. When we are hurt, we get patched up with cotton bandages; and if we indulge in insanity, we are slapped into cotton straitjackets and stowed away in cotton-padded cells.

The Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the Department of Agriculture lists 155 uses of cotton on the farm. The Bureau of Home Economics lists 108 uses in the household, and 121 uses in women's and girls' clothing. One of the big railroads lists more than fifty ways that it uses cotton. Such versatility is appalling.

A wonderful toy, cotton, for the exercise of man's ingenuity. At the Cotton Textile Institute I saw salt bags so made that the thrifty housewife could transform them into dresses after they were emptied, and seed bags all fixed up to be converted into printed huck towels. I saw cotton wheels for those indoor trucks that chase around industrial plants and railroad stations, and the wheels outwear the truck bodies. I saw the latest road and route markers, cotton coated with paint and lettered, ready to be stuck to the road or to posts; you find them in the new Holland Tunnel in New York, and in a good many other cities. I saw skins for sausages, made of transparent cotton cellulose. I saw modern cotton wall coverings, attractive prints in many colors, washable with a damp cloth; in 1927 fifteen million yards of a linseed-oil-and-cotton wall covering were turned out by one manufacturer alone.



THE ABSENT-MINDED EGG-CANDLER

Wool a Stand-By

I LISTENED to the talk of these men and women eager to put cotton where it is not. I rubbed my fingers over a smooth chunk of that cotton propeller now used on machines like Lindbergh's. And I realized something of the vast rôle played in this complex life of the twentieth century by the versatile cotton plant.

For clothes, men and women favored throughout countless ages a material made of a fiber not unlike one's finger nail in composition, yet strangely enough, fine and soft and fluffy in feel. The chemist calls this a protein fiber, made of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and sulphur. The man with the microscope points out that its surface is covered with small scales like a miniature goldfish. When the material is made into yarn and the yarn into cloth, these surface scales get caught together, and all the fibers become a closely tangled mass. Air gets imprisoned everywhere in the mass, which thus makes a fine insulator against the nip of cold. Fabric made of these fibers is very elastic, and it wears like iron.

The fiber comes from a clannish animal with scent glands between its toes. These glands scent the ground where the animal feeds, so others of the clan can follow it. The animal is the honest sheep; the fiber, that good old stand-by of the human race, wool.

Of late, style has played the good fairy to silk and rayon, but it has been inclined to show ogre's teeth to wool. When women not so long ago dropped a good half of their clothing, they almost left wool out of the other half. Where now will you find one of those honest flannel petticoats that once swathed all feminine legs north of Mason and Dixon's Line? A hint of rayon here, a sketch of silk there—such, they tell me, are the underthings of the modern girl. It used to take a sheep to clothe a woman, but now one little silkworm does the trick, a textile cynic has said. And for a coat to cover her scant garments the modern woman goes, like her cave ancestor, to the mink, the skunk, the fox, the rabbit.

All textiles have suffered from the reduction in women's clothing. But this situation cannot be blamed entirely on style.

(Continued on Page 58)

"Delicate to discuss this, yet smart women should know"

—Says a society leader concerning this phase of feminine hygiene

No longer need women fear offending. Deodorization* is a new feature of this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

WHEREVER women meet the world, they are in danger of offending others at certain times. Learning this, they become unhappily self-conscious. Carefree pleasures are impossible. Now, a discovery of Kotex Laboratories makes worries of this sort unnecessary. Each sanitary pad is scientifically treated, by patented process* to end all odor. The last problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

That "conspicuous" feeling

The other fear—the feeling of being conspicuous—is also eliminated. Corners of the Kotex pad are scientifically rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection when worn.

Yet it is, as always, absorbent to an amazing degree. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture—5 times more than cotton itself. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier, than you thought possible.

Won't you try The Improved Kotex—buy a box this very day. 45c for twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department store. Supplied also through vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

Deodorizes . . . *and* 4 *other important features:*

1—***Softer gauze*** ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;

2—***Corners are rounded*** and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection;

3—***Deodorizes***—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;

4—***Adjust it to your needs;*** filler may be made thinner, or narrower, as required;

and

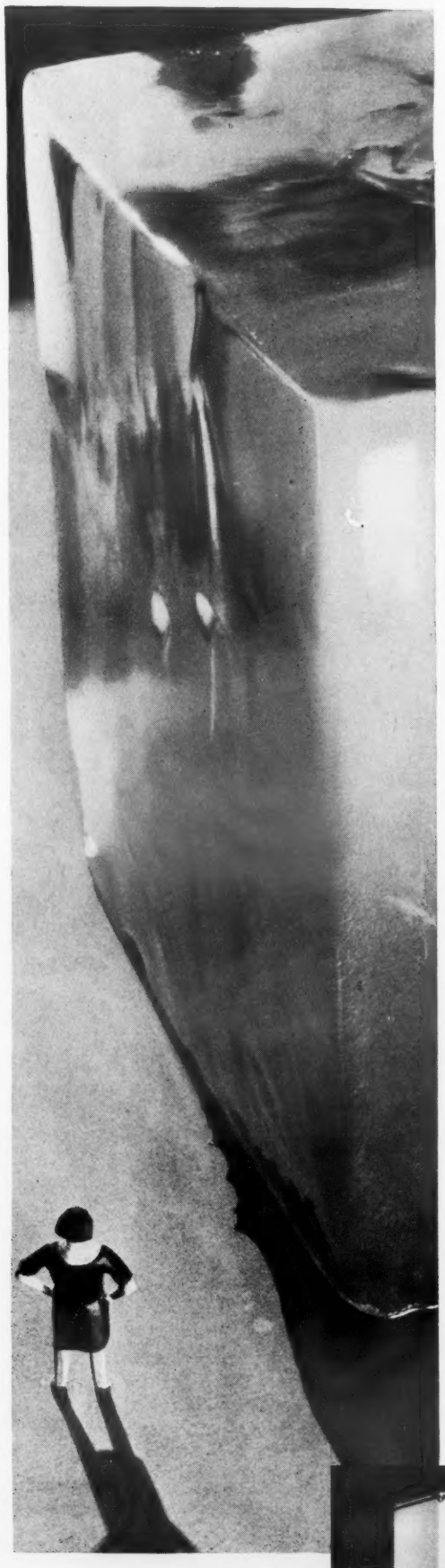
5—***It is easily disposed of;*** no unpleasant laundry.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Arriving—ICE *for* 52 *weeks!*



Make each new supply save better in a new refrigerator ... the Gibson

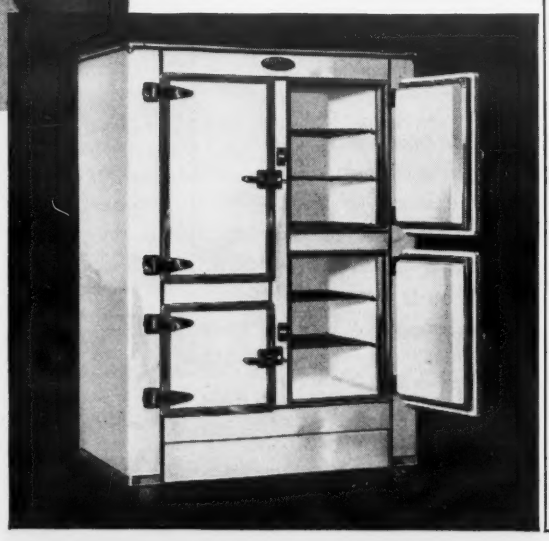
Your ice lasts longer in the Gibson—Heat can't get through the corkboard insulation. Gibson's patented, cast-aluminum trap is a constant defense against warm air coming through the drain. It never rusts, corrodes or breaks. The automatic locks keep the doors closed air-tight.

You can always keep the Gibson sanitary and immaculate—No place for dirt or grime to lurk. The interior is seamless porcelain with rounded corners. The *flat* metal shelves, exclusive to the Gibson, never rust. Small dishes won't tip over or spill when slid across them.

Manufacturers of electrical refrigerating units approve the corkboard insulated Gibson—Many Gibson models come equipped for quick and easy installation of electrical or gas refrigeration units. See the new line of Gibsons built expressly for electrical refrigeration. A compartment at the base can be used to house your unit or for vegetables.

Gibsons are made to suit your purse and needs—The beautiful cabinets—dazzling white all-porcelain exteriors, oak-finished ash cabinets, and snow-white enameled all-steel refrigerators will serve you for years. Send the coupon for free copy of "It's Time to Get a Gibson." Gibson Refrigerator Co., Greenville, Mich.

Gibson
REFRIGERATOR



For as little as $45 you can buy a fine Gibson—corkboard insulated and* porcelain lined. *Other Gibsons from $20 to $750. Approved by "Good Housekeeping," "Modern Priscilla" and "Delineator."

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR CO.
Greenville, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of "It's Time to Get a Gibson." Also tell me the nearest city where Gibsons are sold.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 56)

It is not that women are vipers who have bitten the hand that draped them. Women and men alike, we have replaced a certain amount of wool with steam heat; and we have changed our ways in dress to meet other modern conditions. But it means a difficult readjustment for the textile industry.

That is one reason why we have these new-fledged organizations, the Cotton Textile Institute, the Linen Guild, the Rayon Institute, the Wool Institute. All along the line textile men are in a fever of activity readjusting themselves to unprecedented conditions. Except for rayon, they are all engaged in very ancient industries, it must be remembered. Perhaps, as the secretary of the Linen Guild remarked to me, they got used to taking things for granted; they thought they dealt in staple commodities, and that all they had to do was to sit back and accept the orders that regularly rolled in. Suddenly they woke up to a world today where nothing can be taken for granted, where there are no staple commodities, where everything has to fight for its place in the sun. And so they are modernizing conditions in their industries, calling in the scientific fellows and the artists to improve their products, exploring every nook and corner for new uses. These are lively days in the textile world.

Wool men, too, have had the vision. They are awake to the need of bringing their industry into line with modern practices and modern trends. They know that they deal in a product which has served the world well from time immemorial. There is no reason why it should not serve the world as well today. They are setting their brains to work to recover from the depression of the immediate past.

Until today, most woolmen have played lone hands since the time when they had to locate their mills wherever they could find water enough to turn the wheels and wash the dirt out of the wool. They have suffered, too, from a situation common enough in most industries until recently; they have not known what it means to get together every once in a while and talk over common problems, get suggestions for new ways of doing things. Each one has been inclined to stay in his own rut.

Styling Woolen Fabrics

BUT woolmen have had a vision. They are hustling to change these things. Just last May the young Wool Institute brought sheepmen, topmakers, yarn spinners, cloth weavers all together in one big room in a New York hotel. It was probably the first time there had been such a getting together since the days when every farmer was the wool producer and his wife the manufacturer. These men who depend on each other for a livelihood were as much strangers to one another as though half of them came from Mars. They had a grand time, came out of that meeting full of enthusiasm. The wool manufacturers have had other meetings since. They are busy making friendly contacts within the industry, working out an accurate cost system, getting to the bottom of wasteful methods in manufacturing and selling. They have organized a research institute which is beginning its work by making a detailed study of textiles and textile raw materials from all over the world.

There are certain difficulties to be overcome when it comes to making wool compete with cheaper products. Feminine styles today call for fine sheer fabrics. Now you can make wool fabrics about as fine and sheer as you like; but to do it you have to use a corking good grade of wool, and it is hard to do that without running up the cost. The honest sheep covers his hide with painfully honest stuff. If it is poor to begin with, that shows up in the finished product; you can't do many tricks to doll up low-grade wool.

Yet wool, giant among world industries, is adapting its stride to the modern quickstep. I have seen very lovely new things in wool recently created by big designers in Paris; wool, in a word, is being "styled," like other fabrics.

Of course, whether there is prosperity or depression, the amount of wool needed for sheer human comfort is enormous. In 1927 the United States used more than half a billion pounds of the raw product. Women may have been sidetracked from wool clothing for a time, but none the less they snuggle down under wool blankets and comforters at night, enjoy the soft firm nap of wool rugs underfoot in the daytime, and depend on wool for fine upholstery. The value of knit goods, stockings, sweaters, bathing suits, and the rest, is very great—which is good for the wool producers and yarn spinners, but little comfort to weavers of cloth. It is hard to imagine men wearing anything but wool, unless we take to modified bathrobes, like toga-clad Romans. For warmth, for wearability, for elasticity, for draping qualities, wool is in a class by itself, as the world knows when it is made to think about it.

Purple and Fine Linen

SO MUCH wool is needed for the world's comfort, in fact, that the amount of raw fiber is altogether inadequate to supply us. Some statistically minded fellow once figured that if everyone got an equal share of the world's raw wool supply, we might come out with something like a pair of bathing trunks apiece. We have to supplement our supply with reworked wool, shoddy, or else a lot of people with average pocketbooks could never dress or sleep in wool.

Shoddy, by the way, is an ill-chosen name for an honorable product. A good deal of American shoddy is made out of "new clips," as the trade calls them—pieces snipped from brand-new wool cloth in the process of cutting out clothing. These pieces are simply reduced to fiber and spun into yarn for more cloth. If shoddy is well made of good material, experts say that even with a battery of microscopes and test tubes it can't be told from cloth woven of virgin wool.

The fiber of the flax plant is a blue-blood. Its blue blood shows in its fineness, its sturdiness, its gleam, its cleanliness. Kings of Egypt were wrapped in fabric of this fiber for eternal life. When far-roving Phenicians introduced flax culture into Ireland, it was a mark and sign of aristocracy to be clothed in purple and fine linen. The author of the Book of Revelation could think of no garments except fine linen as fitting to be worn after Judgment Day. Queen Victoria spun with her own hands the yarn for the napkins smoothed across the royal lap. Generations of unnumbered brides have pored over the hope chest, with its fine linen tablecloths and napkins and sheets and pillowcases and towels, and felt a subtle sense of aristocracy.

Linen has not fallen from its high estate, but in these swift times there has been a tendency to pass it by. A jazz age does not set so much store by the subtle sense of aristocracy. Russia, before the war, produced 90 per cent of the world's flax supply. This supply was wiped off the earth so far as the rest of us are concerned. Who missed it? The countries that produced the other 10 per cent have been able, by somewhat strenuously increasing production, to meet a greatly curtailed world demand. Makers of fine books used to get a paper made of linen rags, paper so thin that twenty-four hundred pages filled only an inch of space. Now linen rags are about as scarce as hens' teeth; you might find linen-rag paper in some rich jeweler's catalog, but hardly anywhere else. We compromise on India paper, which contains some 40 per cent of linen, and packs only 1800 pages to the inch.

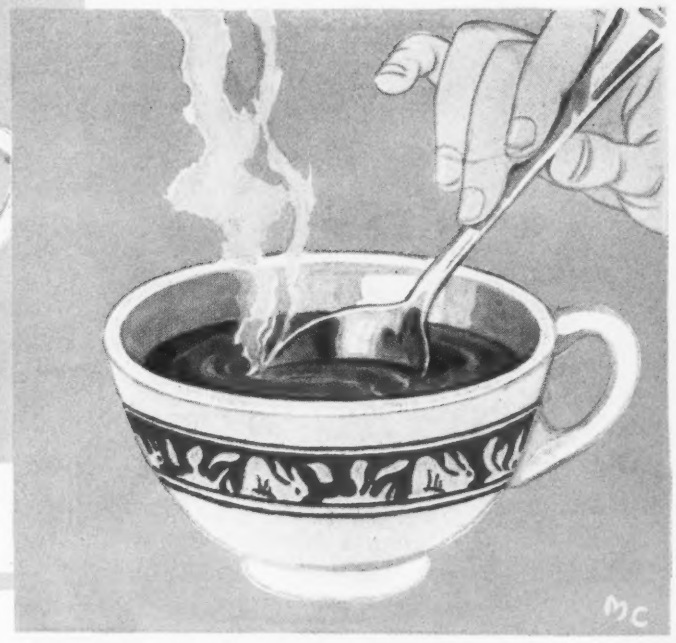
Linen men are in the same boat with those others of the textile world. They have been busy waking us to the value of linen, making strenuous improvements in

(Continued on Page 60)

take these three steps

1 *A teaspoonful of Instant Postum in the cup—*

2 *Fill cup with hot (not boiled) milk— . . . .*



3 *Stir, and sweeten to taste . . . . . and it's ready!*

and you have a drink which is building health for thousands of children! . . . . .

WHAT could be simpler—a drink you can prepare right at the table! A drink that brings all the body-building nourishment of milk, plus wholesome elements of whole wheat and bran! A drink with a rich, smooth flavor which children *immediately* like—even children who do not like milk alone!

Hot, golden-brown, appetizing—a real "grown-up" drink without the objectionable qualities which make other "grown-up" drinks bad for children. What a cheerful start for children on cold winter days!

Give your children Instant Postum made with milk tomorrow morning. And try it yourself, too! Instant Postum costs less than one-half cent a cup. Your grocer has it. Or, if you prefer, the coupon will bring one week's supply free. Mail it!

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. P.—L.H.J. 2-29

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM
(prepared instantly in the cup)
Please send also your Children's Booklet.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.*
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

100 *children gain*

"Sixty percent of the 150 pupils in our private school were suffering from under-nourishment and kindred ills. Many were deficient scholastically. I resolved to prove the worth of Instant Postum made with hot milk. As the weeks passed, every child gained in weight, and clear skins and rosy faces appeared. The change in mental attitude was one from fretful unhappiness to tranquillity, and scholastically the improvement was as marked. I would say that Instant Postum made with milk was the prime factor in restoring more than 100 children to normal physical and mental condition."

S. A. W.
Washington, D. C.

Flavor captivates children

"The parents wanted their children to have something warm with their noonday lunch. The teachers decided to try Instant Postum made with milk. The children were captivated by the flavor of the drink. Their health improved, the percentage of attendance arose. Mothers sent word that their little girls no longer teased for coffee, and fathers looked with pride on their sons growing sturdy and strong. No other one thing has ever brought about so much health and general satisfaction in this community."

CHESTER A. GARRETSON,
208 North Street, West Lafayette, Ind.

Decided improvement in school work

"The nurse's visit to our rural school showed that 13 pupils out of 23 were underweight. Three seemed very nervous, and not one had a perfect score. All but one were constant or occasional coffee drinkers. We started serving Instant Postum with the noonday lunch. Soon the coffee habit waned. The school work of each individual showed a decided improvement. Three months later the nurse found the general health much better, with only two underweight and one child with a perfect score."

MRS. F. L. COOK,
Chrisman, Ill.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

THE quality of a cup of coffee depends upon the ingredients, the facilities employed, and skill in the making. The difference between good and poor coffee is not always in the looks.

Similarly, lamps that look alike may be different in quality. Edison MAZDA Lamps are made of the finest materials, and with skill, facilities and care that insure their high quality. Because of their quality, they give the *full value of the current consumed.*

Buy Edison MAZDA Lamps in cartons of six, and have spare lamps handy whenever they are needed. Where there are empty sockets there is likely to be dangerous eye-strain.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 58)

their product and processes. At the Linen Guild in New York—the Irish and Scottish Linen Damask Guild, to give it its original name—I met a live young Irishman named Brown who told me about this work. He showed me a set of lectures by W. H. Webb, member of an old Irish linen firm, which relates something of the nice scientific work being done with flax these days.

In the growing and handling of flax men stuck rather close to age-old ways until these scientists got busy. For instance flax fiber is a blue blood; yet the flax plant itself has been a mongrel. Sow a field to the best commercial seed you can get, and you come out with a mixture of plants of all sorts—tall and short, blue-flowered and white-flowered, coarse and fine in fiber. Men accepted this as in the nature of things; flax was what God made it.

But an inquisitive-minded North-of-Ireland farmer named J. W. Stewart said that if the Silesian abbot Mendel could do tricks with peat, he could do tricks with flax. He started revolutionary breeding experiments, and the new-fledged Linen Industry Research Institute of Lambeg, near Belfast, worked along with him. This plain Ulster farmer went up and down his broad flax fields, tender green and rippling in the wind, and he picked out a few of the finest, most productive plants. Around the flower heads he tied paper bags; now no pollen from less perfect plants could steal in and make mongrels of his seed. The forty or so seeds from each of these plants he saved and grew in a separate plot. Just as he thought, the new plants, by and large, were a good deal better than the general lot in the field. He picked out the best of them again, and went on with the process. At the end of several years he and the scientific fellows had one plant that they could rave about—and it would repeat itself true to type ad lib. This was four years ago. Since then the Research Institute has been busy building up the supply of seed until there will be enough for large-scale production.

The J. W. Stewart strain is the first blue-blooded flax plant. A whole field of it produces plants of uniform character, with fibers of uniform quality. And it just about doubles the yield of the old mongrel flax. In the best of the old plants 10 per cent of the stem was fiber area; in Stewart's strain 18 per cent is fiber area.

Science and Flax Growing

WHAT has the fiber area of a pretty blue-flowered plant got to do with the average housewife who uses linen on her table? The greatest expense in flax production is the growing of the plants. It is a pesky, troublesome business. We can and do grow big quantities of flax in this country for linseed oil; we don't grow flax for fiber because it requires too much expensive hand work. In Ireland, in Holland, in Belgium you see gangs of men and women crawling up and down the close-planted fields of young flax on their hands and knees, picking out millions of weeds with patient fingers. You see them hand-pulling the flax plants at harvest time, slapping the root ends against their boots to shake off the dirt. The plants can't be cut by machinery because a cut fiber is a blunt-ended fiber and gives trouble in spinning; and pulling machinery is perhaps on the way, but it hasn't yet arrived. If, with the same amount of work, you can produce twice as much flax per acre, the price of linen will go down.

The scientific fellows have been busy doing other things. Take retting. After flax is pulled the stems must be retted, which is a nicer term for rotted, to get the fibers loose from woody matter. Retting is done today much as it was done in the time of the Pharaohs. In Belgium, along the soft-flowing River Lys, famous for its hard fighting and its fine Courtrai flax, the harvested stems are put in great barge-like crates and sunk with stones below the surface of the water; in Holland the same thing is done along the River Scheldt, famous for its white Dutch flax; in Ireland the flax is sunk in ponds or dammed-up streams; and the wood rotting goes on for nine days or so, and outsiders hold their noses at the odor spread over those regions. In Russia and France the peasants sometimes dew-ret their flax, spreading it out on the ground and turning it over again and again for six weeks, which makes a wonderfully soft fiber provided God gives the right kind of weather.

The Pesky Lactici

WHAT brings about this good and necessary rotting or fermenting? The water, men said; in a more scientific age they said microörganisms. Lately the biologists have focused their microscopes on thin sections of retting flax stem to see if they could find out something more definite. They found not one but two kinds of bacteria: lactici, the little beasts that sour milk, and pectin ovorum. They studied the ways of these beasts. Ah, pectin ovorum is the fellow that does the real work. He breaks down and consumes the pectin that binds the flax fibers to the wood. These lactici are nothing but interlopers that must be got out of the way before the pectin eater can get busy.

There have been various attempts to ret by means of chemicals, to hurry up the process. Linen men say they are no go; it takes those little unseen beasts to do the job right; chemically retted fiber is hard to spin, and a lot of it has to be wasted. But the scientists have now found out enough about natural retting to control it. In Irish dams the first water is let out after forty-eight hours to wash away those interfering lactici. And the retting is carried to just the right point.

These laboratory lads made a rather nifty little discovery with their microscopes. Flax fiber is made up of little fibrils, twisted in a spiral. One thousand times out of a thousand these fibrils twist from left to right, clockwise. With equal regularity, every hemp fiber has a right-to-left twist, counterclockwise. Now it is easy to tell whether linen is adulterated with hemp, once a matter of some uncertainty. Simply hold a piece of fiber up to the light and see which way it rotates.

Retted flax is beaten with great wooden blades to get rid of the foreign matter; the fibers are carefully combed, spun into yarn, woven into cloth, hammered with heavy beams or mallets to impart gloss. Natural flax is quite brown; it must be bleached. Once linen was taken out and stretched on the grass and allowed to lie there day after day for six months until sun and dew and gentle rain brought it to snowy whiteness, when it was reverently steeped in pure buttermilk. The mill is very rare that will take the time for grass-bleaching nowadays; instead, practically all linen is treated with lime and weak acid, and boiled in lye.

One of the things on which linen men have worked like beavers is the problem of dyeing. Linen does not take color readily—and color we must have today in everything we use. Finally they solved the thing; tinted and printed linen became the vogue. I was told, too, that there have been recent advances in making linen less likely to crease and wrinkle, which will mean much in removing one objection to linen for clothing.

(Continued on Page 62)

It's this *modern* generation that has "promoted" Wesson Oil to the kitchen

This Younger Generation of imaginative housewives seems to delight in doing the unexpected thing.

No one before had thought particularly of trying to make Wesson Oil feel at home in the kitchen. It belonged (and, of course, it still belongs) to the table—as a part of one's most particular French Dressing, Mayonnaise or other salad dressings.

But along comes the Younger Generation with a quite modern attitude towards cooking. And decides that it is just the thing to use a choice salad oil for baking and frying.

Good sound reasoning, too. Certainly, it is easy and convenient. (Any modern method must offer at least these advantages). For with Wesson Oil, you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix—with no danger of misjudging quantities . . .

But that quite frankly is only part of the reason. For the very qualities that make Wesson Oil so admirable for your salad dressings are the very qualities that make whatever you bake with it unusually light, delicate and fine-textured.

It is easy enough to see why. Here is a pure, fine, *wholesome* salad oil—crystal clear—of a pale straw color. And delicate in flavor.

You can tell by looking at it that it's good. You can tell by tasting it that it's good.

And—more to the point—you can tell by the delectable cake, muffins, biscuits, pie crust you pull out of the oven and the waffles you flop off of a waffle iron that the Wesson Oil way is a real step in the progress of cooking . . . And your favorite fried things will be wholesome and delicious as never before.

Today, the Wesson Oil way has become the accepted *modern* way. Tomorrow, it will be a commonplace in nine homes out of ten.

Perhaps you would like to be among the first in your own community to adopt it? . . . Write for our new book of recipes. We shall appreciate it if you will send us the name and address of your grocer. Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

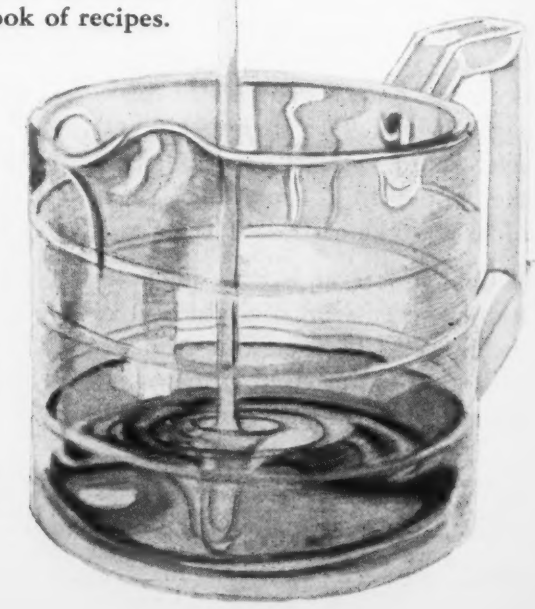
Here is a recipe for a delicious Molasses Cake—made with Wesson Oil.

MOLASSES CAKE

⅓ Cup Wesson Oil • ¾ Cup Raisins
2 Teaspoons Cinnamon • 1 Egg • ½ Cup Boiling Water
2¼ Cups Flour • 1 Teaspoon Soda • 1 Cup Molasses
2 Teaspoons Ginger • ½ Teaspoon Salt

Beat the egg, stir in the molasses and the boiling water. Sift together the dry ingredients, and add to the first mixture, reserving ½ cup of flour to mix with the raisins. Stir in the raisins and the Wesson Oil. Bake in a pan about 9" x 12" for 35 minutes at 375 degrees F.

NOTE • For baking use Wesson Oil whenever the recipe calls for shortening. Add a pinch of salt, for there is no salt in Wesson Oil.



Young America starts the day ...RIGHT...with Orange Juice

WITH FRESH California Orange Juice as part of his diet, your baby is getting a wealth of scurvy-preventing Vitamin "C," so essential for developing teeth and bones. Oranges supplement the growth-producing vitamins of milk and with milk make a complete and perfect food for the baby—or the young child.

With food plentiful in quantity but wrong in variety, your baby may today be actually under-nourished for lack of the elements provided by Orange Juice. *And, you may not be conscious of it!* An entire change of diet may be necessary. Consult your doctor at once if baby is not thriving as he should; if he is listless and over-fretful. Fresh Orange Juice or the whole fruit should be given older children each day.

Oranges, though acid in taste, have a definite *alkaline* reaction in the body and offset sour stomach and other minor child ailments. It should be noted that children who eat freely of oranges often show less desire for rich, digestive-disturbing sweets.

You should have a copy of "Feeding the Child for Health." It has won high medical approval. Sent free if you will mail the coupon. This booklet gives you the latest scientific facts on child diet, together with feeding schedules and tables for height, weight and growth tests; also recipes for simple, growth-building foods, with a list of valuable books on child feeding. Every home should have it.

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CALIFORNIA ORANGE JUICE
Richest Juice · Finest Flavor

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the orange or lemon juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Price $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below. Carriage prepaid. The Canadian price is $19.95.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. 202,
Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.
☐ Enclosed find $14.95 (In Canada $19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor.
☐ Please mail me a FREE copy of *"Feeding the Child for Health."* Check if desired.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from Page 60)

Linen is strong; it does not stretch or shrink with atmospheric changes; and so it is used for airplane wings and the gas bags of dirigibles. It is said that actual count with a microscope shows that it stays more free of surface bacteria than other fabrics; and so it is used for hospital uniforms. Extraordinarily fine yarns can be made of it. To make the finest, spinners used to work in damp cellars and spin by hand; the yarn was so delicate that it was almost invisible, though the fingers could feel it.

Those store reports I mentioned in connection with cotton brought in again and again the increased popularity of linen also. Linen men are confident that it will be more popular than ever. Why not? It is blue-blooded stuff, that used to be cherished and handed down from generation to generation. Cleopatra dressed in it; and Cleopatra's reputation for unusual attractiveness has lasted a good long time.

Man is an ingenious animal. His eye lights on a piece of rock, he handles it, examines it, begins to wonder what use he can make of it. This is a peculiar rock, he says. I have a nifty idea. I will use this rock to make me some cloth. Result, asbestos—a fibrous silicate of magnesium and calcium, the mineralogist calls it, made from rock found in Canada, in Italy, in the island of Cyprus. Sometimes it is fine and silky; sometimes like wool; sometimes like petrified wood. It can be spun into yarn or pressed into sheets. It is no new thing. Marco Polo found the Tartars and Chinese using it back in the thirteenth century. The wicks of the ever-burning lamps of the temple of Vesta, tended by consecrated maidens in Rome, were made of asbestos. Today we use it to make gloves and clothing for men whose business is playing with fire; we use it for linings for the brakebands of our automobiles, for insulation on boilers and hot pipes, for millboard and asbestos paper and shingles.

One of the best-known experts in the textile industry is a man named J. M. Matthews. He wrote a book on textile fibers. It is both a mine of technical information and a monument to the ingenuity of man. It describes just about everything man has used to make textiles.

Kapok, Pulu and Jute

THERE is glass. A rod of fine glass, unadulterated with lead, is heated over a Bunsen burner, and it is drawn out into delicate thread around the rim of a revolving bicycle wheel. The thread is woven into lustrous neckties; it is combined with silk for rare fabrics; wigs and perukes are made of it, and glass wool to filter chemicals. The home of this new industry is Venice. Nowadays thread is also made of heated gold, silver, copper and various alloys, for use in passementeries, trimmings, brocades, embroidery, tapestry and so on. Mineral wool, which is used for packing material, is a by-product of blast furnaces. It is made by blowing steam through molten metal slag until it fluffs up like a mass of dingy cotton.

The hair of calves, horses, rabbits and deer is used for textiles. And man uses the fibers of I don't know how many plants.

There is bombax cotton, for wadding and upholstery material, made from the seed hairs of the cotton tree, found in Brazil, the West Indies, tropical America, Southern Asia and Africa. There is the milkweed-like fluff from the kapok tree that grows in Java and the Dutch Indies, Ceylon, British India and Central America. Recently we have succeeded in spinning this fiber into a rather brittle, smooth yarn for textiles. Kapok is extraordinarily light, dry, resilient, vermin-proof; the Java product will support twenty to thirty times its own weight in water; it is used for life-saving belts, and as a filler for mattresses and quilts. There is vegetable wool, which is made of fiber from the green cones of pine and fir trees, spun into yarn and combined with wool or cotton, or made into mattress stuffing. There is pulu fiber, hair from the stems of Hawaiian fern trees, which also stuffs mattresses.

There is that commonplace but necessary jute, fiber from the stems of a tall plant that grows in India. More jute is used than any other textile fiber except cotton. The United States alone uses about 90,000,000 yards a year just to cover the bales of its cotton crop; we pay more per year for jute bags and burlap, Matthews says, than for our combined imports of wool, silk, cotton, flax and hemp piece goods. Practically all the world's jute supply comes through the great marts of Calcutta. It is used for gunny sacks, bagging, cheap upholstery and backing for rugs and carpets.

Man's Amazing Ingenuity

THE stem of a certain stingless nettle furnishes ramie, a fiber that has been used from very early times. It was known to the ancient Chinese, the East Indians, the Romans; Egyptian craftsmen made mummy cloth of it. Some textile men in recent years have got quite excited about the possibilities in ramie. It is perhaps the strongest and most durable of vegetable fibers, and the least affected by moisture. It can be spun almost as fine as silk, it takes dye readily, it is naturally clean and white, it has a higher luster than linen. But it lacks elasticity, flexibility, cohesion, and it is an expensive business to get the fiber out of the plant. It is made into fabrics, alone or mixed with other fibers; it is used for gas mantles and fish lines, hat braids and trimmings; it is knitted for underwear.

Rope, twine, string—these are stodgy things which are nevertheless of immense importance in our lives. To a cowpuncher, a piece of rope is more useful than another arm; the sailor has good reason to curse a poor piece of rope; to the man up on a dangling scaffold the quality of a bit of rope means the difference between life and death; to the department store owner wrapping a million packages a year, string is a matter of moment.

Among cord and rope fibers there is hemp, of which thirty-two varieties are recognized in the trade; it grows in most temperate and tropical countries, and the fiber is used to some extent in textiles, but chiefly for twine and cordage of great strength not easily rotted by water. There is manila hemp, from the leaf stalks of a Philippine Island plantain, used for hat braids, coarse upholstery, cordage and binder twine. There is sisal hemp, from the leaf fiber of a Central American agave, making a twine that cannot stand salt water. There is pita fiber, from the leaf of the century plant, used for cordage and the delicate lace called Fayal.

In the Philippine Islands they make the fine piña cloth from the fibers of pineapple leaves. In Ceylon coconuts are thrown into a bamboo inclosure in the sea; after six days of soaking, the fiber, called coir, is pounded loose from the wood of the nut with stones, and made into mattresses, rope and coarse cloth. The coco palm leaf yields another fiber used for hats, mats, bags and slippers. The fiber of stinging nettles was used by the Egyptians and ancient Scandinavians, and today the plants are cultivated for the same purpose in Germany and Picardy. The stems of the Spanish moss that beards tropical trees are made into vegetable horsehair. Giant seaweeds make cordage and fishing lines. From wood pulp nowadays we make yarns used in floor and wall coverings, for bagging and upholstery, and to combine with cotton, linen or jute in textiles.

The record of man's ingenuity in the making of textiles has been piling up for thousands of years. Modern machinery and modern scientific knowledge give that ingenuity still greater scope. Who knows what may lie just around the corner?

Admiring eyes — *mine included* — followed her

as she crossed the lobby to the lift —

Just a few steps—a dozen, perhaps, in all—yet the vision of her as she crossed the lobby of the Ritz will linger long in many memories . . . she was so gloriously graceful, so light of foot . . . so naturally lovely in every move she made . . .

WHO can blame any man if his eyes grow a bit brighter, his heart a bit lighter at the sight of such buoyant beauty—free-footed, unrestrained—the poetry of motion in every perfectly poised step?

* * *

Outstanding grace, we call it . . . but why should it be outstanding? Surely every woman is *naturally* graceful. But so many of them, it seems, have yet to learn that a beautiful bearing, a regal carriage, and a flowing walk invariably follow foot-freedom, and that foot-freedom, in turn, depends entirely on shoes that *fit* the foot perfectly in action as well as in repose.

They must be beautiful shoes, of course. Beautiful to look at and *beautiful to wear!* They must give gentle support without binding—they must follow the flexing foot without pinching or rubbing . . . they must be modish down to the last detail, and gloriously easy to walk in . . .

In short . . . they must be Red Cross Shoes —or so I am told by women who wear them.

* * *

Every pair of Red Cross Shoes is Parisianly chic—*scientifically* shaped. Built over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts, which were derived from averaging the actual measurements of thousands of feminine feet, the Red Cross Shoe fits the foot in action as well as in repose . . . insures unbelievable foot-freedom at every step.

Then to give elastic buoyancy to ever-active insteps, every pair of Red Cross Shoes has built into it the exclusive Arch-Tone support. While the Natural-shaped heel, which follows the lines of your own heel, hugs cozily without rubbing or chafing.

One simply cannot walk awkwardly in Red Cross Shoes.

The very smartest shoe store in town will show you Red Cross Shoes for street or formal wear, at prices ranging from $10 to $16.50. There are also Sub-deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3.50 to $6.00.

ARCH-TONE
Red Cross Shoe
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WALK IN BEAUTY

YOURS FOR THE ASKING—*This interestingly illustrated booklet, "Walk in Beauty," gives the views of prominent educators on the subject of correct posture, tells how many lovely women have acquired the charm of a graceful carriage. Send for your copy. Address Dept. J-14.*

THE GRACE

THE DEPRIE

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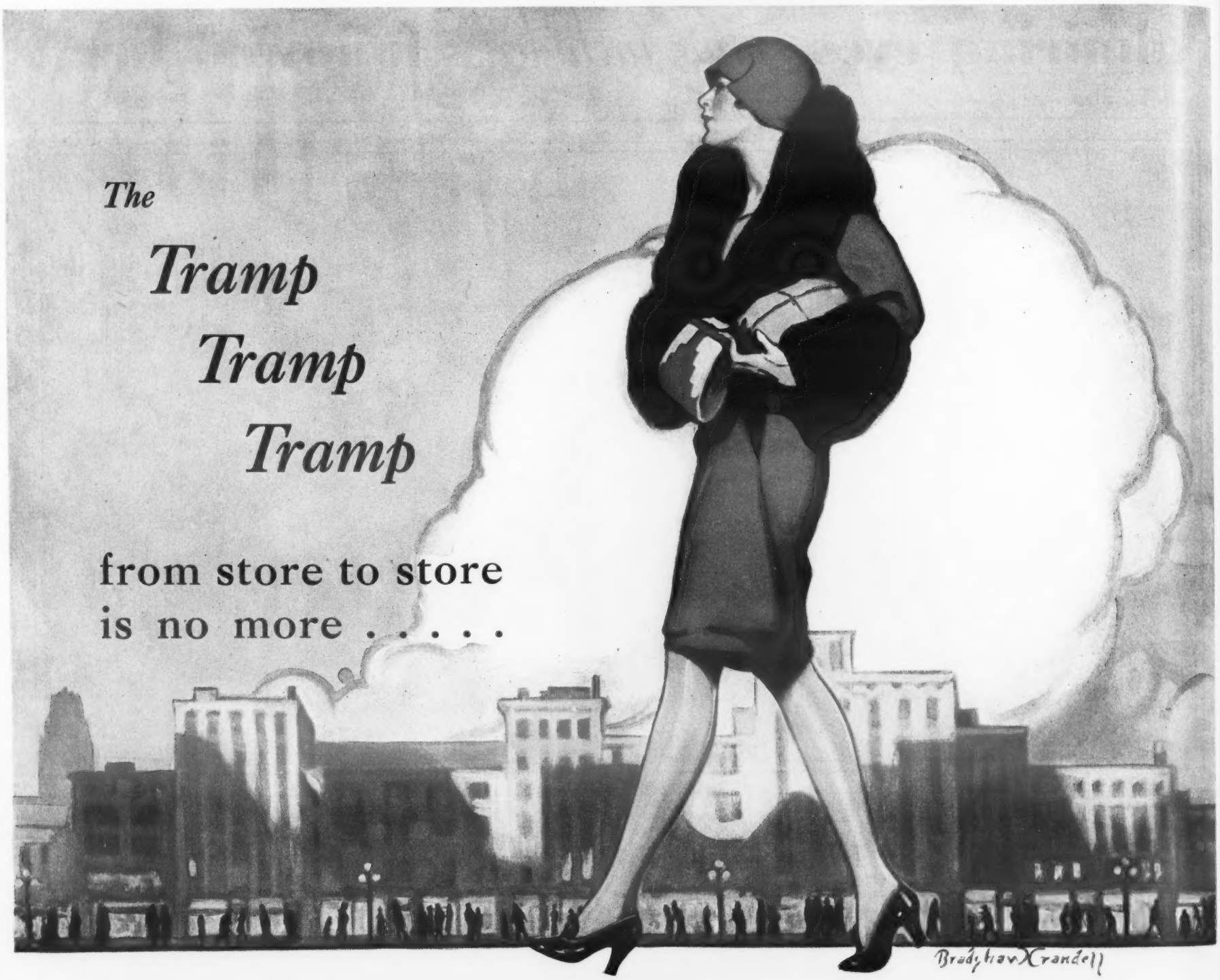


MODERN WOMAN . . how differently she buys her food needs today.

Instead of the tramp, tramp, tramp from store to store, she has adopted the new and better way . . one store, the A & P store, for all her food needs.

Fine foods from across the seven seas . . fruits and vegetables . . the popular nationally advertised brands of groceries . . fancy butter . . really choice teas and coffees . . in fact A & P's assortment is so complete there's no longer any need to "shop around."

Visit the A & P store in your community to-morrow. It's the modern way to shop and the sure way to save.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859

"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

AT LAST OUR LITTLE PROCESSION EMERGED FROM THE TREES

Treasure

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

XIX

HERE was mystery, most alarming mystery! Why should Dorcas Applegate leave the comparative security of the yacht to enter those perilous woods? And with a manner so strange! There had been no sound detectable by me; nothing had been visible but the girl who had become so dear to me as she walked slowly down the gangway and proceeded, as though sleepwalking, into the dangers which hid themselves among that mass of foliage. Where had she gone? Why had she gone? What motive could have caused so sane a woman to commit an act of such madness?

In the first moment of my dismay and alarm I all but threw aside discretion to rush to her, wherever she might be, or whatever might intervene. But the folly of that became apparent. I could be of no service to her if I lay under some bush with a gunman's bullet in my heart. Rashness could not serve here; nothing but coolly calculated action.

There was something I did not understand, and I must understand it. Certainly her unaccountable action could not have passed undetected by those gangsters, and she must have walked directly into their hands. But she had not cried out. There had been no note of alarm in those silent woods, nor any cry of agony or any shot. For the moment, I perceived, the worst that could have befallen her was to have become a prisoner of Waltoun's thugs. Had they intended her harm they could have shot her down as she stood on the deck searching the woods with eyes and ears for news of my movements. That is why she had stood there exposed—because of her solicitude for me.

THIS reflection was at once a cause for joy and for self-accusation. That her anxiety for my safety could move her to risk death or injury was a thing to elate me so that I walked with the gods; that her love for me had brought her to disaster, if indeed ultimate disaster resulted, would lie blackly upon my memory as long as I should live.

It was not easy to reason clearly, but I am thankful that I remained quiescent until I became rational again. Had I followed impulse to rush to her at any cost the end might have been such as to make decent men and women shudder. And so, as the power to reason from cause to effect and from action to result returned to me, I saw that my presence on the island must remain unknown to those ruthless men of the underworld. What I accomplished must be done rather by surprise and by strategem than by rash courage and brute strength. I must hide, I must lurk, I must acquaint myself with the facts and must stand ready to avail myself of opportunity.

Waltoun was forgotten; my money, I am glad to remember, was forgotten. I thought of nothing but Dorcas. Very cheerfully I would have surrendered my claim to the contents of that hand bag, which had brought to me nothing but danger and grief, to have had her once more safely aboard the yacht.

So I lay for a matter of moments combing the woods with my eyes. Waltoun remained invisible behind his bowlders; no rustle or movement betrayed the whereabouts of the beleaguering gunmen. But they were there. I calculated them to be stationed at intervals in a semicircle about the rocks and the boat—not too near, yet not so far but a bullet could reach its mark.

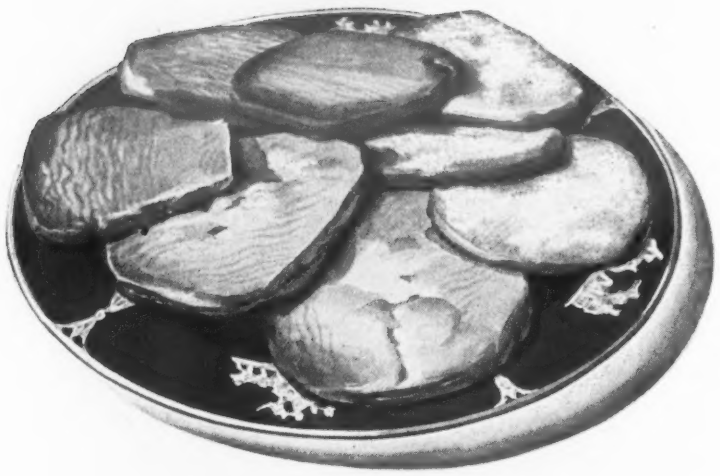
I considered a wild plan—to creep through the growth until I came upon the enemy one by one, to fall upon them singly until none remained. This plan was not without merit; a skillful man might accomplish it single-handed. But I was no Indian. The ways of the woods were strange to me, a dweller in libraries. I could not hope to continue long undetected if I followed such a course. Also, the only silent weapon was the knife, and I had but a penknife. Nevertheless, I required some weapon other than my revolver.

Presently I provided myself with such a utensil. I found a stone of the bigness of an egg, and this I knotted into the middle of my large handkerchief; it gave me a sort of weapon, not cumbersome, easily carried, yet, I deemed, of deadly efficacy—one which it would be a pleasure to use upon creatures so utterly devoid of humanity as were these drug-ridden creatures.

AND so I set out on hands and knees, very softly and cautiously. It was my thought to circle the rear of the besieging force and so reach a location near to the spot where Dorcas had disappeared. The gangsters, I believed, would exercise no precautions against being detected from the rear, for they apprehended no menace from that direction. I continued for fifty yards, an inch at a time it seemed to me, infinitely careful of each slight movement, of where I set down hand or knee, lest some twig should break or some stone roll to give warning that something moved in the woods.

There must be at least six men there, provided the one I had struck on my first night ashore had recovered. Probably he had, but I determined grimly that if I struck one today he would not be abroad doing damage in so short a time. And then I saw one of them—a young man in a striped suit, who crouched in a thicket of young spruces. He was not more than fifty feet from me, but his whole attention

(Continued on Page 68)



ICE-BOX COOKIES

(Mixing time: any spare moment)

The ice-box cookie is the new and improved 1929 model home-made cookie. They can be stirred up in a spare moment, set aside in the ice-box to harden and baked at your convenience. Crisco with its sweet fresh flavor keeps the unbaked dough (and the baked cookie, too) fresh and sweet. If you like cookies hot from the oven, as I do, try my plan of always keeping dough in the ice-box and baking cookies a few at a time. I find that cookies baked from Crisco dough two weeks old are as fresh as the very first ones from the roll.

I am giving you a master recipe and several variations I've tested.

1 cup Crisco
2 eggs, beaten
3½ cups flour
2 cups brown or white sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon vanilla
(¾ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon each, cinnamon and nutmeg)

Blend Crisco and sugar. Add beaten eggs and flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder. Mix well. Add flavoring. Shape into rolls about 3″ in diameter and place in ice-box to harden. Next day slice about ⅛″ thick, sprinkle with mixture of sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 10 minutes. This recipe makes about 50 cookies.

FILLED COOKIES: Use ice-box cookie master recipe. Cut rolls in ⅛″ slices. In center of one slice place a little jam, marmalade, conserve, ground nuts, or ground fruit. Cover this with another slice the same size and pinch edges together. These cookies require 10 minutes in a moderate (350° F.) oven to bake.

FRUIT-NUT COOKIES: Add 1 cup ground nuts and raisins (or nuts or fruit alone) to ice-box cookie master recipe mixture and bake as before directed.

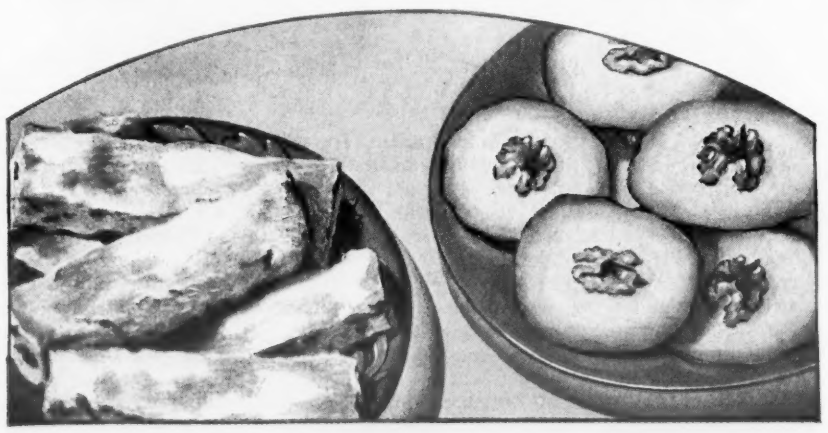
ICE-CREAM WAFERS (*below, right*)

(Mixing time: 7 minutes)

The simpler the food, the fresher and sweeter must be the flavor of its ingredients. That is why Crisco, with its own pure sweet flavor, is the only shortening I would think of using in making these delicate ice-cream wafers. And just taste how good they are!

½ cup Crisco
½ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
¾ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Blend Crisco and sugar thoroughly. Add egg, beaten until velvety. Then add flour sifted with salt. Beat vigorously, add flavoring and drop on Criscoed cookie sheet like small marbles, well apart. Put a nut meat in center of each cookie and bake 10 minutes in moderate (350° F.) oven. The finished product is a crisp, rich wafer about the color of French ice cream. This makes about 25 cookies.



RAINY-DAY DATE STICKS

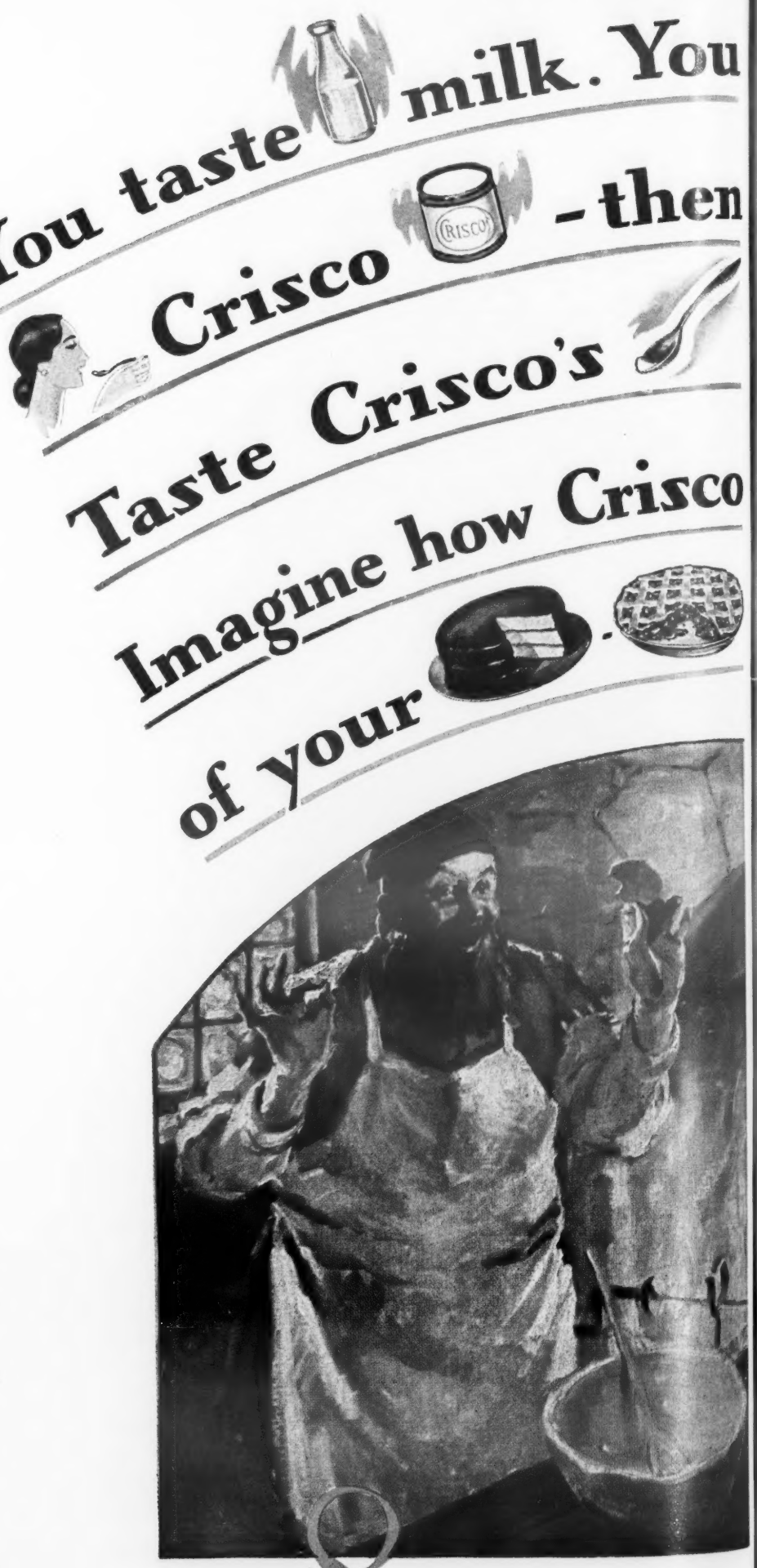
(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

One mother I know solved the rainy-day problem of entertaining housebound children by turning them loose in the kitchen with this simple, easy-to-make recipe for date sticks. As nearly as possible all of the fuss and bother have been kitchen-tested out of Crisco recipes and a satisfaction added—the satisfaction of using a shortening which lends its own fresh flavor to the foods made with it.

¾ cup Crisco
1½ cups sugar
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup chopped nut meats
3 cups flour
1 cup cut dates
(powdered sugar)

Mix Crisco and sugar well. Add sour milk which has been mixed with soda. Then add flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder, and fold in nuts and dates. Pour into shallow Criscoed pan and bake 20 minutes in moderate (350° F.) oven. Cut into narrow slices while still warm and roll in powdered sugar. These cookies will take the place of less wholesome sweets for the children.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.



test eggs. Now, taste your shortening - - - sweet fresh flavor improves the flavor

Little Jean was the son of a baker who lived about the year 1550 in the Province of Languedoc. One day Jean, despite the stern warning of his bearded père, dabbled with some dough—and discovered, by happy chance, the secret of Cookies!

cookies

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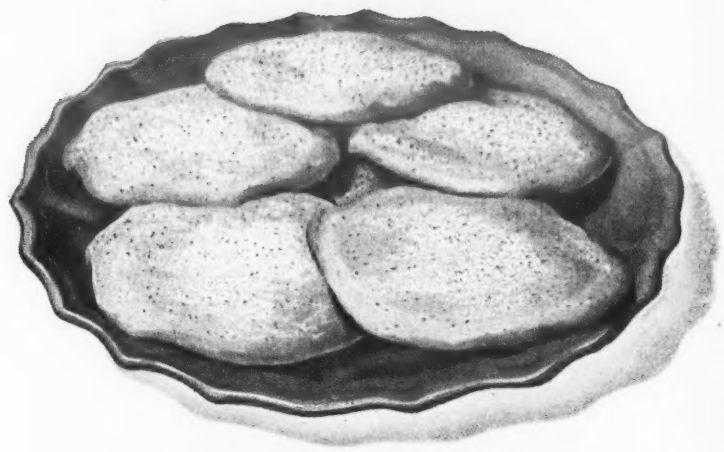


GRANDMOTHER'S SUGAR COOKIES

(Mixing time: 7 minutes)

Remember when you used to slip down the back cellar steps and "swipe" cookies like these from Grandmother's big cookie jar? *She* had to store them in the cellar to keep them soft and fresh. *You* can keep them handy anywhere because nowadays they're made with Crisco, a pure, sweet shortening which helps to make them fine flavored and moist—and keeps them so to the very last cookie. (Recipe makes 50 luscious cookies.)

1 cup Crisco — 1 teaspoon salt — 3 cups flour
1½ cups sugar — ¾ cup thick, sour milk
2 eggs, beaten — ½ teaspoon soda
(½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon nutmeg)

Blend Crisco and sugar, add beaten eggs. Add sour milk with soda dissolved in it and stir in flour sifted with salt. Don't roll dough—drop by spoonfuls on Criscoed pan. Sprinkle with mixture of sugar and nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 10 minutes.

ALICE COOKIES (*below, left*)

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

Such a funny name for a cookie! A homesick little boy called them that after Alice, the family cook, who comforted him through a long term of boarding school by sending him these cookies in every Monday's mail packed in an empty Crisco can. And Crisco's own sweet fresh flavor kept the cookies sweet and fresh on their long journey.

½ cup Crisco — 1 cup raisins — 1 cup nuts, broken
¾ cup sugar — 1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs — 1 cup flour — ½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup milk — 1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup cocoanut — 1 cup oatmeal

Blend Crisco and sugar, add eggs and milk, then cocoanut, raisins and nuts. Sift salt, baking powder and cinnamon with flour, and add to oatmeal. Add to first mixture and stir thoroughly. Drop from spoon on Criscoed pan. Bake in moderate (350° F.) oven for 12 minutes. This recipe makes 50 cookies.

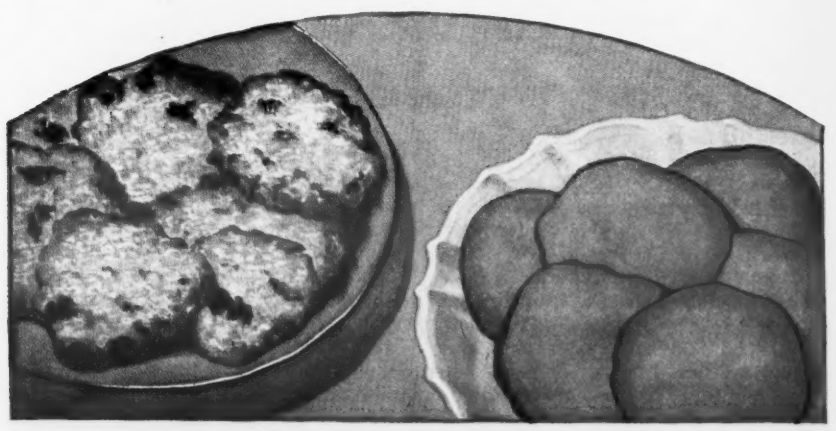
SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES (*below, right*)

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

A letter from a man in Ohio tells us that Crisco cookies were left all winter in a summer camp and when found this spring were "amazingly" fresh and sweet. There *is* something amazing about Crisco's pure sweet flavor and the way it lends its flavor and fresh keeping quality to foods.

1 cup Crisco — 2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 cup brown sugar — ½ teaspoon soda
2 eggs well beaten — 1 cup hot coffee
1 cup molasses — 1 teaspoon vinegar
4 cups flour — 3 teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons ginger — 1 teaspoon salt

Blend sugar and Crisco, add well beaten eggs, molasses, spices, and soda which has been mixed with hot coffee. Then add vinegar and beat in the flour which has been previously sifted with salt and baking powder. Stir well and drop from end of spoon onto Criscoed cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for ten minutes. This recipe makes about 65 cookies.



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(Continued from Page 65)

was riveted upon the scene below him. He was a hollow-cheeked young man of sallow complexion, rather narrow of shoulder and nervous of movement. I noticed that he jerked now and then and twitched. Probably he represented the uttermost wing of the enemy's line in this direction.

I wormed my way toward him. Fortunately there was an abundance of cover, so that, could I but move softly enough, I could arrive at his very elbow without being seen. I think it required twenty minutes for me to reach a bush six feet behind him, and there I lay, tense, breathing very quietly. I wanted to get that man. Something savage had awakened within me, something which must be appeased. I wanted to strike a blow for Dorcas. I do not know how I knew it, but I was certain that to strike down this man, to eliminate him, would act upon me like a tonic. It would steady my nerves, give me that assurance which I felt to be lacking. I fear I became a person of primitive emotions, but I have never regretted it.

AGAIN, with even more elaborate precautions, if that were possible, I crept toward him. Six inches! A foot! Two feet! My improvised weapon dangled from my right hand in readiness, and the back of his fedora presented a most appetizing target. I arose softly to my knees, to my feet. . . . Then some psychic wave must have apprised him of danger, for he swung about abruptly and stared wide-eyed into my face. His mouth opened; his shoulders twitched; but before he could sound the alarm or lift the revolver which hung at arm's length, I struck.

And with a deftness which pleased me. I dropped my weapon and caught him before he could fall headlong into the saplings, with a consequent crash and crackle. I eased him to the ground, indifferent if he were alive or dead. With his handkerchief I tied his hands behind him and secured his feet with strips which I ripped ruthlessly from the lining of his coat. Also I inserted a gag. And the six men had now become five!

I stood over my victim, curiously contented, and peered about me. The very slight disturbance had done me no harm, but presently I was to see how it had been of decided benefit to someone; indeed, I was to see how it brought about that object which had been my primary object in coming ashore.

I could see the major portion of the yacht, and the flank of that jumble of rocks which was Waltoun's refuge; and as my eye passed over it I detected movement. I caught my breath and listened for shots, but none followed. The movement persisted. Through the interstices of the bowlders I could see someone moving slowly toward my left. It must be Waltoun. But why no fusillade from the woods? I studied the situation and saw. Assuming that the besiegers were scattered fanwise, and that the next post to the one I had caused to be vacant was a hundred or more feet away, then Waltoun's movements could not be seen. Either rocks or trees or undergrowth concealed him from every point of vantage save mine. Apparently my action had coincided with his determination to extricate himself from his predicament if possible.

AS I STOOD studying the lie of the land I saw that he might reach a point of safety if he but moved with due caution. While I could follow his every movement, the man at my right could not do so, nor the man at his right. I waited five minutes, almost ten minutes, and Waltoun's wriggling body disappeared permanently from view. He was safe for the time being, and the gangsters watched a pile of rocks now untenanted.

But it behooved me to exercise caution. I judged that Waltoun would exercise the same strategy as mine and would endeavor to circle the rear of his mutineers. That would bring him presently to the spot where I stood or to some spot where he could see me as I had seen the gangster now bound at my feet. And to Waltoun I was as much an enemy as any of them.

Nevertheless, the situation had its advantages for me. Two men were abroad in the woods with objects inimical to this Cauliflower Red and his companions. Waltoun was not one to let a mutiny pass, and I judged him to be a dangerous man. Of any projects he might form I was in a position to take advantage. I knew of his presence; he did not know of mine—and I meant to keep him in ignorance.

Therefore I withdrew a considerable distance and waited again. He did as I had foreseen, and in a quarter of an hour I saw bushes part cautiously that he might peer through. He satisfied himself of the safety of his next advance and then came on. I wished suddenly I had taken the precaution to hide my victim, but I had not done so. And Waltoun spied him!

I judge he must have been considerably nonplused. To find one of his mutineers unconscious and trussed up under a bush was the last thing he had expected, and, as the saying goes, it gave him pause. With the quickness of a startled crab he took cover and became invisible.

Every instant was precious to me, but I dared not proceed until I was certain of Waltoun's movements. So I waited. Presently, reassured by the silence, he crept forward and crouched over my kill. I saw him shake his head as if in bewilderment, and lick his lips. Evidently he made up his mind that was no place for him to remain and he began working his way to my right—toward the remaining ribs of the fan.

I kept abreast of him and, even before he became aware of it, saw a second gangster slouching behind his clump of bushes. The thing became interesting. Waltoun spied the man and halted suddenly. Then he, like I had previously done, commenced to snake his way toward his sometime employe. I crept closer in order to miss nothing of what should occur. At last I judged him to be no more than a dozen feet from the sentinel and heard him speak softly to the gangster.

"Jim," he said, "stick 'em up. And keep still!" His voice was almost a whisper, but it carried menace. The man promptly raised his hands to the level of his ears.

"It's Waltoun," said my late companion. "No monkey business. Back this way—and don't stumble over anything. Where's your gat?"

"You seen me drop it."

"Got another?"

"No."

"Keep on backing. I'll frisk you, my friend. Not that I don't take your word."

I saw him run his hands over the man's clothing and so satisfy himself there were no concealed weapons.

"I ought to plug you," he said.

"Plug ahead," said the man called Jim.

"Did you think you could get away with it? With double-crossing me?"

"I wasn't for it! Red bulled it through."

"How long do you think you'll live after you hit New York?"

"That," said the man, "depends on how long you live here."

IT WAS then, and only then, that I noticed he was not carrying my bag. My state of mind may be judged from this. He had hidden in the woods my three-quarters of a million dollars, and I had not grasped its absence!

"Where's Red?"

The man jerked his head to the right. "Busy," he said.

"He'll be busier. What do you mean, busy?"

"Got him a skirt."

"What?"

"Off of the floatin' show case. Red crawled down to take him a look, and this jane come out and leaned over the edge. Red threw down his rod on her and made her walk off and into his pocket. She ain't been missed as I've seen."

So that was the way of it!

"You need a shot," said Waltoun.

"Like the devil," admitted the man called Jim.

"I always carry some—for my friends," said Waltoun.

"You got some on you?"

Waltoun's thumb and finger extracted a tiny packet from a vest pocket. Jim wet his lips, and his face assumed an expression of such wolfish eagerness that I did not care to look at it.

"Are you for me or against me?" asked Waltoun.

"I'm for anybody that'll come through with that," said Jim.

"And you want to live, of course. You don't want to carry so much lead in you that it would take a truck to haul you to the cemetery?"

"Write your own contract," said Jim.

"I want you to take a message to Red. And play straight with me or you'll pray for a quick bullet. Understand?"

"Sure."

"Tell Red I want to talk to him."

"Uh-huh."

"Tell him he's been a bad boy, but I'll let it pass if he comes through now. I can play this as it lays if I have to, but I don't want to have to. Tell him to come alone, and I'll know if he is alone. If he's got the nerve."

"Red's got guts."

"I'll be here, or hereabouts," said Waltoun. "But you, you hop-head, if you pull anything phony ——"

"I'm cured," said Jim. "I told him he couldn't git away with it—not from you."

"Tell him this is on the up-and-up. He knows my word is good. He can come safe and go safe, whether he takes my proposition or leaves it."

"I'll tell him," said Jim.

"Beat it," said Waltoun.

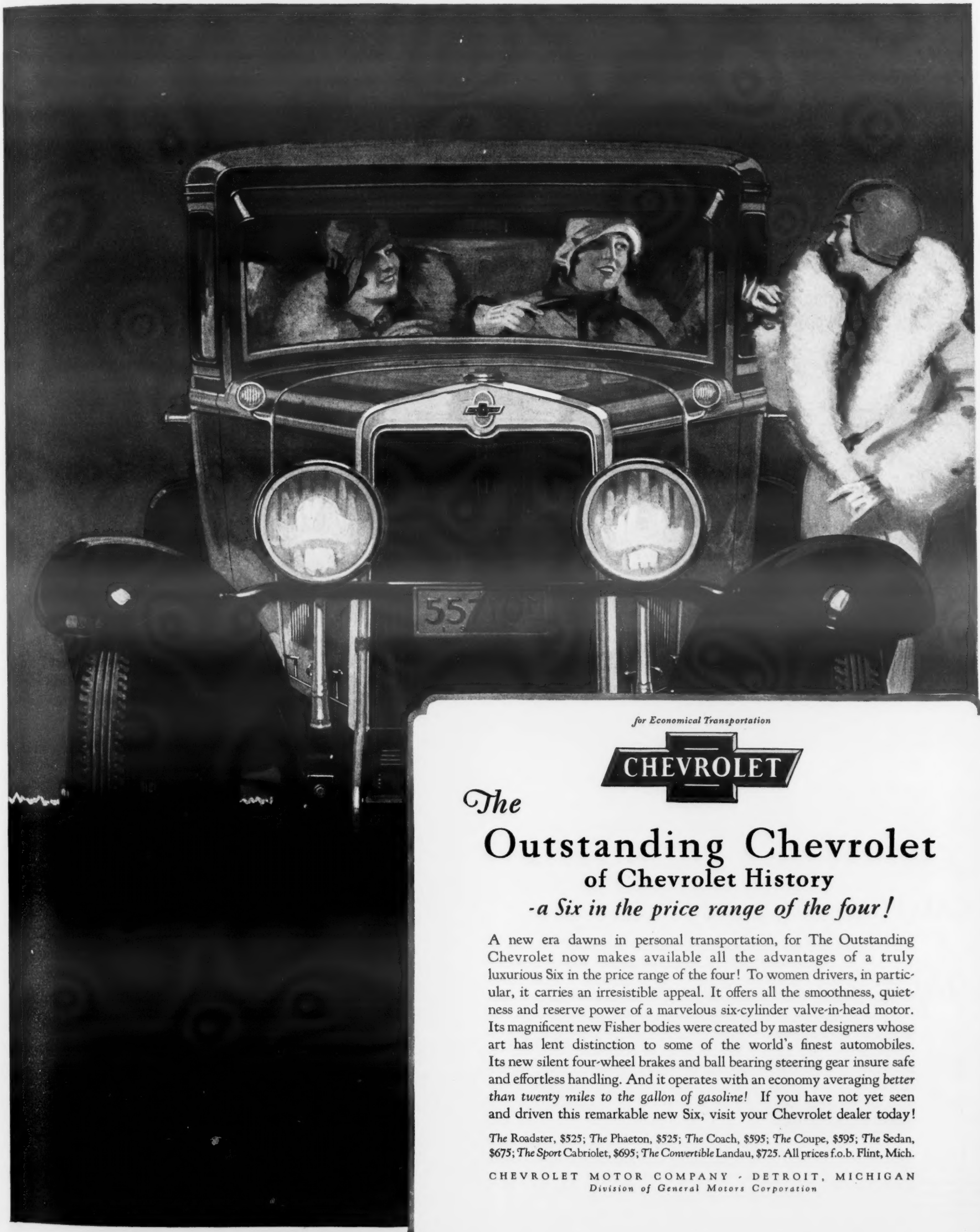
THE man started to leave in haste, but Waltoun spoke again. "Take it easy. This is private between Red and myself. Don't be seen by anybody else."

"I'm wise," said Jim, and this time he moved away with every show of caution. Waltoun stood looking after him, and his face was no longer handsome, patrician, cultured, but stark and menacing and vulpine. He remained standing until Jim passed from view and then himself slunk diagonally forward until he had passed my place of concealment. I did not move; I scarcely breathed. He went on a distance of some fifty feet, and there he rested, waiting to know the outcome of his message.

I, too, deemed it best to remain. In any event I believed now that Dorcas was free temporarily from any peril. This diversion would take Red's mind from her. And if he came in response to the summons she would be left alone, or at

AGAIN THE AX BASHED THROUGH THE WAVERING BARRICADE

(Continued on Page 70)



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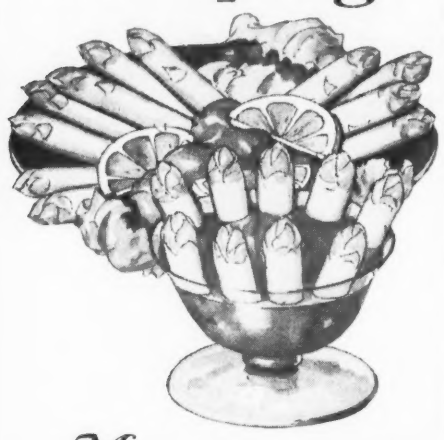

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(Continued from Page 68)

best in the hands of one who would not dare molest her without the leader's consent.

And now, being for the moment comparatively at ease respecting my sweetheart, I asked myself what Waltoun could have done with my money. He had hidden it, but where? He had no tool with which to dig. Yet, knowing him as I did, I made certain he had found some suitable place, some nook or cranny not to be found by ordinary search.

XX

AS I LOOK back now at that morning it seems incredible that so many events of terror, of tragedy, of treachery, of courage, of that great love which can offer the sacrifice of life itself, could crowd and jostle themselves into those few brief hours.

It was a lifetime lived in half a day; a panorama of the vices and divine attributes of mankind. No one of us who came through alive was in all things the individual who saw that sun rise. Each was modified; each found some fine thing or sunk to lower depths. A black morning! Sordid, malignant! . . . A golden morning! Glorious, ennobling!

First I must tell of the coming of the man called Cauliflower Red and of his meeting with Jason Waltoun in the sunny woods and of what came of it. Then, in the order of their occurrence, I must set forth the conduct of my friend Rollin Danby, of the old sailorman, Applegate, of the actor, Devereaux, of my sweetheart, Dorcas—and such part as it was given me to play myself.

I crouched in my place of concealment, tense, watchful. Waltoun was invisible, but I could see the clump of bushes which afforded him concealment. The woods were terribly silent, and a shudder, born of dread, passed over me coldly.

Then, after what seemed an interminable time of waiting, an invisible mouth uttered words. "Waltoun, are you there?" It was the man known as Cauliflower Red.

"I'm here," Waltoun responded from his hiding place.

"Come out," said the other.

WALTOUN laughed harshly, jeeringly. "You come out, Red. You have my word; I have no word of yours."

I knew then, as I must have known all along, what were Waltoun's intentions—they were treacherous. He had summoned this man, not for friendly parley but to his death. I could read his mind. With Red disposed of, Waltoun would find no difficulty in mastering the underlings; so Red must die.

"I'll talk from here," said Red. "Spill your proposition."

"I need you and the boys," said Waltoun.

"Perty bad, don't you?" Red jeered.

"Pretty badly," Waltoun agreed, and his voice was again the cultured gentleman's voice I had known. "You made a bad mistake this morning, Red."

"Not so bad," said Red.

"You need me more pressingly than I need you."

"Show me."

"There are only five of you now," said Waltoun.

"Six."

"Five. Tony's out cold yonder with a lump on his head the size of an egg. And a gag in his mouth, and all tied up like a package from the store."

"You got him!"

"No, Red, I didn't get him. I found him. Think that over. Who did get him, Red? So there are only five of you, and how many are there on the yacht?"

"Don't know and don't care."

"More than five, Red."

"A fine chance they'd have against my gorillas."

"Don't forget Tony, Red. What happened to him may happen to you."

"Who done it?"

"Somebody who's lurking in these woods now. He may be just behind you, Red. I'm afraid you boys have gotten yourselves in a bad fix. You can't get off the island; you've double-crossed me. What you need, Red, is somebody to show you how."

"I got a card up my sleeve myself."

"The girl? What good is she to you?"

"Somethin' to trade," said Red.

"For what?"

"The money."

"But *I* have the money, Red—hidden in a safe place. And you're being hunted down. You'll be gotten one by one."

"I guess not. How about tellin' them birds that the next one of us gits downed, the girl 'll git worse, eh?"

"But I've got the money, Red. I can get you out of this."

"Seven hundred and fifty grand," said Red.

"I've always paid well."

"The whole wad is better 'n a split," said Red.

"WITHOUT me you'll never handle a penny. And a hundred thousand isn't to be laughed off. That much to you; ten thousand to each of the others. And keep on living. That's important."

"How," asked Red, "do you figger to git me bumped off—if you're bumped first?"

"I'm not a fool, man. If you show up in New York and I'm not there within the day, you may live to walk a block, maybe two, but that's all." There was a moment's silence; then Waltoun spoke again. "I'm coming out, Red. If you get me you'll never find the money—and you'll be gotten in turn. But I'm coming anyway. It's just as you say. Shall I come shooting, or shall I just come?"

There is no doubt the man had courage. I was compelled to admire the calculated daring of him. He must have felt in his heart that he had won, and yet he could not know. But he did not hesitate.

When Red appeared it was from an unexpected side, and his revolver was leveled.

"Put it down," said Waltoun.

"It'll do where it is," said Red. "Now what?"

"Call in the men. Where can we talk?"

"We been hangin' out in the house."

"That will do very well," said Waltoun.

"What's the plan? Spill it to me first."

Waltoun shrugged. "We've got to get away from here," he said, "and quickly. No telling what will happen. Pleasure boats are passing up and down the lake, and one might anchor here. Today, or tonight, we'll take the yacht."

"She won't run."

"You've the engineer, haven't you?"

"He's restin' easy in the cellar."

"I RATHER imagine," said Waltoun, "he can repair the motors if he has to. I think we can convince him."

They moved away through the trees, and for a time I heard no more; for, following them, I did not dare to come so close that the sound of my advance might be detected. Nevertheless, I kept them within view, and was glad, for I knew they were leading me nearer to Dorcas. I did not doubt that she was in the house.

From a safe vantage point I saw the six cross the clearing and enter the house by the rear door. It was then I saw how I had lost my opportunity by delay, for Dorcas had been left unguarded. I might

(Continued on Page 73)

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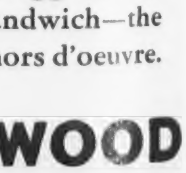

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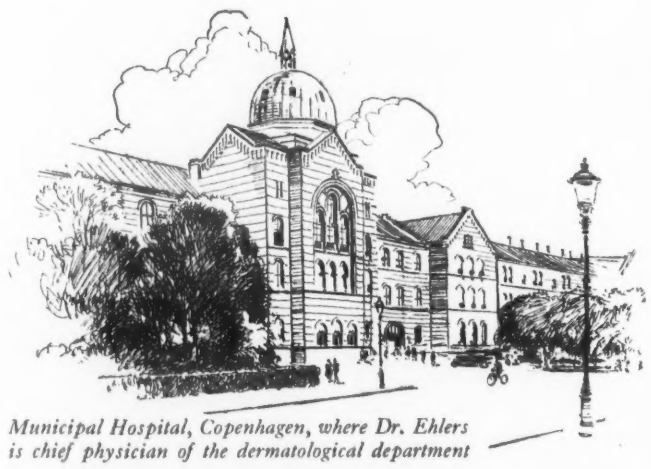
says . . "I invariably prescribe yeast"



Municipal Hospital, Copenhagen, where Dr. Ehlers is chief physician of the dermatological department

"It is many years since my teacher and friend, Dr. L. Brocq of Paris, taught me to use fresh yeast for staphylococcic infections of the skin. Since then I have invariably prescribed yeast in all cases of furunculosis [skin eruptions] as well as in rebellious cases of acne. The effect of yeast upon furunculosis is surprising and incontestable. It is often slightly laxative."

Dr. Ehlers

DR. EDVARD EHLERS, *of Copenhagen*

THE most romantic figure in Danish medicine—Dr. Edvard Ehlers. Hazardous medical research in the tropics has brought him decorations from half the governments of Europe.

Hospitals for children born sick into the world, established by him throughout Denmark, have almost eliminated infant deaths from one especially dread disease.

Holder of degrees from the universities of Paris, Strassburg and Copenhagen—what Dr. Ehlers says of the health properties of yeast is drawn from years of experience as a skin specialist of world-wide reputation. Many doctors now agree that unsightly, embarrassing and unpleasant skin eruptions are associated with clogging of the intestinal tube.

"In furunculosis the effect of yeast is incontestable," Dr. Ehlers says, and then advises, "the yeast treatment should be continued for several months, until the elimination of harmful bacteria is complete."

In a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these pass daily through your intestinal tract they combat harmful poisons, purify the whole system. Eat three cakes daily, before or between meals. To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers' and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time. It will keep in a cool, dry place. Start today. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. G-107, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

90 per cent of ills start here . . . Here is where yeast works

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Add jelly to your Puffed Rice and half-and-half for a delicious breakfast change.

Amazingly Rich Nourishment

is concealed in these delicious grains

Dieticians find these fairy grains offer virtually the same food value as hot cereal—yet children love them because they're "so especially good to eat."

HERE'S welcome news for people who think that cereals, to be nourishing, must be dull and heavy. These crisply delicious Quaker Puffed Grains, which make breakfast so attractive, have all the rich nutrition you get from heavier foods. In fact, investigations show them comparable in energy value to hot cooked cereals.

Yet they are so enticing—you never suspect you're eating essential grain food, charmingly disguised. And therein lies the secret. Food that intrigues the appetite yields greater nourishment.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice both tempt and satisfy the appetite. Actually they are grains, puffed to 8 times normal size for easy digesting.

If you examine rice or wheat under a microscope, you find it honeycombed with millions of food cells. Puffing turns the moisture in these cells into steam. 125 million explosions occur in every kernel, opening every cell, releasing rich stores of protein and carbohydrate. Thus Puffed Grains become the most completely digestible and nourishing of cereals.

His mother worried when Richard Murphy wouldn't eat his cereal. Finally she tempted him with Puffed Rice, and now it's the mainstay of his breakfast. "He is improving wonderfully, physically," she writes.

Mothers who serve Quaker Puffed Grains need never coax to get them eaten. A recent home survey in 42 states proved this. "What," we asked mothers, "is your child's favorite cereal?" Of ten brands, Puffed Grains outranked all others.

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Puffed Wheat is ready to eat, made from whole wheat. It contains precious minerals for body building, to protect health, carbohydrates to give energy and proteins to build tissue. And bran, to supply roughage. In short, Puffed Wheat supplies ample nutrition in an easily digestible, enticing form. Puffed Rice is a delicious dainty, full of ready energy. It tempts millions of lagging appetites to better breakfasts.

Always keep a supply of Puffed Grains on your pantry shelf. Serve them with whole milk; with your favorite fresh fruit. Or crisp them in butter like popcorn. You will find these zestful morsels always delicious. At all grocers'.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 70)

have made haste and so reached and released her while the gangsters were occupied in the woods, and I blamed myself with bitterness. But that chance was gone now.

They would be, I judged, in the kitchen where Dorcas and I had seen them grouped about her father. Therefore I approached the house from the front.

Gaining the rear, I ventured to raise an eye above the window sill. There they stood: Waltoun, Red, and four unhealthy young men whose fashion-plate appearance had been tarnished by their contact with Nature. Waltoun stood apart, Red at his left, the gangsters in a clump a couple of yards away. Red was speaking; the eyes of his men, lackluster, shifty, moved animal-like from him to Waltoun, and their faces showed sallow, bleak, emotionless. Waltoun stood with hands at sides, impassive, superior. And yet I seemed to read that he was not at his ease, but very watchful and ready.

He was a bold man; one against five, each of whom was an actual or potential murderer. And each had reason to fear him. Yet he was cool, almost debonair, dominating the room with his personality, which I was not so biased as to underrate.

"We're all friends again," Red was saying. "I guess we made a mistake. Mr. Waltoun needs us and we need him."

"How about New York?" asked one of the gangsters—almost a boy.

WALTOUN smiled. "New York will be as safe for you as a church," he said. "And you can do some playing around with ten grand apiece."

"Maybe," said the boy, "but if I was you it 'ud be different. If a gang tried to git me I'd git them. In a week, maybe, or in a year. But I'd git 'em."

Then Waltoun talked; and he was one who knew how to find words to hold the minds of those degenerate men.

With what must have appeared to be perfect naturalness he talked himself back against the kitchen wall, so that none could stand behind or to either side of him. Red was now in front and a little to his left, but he did not look at Red. Never did his eyes turn in Red's direction, and this I took to be significant. Your spectator sees and comprehends more than your participant.

"And I've got the money, boys," he said. "I've got it safe. More than you ever saw. So you've got to stick by me, do you see? If you want the spending of it—and I want you to have the spending of it ——" He laughed. "I don't believe you boys wanted to double-cross me. You were bulled into it. But I don't hold that against Red. Do I, Red?"

Even now he did not glance at the man, but smiled blandly at the little knot of men before him. "I trust you boys. I'll show you how much I trust you."

I gripped my hands into fists, for something told me we were approaching some dreadful climax. Almost I cried out a warning, but I was not guilty of that indiscretion.

"I'm going to put myself into your hands, boys—unarmed."

THEN I understood. This was the point toward which he had been working—the point of getting his weapon from his pocket into his hand. Treachery! Black treachery!

"Here, Pete," he said, "catch!"

His hand flashed to his pocket, came out gripping his automatic; and at the same instant he crouched and swung toward Red. There was a shot. But it did not come from Waltoun's gun, nor did Red fall to the floor. I did not comprehend. Then I saw Waltoun's figure relax; his revolver, as if endowed with slow life, seemed to twist itself from his fingers until it dangled by the trigger guard and thumped to the floor. Waltoun wavered; his face was awful; he stepped once toward Red, and then his knees buckled beneath him and he was a twitching heap on the floor.

The young gangster—the one who was almost a boy—glided forward catlike until he stood over Waltoun, and then he turned swiftly, his gun covering the rest.

"That for him," he said in a voice devoid of emotion.

Red swore luridly. "You fool! Now how'll we find the money?" he demanded savagely.

"How'd you have found it if he'd filled you with lead?" asked the boy. He sneered. "You saps, he'd have used us and then croaked us. Waltoun wasn't the forgettin' kind."

I felt strangely weak and ill. It had been a dreadful thing to witness, but the most dreadful part was not the actual killing of Waltoun—it was the nonchalant, matter-of-fact, unemotional manner of the youthful slayer.

XXI

I STOOD, holding my breath, waiting for even more terrible events to follow. It would have required but the movement of a wrist to turn that room into a shambles, but that wrist was not turned. The catlike young man averted it.

"Red," he said in his flat voice, "I'm a right guy. If I hadn't croaked him he'd 'a' croaked you. Does it go as it lays?"

He crouched, weapon at hip in readiness to belch lead at the slightest menace, but no man moved. Red compressed his lips, stared down at Waltoun's still body, shook his head, and then lifted his eyes to the face of the catlike young man.

"It goes as it lays," he said.

The boy nodded and pocketed his pistol. "You're the high guy, Red. It's your time to talk."

"Waltoun had it planned out. We better fan it over, 'cause we got to agree and pull together."

"Speak your piece," said the boy.

I waited for no more. They would be occupied now for minutes, possibly for half an hour, in formulating and agreeing upon some plan of action. It would give me time to institute a search for Dorcas.

The door was locked. It was one of those affairs surrounded by side lights of colored glass—small panes set in putty. Fortunately I carried a penknife, so it required but a few minutes to whittle away the soft wood and remove the little oblong of red, permitting my hand to enter. The button of the lock was within reach and turned easily. I withdrew my hand and opened the door stealthily.

THE hall was gloomy, but I could see the stairs going up at the left. The door at the rear was closed, so I did not hesitate, but climbed the flight swiftly, the carpet deadening whatever sound my feet may have made on the treads.

It was one of those old-fashioned houses bisected by a long hall, with bedrooms on either hand, and I went from door to door, conscious of that musty odor which clings about untenanted dwellings. Not until I reached the third door did I find one which resisted my efforts to enter. It was locked, but the key was in the keyhole, so I turned it softly, speaking as it swung open so that my sweetheart would not give the alarm by crying out.

"Dorcas," I said in a low tone, "it is I. Be quiet."

Then I stepped into the room. She lay upon the bed, with ankles and wrists secured, her eyes big with fright, which gave way instantly to something lovelier, to something which went to my heart and moistened my eyes.

"Kant," she whispered. "I—I knew you would come."

Already I was busy severing the cords which restrained her, and I chafed ankles and wrists solicitously.

"I'm sorry," said I, "to have appeared so dilatory, but I was detained unavoidably."

She chuckled. "By circumstances beyond your control," she said mischievously.

"Precisely," said I.

(Continued on Page 75)

"So delicately scented—like an exquisite perfume!"

WOMEN of discriminating taste prefer CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM because it sweetens the breath delightfully, yet.. CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM has none of that noticeably strong *after*-odor so pronounced in ordinary chewing gum.

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Pittsburgh, U.S.A.

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set the washing formulas

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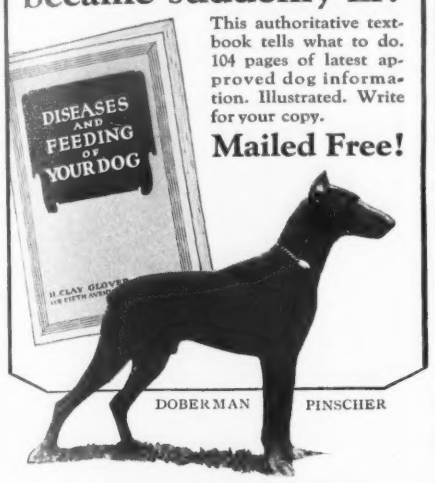

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(Continued from Page 73)

"Do they," she asked, "prevent you from kissing me now as a gentleman should kiss his lady?"

"I think," said I judiciously, "we may take time for that."

"He goes to war in all the panoply of a thesaurus," she said with shining eyes. "But I like it, Kant. Don't change. Please don't. I love to laugh at you. I want always to be able to laugh at you. You don't mind, do you, dear, if—if I think you are ridiculous?"

"You may," said I, "think I am the ultimate absurdity, if you will only love me also."

She drew my head down to her and kissed me in the neighborhood of the ear. It was disturbing. I had never before been kissed in that locality, but I am now in a position to recommend it to those who have never experienced it.

"We must make haste," said I.

"Ready, sir," she said; and we moved to the door and into the dusky hall.

"Very quiet," said I.

But she stopped with finger to lips. "Hush!" she whispered.

THERE was movement below; someone was in the hall beneath, approaching the stairs. I shoved her swiftly into a bedroom across the hall, then, instinctively, closed and locked the door of the room she had occupied. No sooner had I shut the door of our place of concealment than steps and voices reached the stair head and advanced in our direction. They paused just beyond us and before Dorcas' prison room. There was a brief silence.

"Where's the key?" asked Red's voice. "I left it in the door."

"Look in your pocket," said the flat voice of the catlike young man.

"I left it in the door, I tell you."

"Have it your own way." The handle of the door rattled. "It's locked, anyhow."

Another pause, and then Red's voice: "You got the idea what you're to do?"

"Sure. I stand her out where they can see her on the boat while you git down in talkin' distance. You tell 'em to clear out of the boat, hands up, or I'll plug her."

"Yes," said Red viciously, "and if they don't act pretty, you plug her, see?"

I think it was then I made up my mind that, whatever other important matters might demand my attention when we got out of this, they should be postponed until I had laid hands on that man.

"G'wan, git the door open."

Red raised his voice. "Hey, you, inside."

Of course there was no answer.

"When I speak to you, you answer back," said Red.

"Aw, bust in the door," said the boy.

ALREADY I was at the head of the bed and motioned Dorcas to the foot. "When the crash comes," said I, "help me move this against the door."

The crash came as Red hurled himself against the panels, and I heaved with all my strength. The bed rolled before the door and I pushed it snug; then, as they stormed inside the other room, I upended a commode and jammed it between the foot of the bed and the wall so that no power could open that door without pushing out the side of the house.

"Evidently," said I, "we cannot get out—but they cannot get in."

"Which, after all," she said bravely, "is something gained."

I turned to admire her. Even in this moment of grave peril she could give a humorous turn to her words. "You're a wonder," said I softly.

"Keep right on thinking so," she said. "I like it."

I stepped to the window to look out, but returned instantly to Dorcas' side as I heard the two gangsters emerge from the opposite room—Red cursing in cold, level voice which made one feel chilly in the region of the neck's nape.

"Somebody let her out," he said.

"Who could of?"

"The guy that laid Jim out," said Red.

"Maybe she got out herself."

"How could she, with the door locked? You call the boys. Tell 'em to spread out between here and the yacht. Head her off."

"Better look around first, buddy," said the boy.

My heart had risen at Red's suggestion, but now it sank. I heard a hand rattle our door knob.

"What's in here?" asked the boy.

"Nothin'."

"It's locked."

"The hell!" said Red, and tried the door for himself. "Bust her open."

THEY flung themselves against this barrier as they had the other, but our reënforcement held it secure; panels splintered and hinges gave, but the door could not open.

"Somethin' against it," said the boy.

I thought it high time to take a hand in the matter, so, raising my revolver, I fired through the door, aiming toward its top lest I should inflict injury upon someone. A profound silence followed the detonation. I pushed Dorcas against the side wall out of range, lest they return my fire; and only in time, for there came two answering shots which tore their way through the wood to embed themselves in the wall beyond.

There followed an uproar downstairs, and the remaining three gangsters stormed their way up to find the cause of the fusillade.

"Git down, you!" Red ordered. "Outside wit' you. They'll be gittin' out the window."

Outside we could hear a mumble of talk but could distinguish no words. Then we made out the sound of retreating footsteps; one man was going downstairs for some purpose while the other remained on guard. It was Red, for he called in to us.

"Hey, you," he said, "come out of that."

We made no answer.

"Come out while you can walk out," Red said.

This order was punctuated by a shot from outside which pinged through the pane of the window and buried itself in the wall close by the door.

"That," said I, "is why the other man went downstairs. If a man stands on a knoll back there he can fire through the window."

"There's a mattress," said Dorcas practically. "I've heard of using them in barricades."

"Excellent," said I, and I gathered the mattress from the bed and staggered toward the window.

"Careful," she said sharply; but I could not be careful if I were to accomplish my object. I felt distinctly the thud of a bullet, but it did not penetrate the thickness of my shield, nor did a second shot. I crammed the unwieldy mass in the window, shutting off the greater part of our light, and held it there. It would not remain in place without some sort of bracing, so I stood against it the heavy dresser.

"And that," said I, "is that."

NOW there was a splintering crash against the door; the biting crash of steel against wood.

"That won't do," said I, "they've an ax."

A second blow followed, and I fired through the door, not high this time, but with lethal intention. Activities ceased.

"That," said I, "discouraged them. By the way, how many bullets are there in one of these things?"

"Ten, I believe," she said.

"Then," said I; "we have only eight left. When they are gone ——"

Suddenly the axman resumed his labors, and again I fired—apparently without result.

Then I made my plan for what seemed to me to be a final stand. I might succeed;

(Continued on Page 77)

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VELVETTA SUEDE

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MRS. JOHN GARFIELD, even before her marriage to the grandson of the famous President, was an important figure in society both here and abroad. She was Miss Janet Dodge of Cleveland.

The stately Garfield homestead outside of Cleveland is full of reminders of a family closely identified with American public life; and the talk over the coffee cups today runs often on matters of importance to the nation. Rather a feature is made, in entertaining, of Sunday evening buffet suppers. At her own hospitable table Mrs. Garfield, herself, draws Maxwell House Coffee for her guests.

"Appreciated by men and women alike," says MRS. JOHN GARFIELD

MUCH TRAVEL and breadth of contact—much experience in entertaining—have led Mrs. John Garfield to favor a charming informality. But it is an informality based on the utmost care for the pleasure and well-being of her guests.

The selection of the coffee is a matter of particular importance, for, as Mrs. Garfield says, "It is amazing to realize how much the success of any social gathering depends upon good coffee."

It is a gracious custom in the Garfield home for Mrs. Garfield herself to pour the after-dinner coffee. "I find," she says, "that the delicious blended flavor of Maxwell House Coffee is appreciated by men and women alike."

Appreciation of the special blend of coffee flavors that is the glory of Maxwell House began years ago in the Old South, where men and women were bred in a tradition of good living.

A Southern gentleman, with a connoisseur's interest in flavor, determined to find the perfect *coffee* flavor. He tried and tested hundreds of coffees and decided that no single coffee—however choice—would do. So he combined and recombined them until he achieved a blend with so rich and mellow a flavor that it completely satisfied even his critical palate.

Beaux and belles who gathered at the high festivities in the famous old Maxwell House at Nashville heartily concurred in his judgment. And whoever since then has tasted this "different" flavor has wanted Maxwell House Coffee in his own home—to serve to his guests, to please himself.

Let your family enjoy Maxwell House Coffee at dinner and at breakfast and whenever friends join you in a cordial social hour. Your grocer has it, nicely sealed in tin to preserve its matchless flavor.

A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN years ago perfected this matchless blend—richer and mellower than any single coffee grown.

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Every car needs SIMONIZ to protect the finish from Exposure

Fifteen thousand miles — in all kinds of weather! — Compare it with the car that has not been Simonized and driven half that far. You will see what EXPOSURE does to motor car finishes and how valuable is the advice "Motorists Wise — SIMONIZ" — the sooner the better. Simoniz makes all finishes, including Duco and lacquers, last longer—and keeps the colors from fading.

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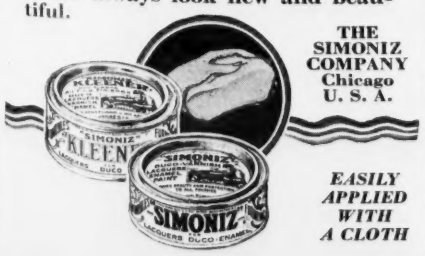
Insist on SIMONIZ for your car, and it will always look new and beautiful.



THE SIMONIZ COMPANY Chicago U. S. A.

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

(Continued from Page 75)

I might, if fortune were with me, place both men hors de combat before I could be rendered useless to Dorcas, and so make it possible for her to escape.

"Listen, my dear," said I. "I've been trying to vision what my Uncle Lucien would have done in this predicament."

"What you do yourself," she said a bit tremulously, "will be enough for me."

"YOU," I said, "will stand at the other side of the door—close to it. When those men enter I shall hold a position near the center of the room. I will be visible; their attention will focus upon me. They will perceive me to be armed, and will concentrate upon me. This would seem to give you an opportunity to slip out unnoticed."

"Yes," she said quietly, "but what becomes of you?"

"Why, as to that," I said, "I shall be content."

"They will shoot you down. No. . . . No. . . . I will not allow it. Never."

I was firm now. "Take your place. They are commencing again upon the door."

As if moved by something superior to her own will she obeyed me and stood crouching against the wall to the right of the door. I drew back a step, reserving my remaining amunition until I could use it most effectively. Ax blows persisted; the blade of the implement appeared through the mahogany of the bed. It was but a matter of seconds now until they would force an entrance to the room. Dorcas, half supported by the wall, stared at me with big eyes, and I waved my hand to her.

"Be ready," said I, "and good by, my dear!"

Again the ax bashed through the wavering barricade; I stood tense, ready, and in a state of mind which surprised me somewhat, for I was jubilant. I think I laughed. At any rate I was content that things should be as they were.

Then, when another blow would have cleared the way, a voice like a foghorn arose above the din, bellowing "Dorkis! . . . Dorkis!"

"Father! . . . I'm here! . . . I'm here!" she screamed.

Then I heard shots, shouts, curses. And silence fell in the hall without.

XXII

FROM the sounds one could read something of the happenings. Red and his companion had been taken by surprise by an attack from the head of the front stairs, and at the first shooting had dashed for shelter. Now they lurked in one of the rooms down the hall, while Mr. Applegate held a position, probably below the level of the top step, and so commanded the long narrow passageway.

For a moment I could not accustom myself to the altered situation. Sixty seconds ago I had bidden farewell to life, and was quite satisfied it should be so providing I could make a fitting end. Now I was reprieved—rather more than merely reprieved, for while grave peril still confronted us, it seemed to me our chances were at least even. Which, after all, is the most one can ask of any situation.

Dorcas had run to me, and I stood holding her clasped tightly in my arms; her face was white, upturned to mine, and she repeated my name a number of times in a tone which was highly gratifying. I continued to hold her while I communicated with her father.

"Mr. Applegate," I called, "I am with Dorcas. We are quite all right for the present. Do nothing precipitate."

"I was cal'latin' on bein' precipitate as all git out," he called back. "Don't go pokin' out your head. Them scalawags is right across from you in a room."

"And three more of them are outside, watching the window," said I. "There are only five left."

"Where's Waltoun?"

"Dead," said I.

This colloquy had been carried on at the top of our lungs and appeared to tire Mr. Applegate, for he bellowed, "Save your breath and 'tend to your knittin'."

The game seemed to be at stalemate. Red and his companion could prevent our departure from the room in which we were; Mr. Applegate compelled them to remain concealed. Nothing, or so it seemed to me, could be done until one side or the other brought additional pieces into play. I walked close to the door to listen. From the opposite room I could hear a murmur of hoarse conversation, then the sound of a window lifting. Presently the man Red spoke incautiously.

"G'wan—drop!" he said. "It ain't goin' to hurt you."

"Look out behind you, Mr. Applegate," I called, "They've jumped out of the window."

"Don't worry about behind me," he said, lifting his head above the floor line, and then erecting himself into full view. "Wa-al, here we be, as the sayin' goes, as big as life and twice as natteral. Where's Dorkis?"

"HERE, father," she said, stepping into the hall, but not into his arms, as might have been expected of another father and daughter. Quite the contrary, as a matter of fact. Mr. Applegate lowered an eyebrow and grunted. "Dog-gone nigh got your come-uppance that time, didn't ye?"

"But not quite," said Dorcas.

"Wimmin gaddin' around," Mr. Applegate said to me with the air of a Solon laying down fundamental law, "causes more fracases bein' where they don't b'long than pet dawgs or line fences. . . . Huh! I cal'lated I was goin' to have to be rough with them boys."

"We are not," said I, "out of the woods yet."

"Five of 'em left," he said. "You must 'a' done a mite of damage yourself."

"I incapacitated one of them," said I.

"I wouldn't do that to my wust enemy," said Mr. Applegate unsmilingly. "Where's the money?"

"Gone."

"How gone?"

"Waltoun hid it some place in the woods—and Waltoun's dead."

"Kind of unfortnit," he said unemotionally. "How come he to git himself killed?"

"One of his men shot him; he lies down in the kitchen."

"Wa-al, that's that," he said. "We kin consider it later. It needn't to keep us here like bumps on a log." He looked at a big silver watch. "This here uprisin' has kep' me till way past my time to eat."

"But," said I, "there are still five gangsters."

"I'm keepin' 'em in mind," he said placidly.

With heavy confidence he descended the stairs and Dorcas followed by my side. At the bottom he paused and called, "Hey, young what's-your-name!"

ROLLIN'S voice responded from without: "Who goes there?" Then he answered himself, "A friend. Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"He's flighty," said Mr. Applegate confidentially.

"You can appear safely," said Rollin. "The enemy has withdrawn to the fastnesses. I think their general idea is to get between us and the Loafer."

We stepped out upon the porch and Rollin emerged from the closely growing spiræa which banked itself along the front of the house. "And there's the little old last year's knight-errant," he said, fixing me with his sparkling eyes. What have you to say yourself, young fellow?"

"It has been," said I, "a novel experience."

"I imagine so," he said dryly. "Where's Waltoun?"

"Dead."

"Um. . . . That 'll take some explaining when we get home. Where's the kale?"

"Lost."

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. . . this modern housewife. Let the upholders of the old-fashioned housewife criticize her as they will. This up-to-date person has learned the secret — once and for all — of successful home making.

She budgets her time . . . as wisely as she budgets her money . . . Why spend long hours over a hot stove? Why waste a single extra moment in the kitchen, she reasons, when foods packed in glass are so utterly satisfying . . . so simple to prepare.

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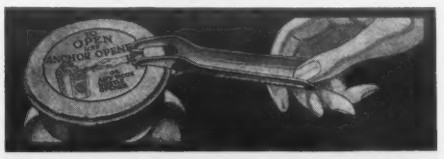

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says NEYSA McMEIN . .

illustrator of beautiful women

Neysa McMein's slender, able fingers are kept in perfect trim with the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

THE distractingly pretty girls Neysa McMein draws are so tremendously popular that she is ranked as an ably experienced judge of feminine loveliness.

"Beautiful women usually have beautiful hands," said Miss McMein. "In fact, anyone who takes pride in her appearance takes particular pride in her hands.

"Now I paint all day and by night my hands look like a coal heaver's.

"Dogs and hunting never spoil my manicure"

says Anne Atkinson

"Hunting and Field Trials are occasions for great hospitality and great excitement preceded and followed by many parties," says Miss Atkinson, society girl and breeder of famous dogs. "You shed your tweeds, and don your chiffons. Barely time for a brisk wash with soap and water.

"But your nail tips come out glowing—crisp and clear as ever! Thanks to that perfectly grand new Cutex Liquid Polish, neither dogs nor hunting can spoil my lovely manicure!"

"First a thorough washing and then I turn to the Cutex box. The Cuticle Remover and Cream come first—and then a little white under the nail really works miracles. Finally, the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish about which I am most enthusiastic, as well as about all the other Cutex preparations."

Sportswomen, artists, society women, all fastidious women—strive to keep their hands becomingly manicured. They do it with the new Cutex Liquid Polish. Applied once a week, this exquisite Polish *lasts* for days and days. The nails glow with a clear, dewy brilliance. They sparkle undimmed—defying dirt, stains, hard work, soap and water.

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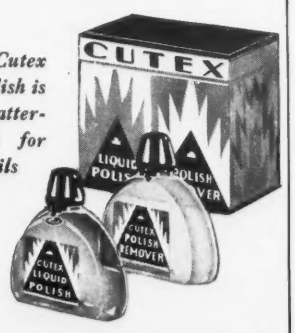

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_____

"Succinct, isn't he? . . . Now, skipper, what's the plan?" This to Mr. Applegate.

"We better be gittin' back to dinner."

"Is the idea to make a parade through the woods and let the naughty boys pop us off as we go?"

"How many did you see going into the woods?" I asked.

"Four."

"FOUR!" A sudden alarm gripped me. Four had gone to intercept us should we make toward the boat, but where was the fifth? One had remained behind. And we were standing in the open, fair targets for any shot from ambush. Instinctively I turned to look at the door through which we had just come—and my eyes rested upon the very face of death itself.

There, just inside the sill, crouched the man called Red; his lips were drawn back from unlovely teeth, his eyes glittered with a light that was not one of sanity, but was rather a light from those malignant fires whose fuel is drugs. His weapon was directed point-blank upon myself, and his finger already pressed the trigger.

That fraction of a second stretched out interminably. Like a man in a nightmare, I could not move nor speak, but could only await the flash and the roar which would mark the end of things.

And then Rollin did what he did!

More quickly than thought he leaped before me. There was time for nothing but that—no time to push me aside, no time for anything but to interpose his own body as a shield between me and that bullet which released itself from the weapon even as he leaped. I saw him flash between me and the gunman, heard the report of the revolver, saw Rollin stagger forward, turn upon his heel eccentrically, and fall to the walk. Then I think I went mad.

I do not think I uttered a sound as I leaped over Rollin's body and up the steps. I heard the gun speak again but felt the impact of no bullet. How it came about I do not know—by what instinctive skill, by what good chance—but I found the man's right wrist within my clamped fingers and I wrenched it savagely so that his weapon fell to the floor. And then I dragged him out into the light of day and hurled him down the doorsteps.

"Go away," I called hoarsely to Dorcas. "You don't want to see this. Go away."

I RECALL how I leaped from the porch upon him as he gathered himself—this big man, once a pugilist, now a professional murderer—and how he met me with a snarl and a fist which I was not educated to avoid. But I was large, too, and strong, and I did not feel very much, nor suffer pain. I was insensate. He struck me, but not solidly, and, as I fought inward toward him, he struck me again upon the body. Then my hands were on him, and we were locked together, trampling, straining, struggling for some hold to twist or crush or choke life from the other.

I could hear myself repeating a name. Over and over I spoke it: "Rollin. . . . Rollin. . . . Rollin. . . ."

We fell to the ground, breast to breast; fingers clutching at throats. Once he rolled me undermost and tore himself to a sitting posture on my body. I heard a scream as he struck at my face. It must have been Dorcas. But I twisted my head aside so that I took but a glancing blow. Then, arching my back and flinging myself sidewise with all my strength, I unseated him and got the lower grip—my arms about his body, my chin against his chest—and then I put forward my not inconsiderable strength so to constrict my arms that I should crush in his ribs. He uttered grim sounds of discomfort and hammered the back of my head.

The sensation which flooded me was one of joy—savage, unrestrained joy! I listened with half-mad eagerness for the snap which would tell me a bone had surrendered to my pressure. In one awful moment I felt his fingers sink into my throat, but I do not recall the suffering of it, nor if I did indeed suffer at all. But I tore his hands away and struggled to my feet where I stood swaying and dizzy.

Like some animal fighting for its life he also stood erect, and for the first time I struck him—and knew the joy that comes of a blow landed flush and clean upon an enemy. He went down and I flung myself upon him. No fair fighting here; no rules, no seconds, no chivalry; nothing but the chill, stark desire to kill.

"Rollin," I said again. "Rollin."

Then I felt fingers upon my face, soft persuading fingers drawing me back and a voice close to my ear.

"Stop," it said. "You must stop. . . . You must not kill. . . . Kant, do you hear me!"

"Rollin," I said again, as if that answered everything.

"He is not dead," said Dorcas' voice. "He is alive. He will not die."

NOW her little hands tried to release my fingers from the gangster's throat, and she continued to speak into my ear. I heard, but at first I did not seem to comprehend. But her voice soothed me, quieted me; at last, by its dear magic, exorcised the demon of ruthlessness which possessed me.

"Let go," she said softly. "Let go at once."

I obeyed—and got to my knees. The world was black.

"Dearest!" she whispered, and I recall how I fumbled blindly with my hands to touch her before I slipped away into that blackness and lost her forever.

Then my head ceased to spin; sight returned to my eyes, and I could breathe. I could even move and dimly could think.

"It is I—Dorcas," she said. "See, I am here!" Her hand crept into mine and I held it dazedly.

"I meant to kill him," I said.

"Yes," she answered.

"I think," I said slowly, "I forgot myself. When I saw Rollin fall I—rather—lost self-control."

"My dear," she said. "Be still."

I looked about. There lay Rollin, Mr. Applegate bending over him.

"Nothin' to telegraph to relatives about," said Mr. Applegate in his unemotional way. "Bullet went clean through under the shoulder. Cal'late he won't be spry for a spell, but that's the wust of it."

"Rollin," I said, on my knees beside him. "You—offered your life for mine."

His lips moved as his eyes twinkled. "That—learning might not—perish—from—the earth," he said. And then: "Good ol' egg! . . . Couldn't—have you—busted."

I took his hand and held it, but could not speak.

XXIII

IT WAS Dorcas now who took command. "We must carry him in the house," she said, "where I can attend to his wound."

Rollin touched her hand—the one that was not resting on my shoulder—and smiled. "Better than—a hospital full of surgeons."

Mr. Applegate was giving his attention to the disabled gangster, having first secured the pistol he had dropped. "Cal'late I'll kind of hog-tie this feller so's he won't wander off," he said, and this he proceeded to do most efficiently. Then very gently we lifted Rollin and bore him upstairs and laid him upon a bed.

"Clear out now," Dorcas said. "I'm in charge. I want boiling water and bandages."

Rollin chuckled weakly. "No luck, Kant," he said. "I'm monopolizing—your—lady."

(Continued on Page 80)

Do you know why BUICK rides so much more comfortably than other cars ?

Here are three important reasons . .

Buick inspires higher favor—attracts more enthusiastic praise—and wins a greater demand among the women of America—than any other fine car . . . not only because it is more beautiful and dependable, but because it is recognized as the most *comfortable riding* car motorists have ever known!

Three important features, not combined in any other automobile, all contribute to Buick's remarkable riding smoothness over all roads.

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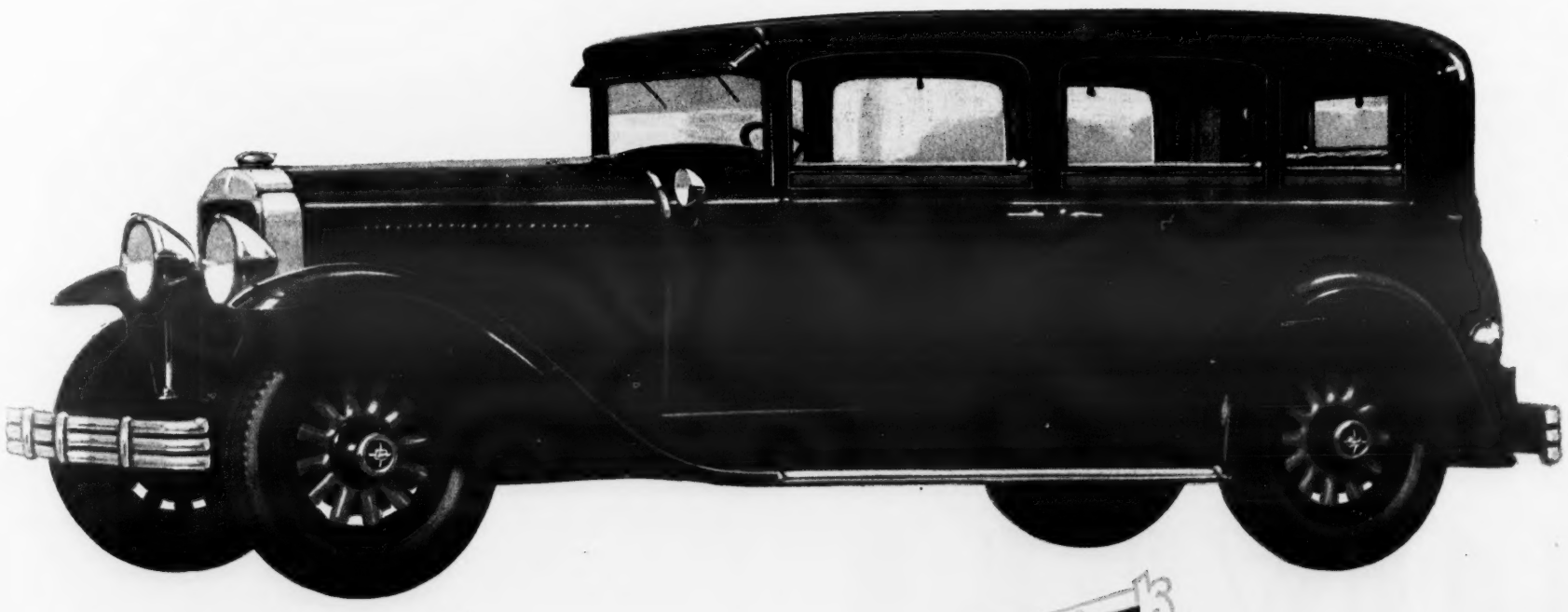

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

"The Better the Wringer the Whiter the Wash"

The Lovell Wringer plays a Double Role

It Cleanses as It Dries

You know your Lovell Wringer as a faithful, efficient servant, removing the water from washed garments quickly, easily and safely.

But do you realize that your wringer is really two servants instead of one? Do you know that, at the same time, your wringer both rough-dries your clothes and gives them a final cleansing?

Yet this is just what happens—and that is why wringer-drying is superior to drying by any other method.

It applies to the garments that external pressure which is so essential a part of the cleansing process.

The efficient modern washing-machine removes all the soil that can possibly be removed without the aid that pressure gives—and then provides a power-operated wringer to complete the cleansing *while the garments are being dried sufficiently for hanging.*

Lovell Wringers, whether of the hand-operated type or built as an integral part of a modern washing-machine, have behind them fifty years of experience in the manufacture of wringers and wringer-rolls.

The washing-machine manufacturer who uses Lovell wringer-equipment on his machines does so to give you the whitest possible wash. Look for the Lovell brand on the wringer-rolls.

Write for a copy of the Lovell Booklet
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LOVELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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LOVELL
HAND OPERATED WRINGERS POWER OPERATED
AND WRINGER ROLLS

(Continued from Page 78)

"She is my lady," I said.

"So I gathered," he said with an attempt at dryness.

"No talking. Out with you," Dorcas ordered.

Mr. Applegate and I went downstairs. In a minute he had a fire started in the cookstove and a kettle of water was heating. As he went about these tasks he eyed me from time to time with curious and appraising eye.

"Dorkis has took ye?" he asked finally.

"Yes."

"She could 'a' done wuss," he said succinctly.

Presently I carried up the water to Dorcas, who took it from me and excluded me again from the room, but with a word of comfort. "Don't worry, dear," she said. "He'll be all right. . . . Keep father from doing something foolish; he's a very violent old man when he's aroused."

APPARENTLY Mr. Applegate had been taking stock of our munitions of war. On the kitchen table lay three revolvers, to which he added his own. Mine made five.

"I cal'late," he said as I came in, "we kin waste a little racket. Can't go carryin' a shot man through the woods so long's them gorillas is in there."

"No," said I, "but what about the noise?"

"I was thinkin'," he said, "of rousin' their curiosity. Prob'ly they got as much as most folks. If we was to go out back and raise a hullabaloo I figger some of 'em 'ud come to see what it was all about."

"Quite likely," said I.

"Then," said Mr. Applegate placidly, "you 'n' me could grab 'em."

"If we do anything of that nature," said I, "it would be well to warn Dorcas. Unexpected clamor might have an adverse affect upon Rollin."

"Mebby so," he said. "Go 'tend to it."

I did so, knocking softly on the door of the bedroom.

"Can't you stay away from here for half an hour?" Dorcas asked sharply.

"I just wanted to say that there will be some shooting. Warn Rollin not to be upset by it, for it means nothing. Your father wishes to do something strategic."

"He would," she said succinctly. "Go away and shoot."

I obeyed without hesitating; her manner seemed to make any lingering most undesirable. Mr. Applegate awaited my return.

"We'll go out there a piece," he said. "I got two clumps of bushes picked that we kin hide inside of. You git in one and I'll git in the other."

"And then?"

"They're off there a couple hundred feet and mebby thutty feet apart. I cal'late if them toughs come at all they'll pass clost to one or t'other."

"And how shall we conduct?" I asked.

"Fust off," he said, "I'll shoot a couple times. Then you count mebby ten and shoot back. Kind of keep it up like that till we've shot off what's in two guns. Then we got to wait and see."

"Very well," said I, "lead on."

WE LEFT the house by the back door, made a partial circuit of the house and each concealed himself in an ornamental cluster of shrubbery. The foliage was very thick, for which I was thankful, for I was certain it concealed me utterly from any point of view. I had scarcely settled myself in my shelter when Mr. Applegate discharged two shots. I waited an interval and fired once. He replied. I fired twice, quickly. And so it went until we had wasted as much ammunition as we considered consistent with our safety. Then we waited.

To anyone at a distance it must have resembled a considerable battle; enough so at any rate to arouse the curiosity of most human beings. I felt certain that four men who stood in some peril would feel it essential to inform themselves of what was going on in their rear—and so it was.

In what seemed to me a very brief time I heard movement in the woods and the catlike young man thrust himself into view. On the edge of a thicket he paused, gun in hand, and surveyed the house. Of course there was no sign of life, nothing but blank windows and silence. He hesitated and looked behind him. Almost immediately he was joined by his three fellows, who stood in a cluster, evidently discussing and speculating upon the fusillade. This lasted only a few minutes, and then, urged by Waltoun's slayer, they commenced to walk toward the house.

THEY came directly toward me, which—though it fell in with our plans—was not precisely soothing. As they came nearer I wished Mr. Applegate had amplified his plans, for now that they were at hand I had not the least idea in the world what to do. So I crouched, scarcely breathing, and waited for inspiration.

The quartet passed between the thicket in which lurked Mr. Applegate and my own place of concealment, but much closer to me. In fact, the nearest of them was within six feet of my elbow at one moment. They passed slowly, and then came an instant when their four backs were toward us, and not ten feet away.

I had hoped for inspiration, but whether or not my action was inspired I cannot say. Thrusting my weapon through the foliage I said in my harshest and most savage voice, "Hands up!"

I was astonished and relieved to perceive their obedience, but I had no idea what to do next. However, Mr. Applegate saved me further mental wear and tear by appearing out of his bushes and, if I may put it so, pouncing upon the gangsters like an enraged hippopotamus. I use the word "pounce" advisedly, though it does not seem descriptive of the movements of that animal. And he was violent.

I stood up to render him assistance, but none was necessary. First he seized two gangsters by the napes of their necks and brought their heads together with an appalling thud. They ceased to be factors in the situation. With equal agility he performed the same painful operation upon the remaining pair.

Mr. Applegate stood over them and roared at me. "Come out of that, young feller," he bellowed, "and git their guns. Look alive."

I LOOKED alive, though speed was hardly essential. So severely had Mr. Applegate bumped together their heads that all four were quite incapable of hostile action, or, indeed, of any sort of action whatever. Nevertheless, I collected their four revolvers.

"Frisk 'em," said Mr. Applegate—an uncouth phrase which nevertheless carried its meaning to me.

I searched the victims and piled an assortment of weapons upon the grass. Then Mr. Applegate, whose pockets always bulged with this, that and the other thing, produced sufficient stout cord to make each man fast.

"And that," said Mr. Applegate, "is that. I cal'late I'll git to put my legs under a table perty soon."

Personally I felt strangely weak. While peril remained to be faced I had been sustained by excitement and determination, but now I desired very greatly to sit down and enjoy an extended rest.

"We licked them?" said I inelegantly.

"The hull kit and caboodle," said Mr. Applegate mildly, "but it was nip and tuck for a spell. The' was times when I didn't see how we was goin' to contrive, what with one thing and another."

"All the enemy are disposed of," said I, "unless we count Devereaux and his wife."

"And me," said Mr. Applegate.

I stared at him. "Are you an enemy?" I asked.

"I hain't got yit what I started out for," said he.

I had forgotten who and what he was, in the press of events.

(Continued on Page 83)

FRIGIDAIRE

THE CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY

Baby's health demands

that foods be kept at those temperatures provided unfailingly by Frigidaire

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Physicians everywhere agree that safe refrigeration means temperatures well below 50 degrees. Frigidaire provides these temperatures . . . unfailingly. It is powered to meet every emergency in the hottest of weather or the warmest of kitchens . . . powered to hold safe temperatures day after day, month after month, and year after year.

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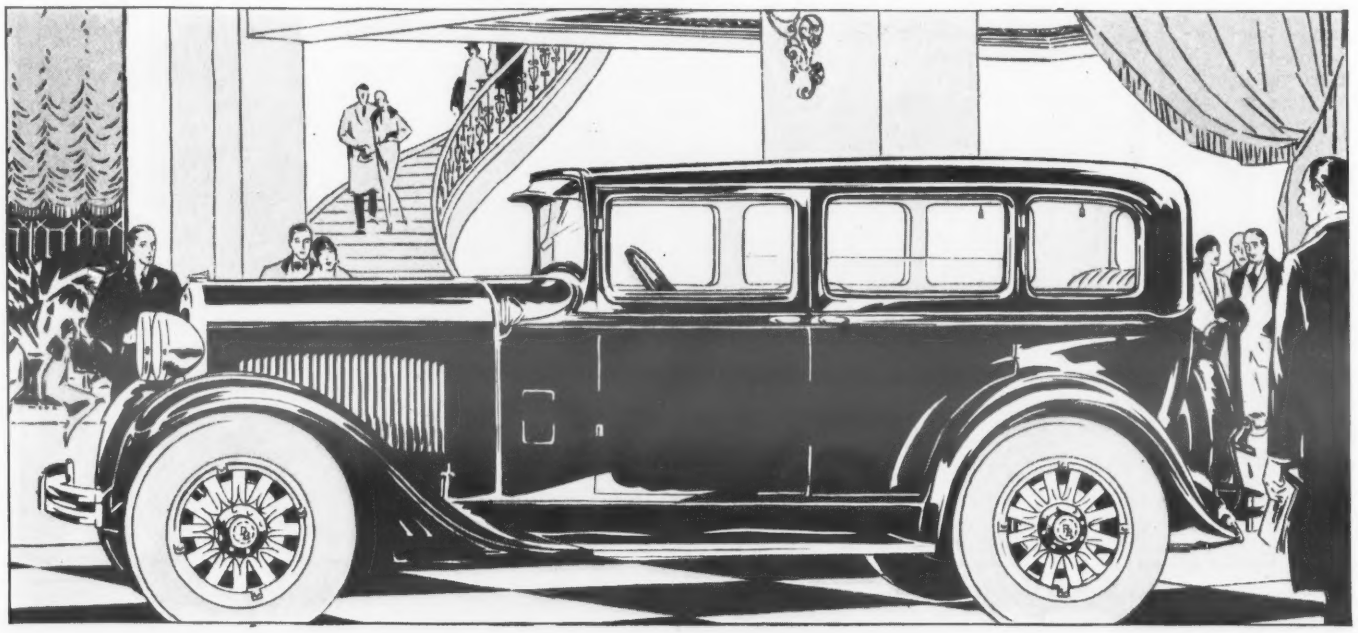


(*Five-passenger Sedan*)

ANTICIPATING THE NEEDS OF THE WOMAN WHO DRIVES

DISCRIMINATING feminine taste finds the new Dodge Brothers Six precisely the car *all* women have long hoped that someone, somehow, *some day* would have the vision and genius to originate.

Here is a car in which the present literally reaches out into the future in offering unduplicated advantages to the woman who drives. It introduces more than a score of important betterments.

The Dodge Brothers Six is a car of delightful grace and charm. It is replete in refinements—in richness—in comfort. Lively in action—smooth and silent in operation—it is withal unusually economical—and dependable! It's a safe car to drive—so "sure-footed," so steady, so thoroughly in command of every emergency. And miles and miles of travel bring no fatigue, so superbly is it balanced and cushioned to meet every condition.

A mere touch of the finger on the dash-panel button starts the motor instantly. The finger-thin steering wheel, with headlight control at the top of the steering column, fits daintiest hands.

The easily operating roller-bearing steering gear—the accessible control lever and comfortably located pedals—the instant responsiveness of the clutch and the famous Chrysler internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic weatherproof brakes—make driving delightfully free of care.

The *Mono-piece Body*—an exclusive Dodge Brothers Six feature—is built inflexibly onto the wide chassis. It spells a big advancement—and is banishment to squeaks and rattles. Adorned in voguish taste—fitted with all the desired interior accessories—sumptuously upholstered—it marks a distinct advance in the fine-car mode.

The new Dodge Brothers Six is beyond doubt the topmost dollar value in Dodge Brothers history—time's latest tribute to Dodge Brothers sure-handed craftsmanship and Chrysler resourcefulness of design and engineering.

As you will discover upon inspection, the *new* Dodge Brothers Six is remarkable in every particular. See it. Drive it. Test it. Compare it. You will find your time will be well repaid.

DISPLAYED IN DODGE DEALER SALESROOMS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 80)

"At least," said I, "we can declare a truce until we have Rollin and your daughter aboard the yacht again."

"To be sure," he said, "I hain't in no hurry to be hostile."

"And of course," said I, "the money is lost."

"I'm lookin' forrud to findin' it," he said unemotionally.

"Suppose," I said, "before we revert again to the treasure we see to the wounded. Er—do you think you can handle the members of our crew—the deserters?"

"I kin," he said.

"Because," said I, "Waltoun seemed to think he could make the engineer repair our motors."

"He'll repair 'em," said Mr. Applegate, not grimly, but equably stating a fact.

"I'd like to get Rollin to Burlington to a hospital," said I.

"To be sure," he said, and led the way toward the house. I mounted the stairs softly, but Rollin's door was still closed and I did not venture to rap, thinking it best to wait until Dorcas summoned me. This she did in a quarter of an hour, finding me seated on the floor with my back against the wall resting as best I could.

MR. APPLEGATE was in the cellar when I returned, doubtless interviewing our mutineers. Presently I heard steps on the stairs and the men entered the room, looking not at all dangerous after their days and nights of short rations and painful confinement.

He nodded to me. "They've sailed with me," he said, "and we know one another, don't we boys? Eh?"

"Yes, sir," said the man who had been our engineer.

"Cal'late to behave?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you aim to hang onto your health and strength you better. Now set and kind of work your arms and laigs. Git the blood to circulatin'. . . . Be you capable of fixin' them motors, Ed?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long 'll it take?"

"Mebby an hour," said the engineer, but his reply did not suit Mr. Applegate.

"Sir!" he bellowed with sudden fierceness.

"Sir," repeated the man docilely.

"And me an elder!" said Mr. Applegate. "It's hard for a body to keep his religion—dealin' with sich swabs. The's times the language permitted to a godly man hain't sufficient for the day thereof."

"We are to carry Rollin to the yacht on a mattress," said I.

"First," he said, "we'll lug them other four fellers in here, to keep comp'ny with the fust one—and with Waltoun."

"You're going to leave them here?" I asked.

"Until the officers of the law come to git 'em."

"But the law," said I—"we dare not call in the law. My uncle's money! We have been outside the law from the beginning."

"Inside or outside," he said mildly, "them officers got to come. Murder's been done and can't be hushed. Things took on a new complexion from that."

I SHRUGGED my shoulders, too weary to consider this new complication. Anyhow, the money was gone—lost—hidden.

"When be we goin'?" asked Mr. Applegate.

"When Dorcas calls us."

"Um."

After that we sat stolidly waiting, and I think I dozed, for I was drunk with fatigue and not free from pain. Then I heard the sound of her dear voice and started awake.

"Kant. . . . Father. . . . We're ready," she called.

We ascended the stairs, all of us, and very gently lifted Rollin upon his mattress to bear him down the stairs. It was no difficult burden for so many men, nor was it overtoilsome to carry him through the woods to the yacht.

At last our little procession emerged from the trees upon that clearing which led down to the concrete breakwater—that rock-strewn area where Waltoun had been run to earth by his gangsters and from which he had escaped because of my intervention. And they saw us from the boat.

As we drew nearer I heard a cry, a pitiful, wailing, heartbroken cry.

"Rollin! . . . My Rollin! . . . Ees it my Rollin?"

FOR Mademoiselle de Neige had seen us, counted our figures, and knew that if my friend was with us it must be he that we bore so gently upon our improvised stretcher. I saw her run to the gangway with frantic steps, leap to the shore and come flying toward us, beautiful, pale, terrified. Even so, she was a miracle of beauty!

She thrust Dorcas aside and peered down at his pallid face, and then, as we halted, fell upon her knees beside him and clutched his cheeks and poured out a torrent of agonized words in her own liquid tongue. He opened his eyes, then opened them very wide.

"Yvonne!" he whispered.

"My Rollin. . . . You do not—make yourself dead! . . . *Mon Dieu!* . . . What is done to you?"

Rollin's hand sought fumbling for hers. "Does it matter, Yvonne?" he asked in a voice that was almost no voice.

"Ah, my mos' dear of all," she cried. "Did you not to know? Did you not to onderstan' why I have come to thees land? It is not for anytheeng onlee jus' for you. . . . For thee, my Rollin, I have come, because I lofe you mos' bes' of all that is in the worl'."

"Better than ——" His voice failed.

"Onlee thee," she said. "Oh, I have been wicked and also a fool. But I am not wicked any more, my Rollin. . . . And you do not believe these lies—that I am really a wicked woman?"

"Never that, Yvonne."

She turned to Dorcas. "Does he live?"

"Of course," Dorcas said in a matter-of-fact voice.

"My Rollin," mademoiselle said softly, "do you yet lofe me—after I have send you away that time w'en I am so foolish and so ver' bad? When I lie and say I lofe you not, but onlee to be the gr-r-reatest actress of all the stage? Do you yet a leetle bit lofe me?"

Rollin smiled now, and faint color showed in his wan cheeks. His eyes glowed, a twinkle dawned in their depths and grew until they were like his eyes of old.

"Boy! Oh, boy! . . . Ain't it grand to be shot!" he said.

XXIV

TIME passed—an hour, perhaps two hours. Then from the deck below Mr. Applegate's foghorn voice summoned us and we arose to descend.

"Dorkis! . . . Young feller! . . . Come into the deck house here. I got suthin to say to you."

"He's going to ask you if you can support a wife," Dorcas said, with a little ripple of amusement.

"I wonder," said I seriously, "if I can."

"Who knows?" she said, and then I opened the door for her and followed her inside. Her father stood by the table awaiting us.

"Young feller," he said, "I got a certain name amongst folks that knows me. When Applegate goes after a thing, they say, he gits it."

"Very commendable," said I.

"I hain't so young as some, nor so spry, mebby. But in the end I contrive to git there."

"My compliments upon your efficiency," said I.

"Huh. . . . Some time back I started out to git a certain thing. Fust off I offered a bargain—half fer you and half fer me."

(Continued on Page 85)

College girls from every part of the country tell us that if men realized how women feel about dandruff and baldness, they'd find a way to stop it. Baldness, they say, is most unattractive, and dandruff inexcusable.

"If he cared what we think, he'd never get Bald or have Dandruff!"

CALIFORNIA CO-EDS declare

"WHO would like men who let themselves get bald or have dandruff so well as those with vigorous, healthy, young-looking hair?" ask these students of the University of California.

Their feeling that baldness and dandruff result from men's own carelessness is typical of the younger set of today.

Don't lose out, *this* year or *next*, with the women you admire. Don't let them feel about you as these college girls do about men who neglect their hair. This famous three minutes a day treatment, followed faithfully and regularly, will keep your hair in health—check baldness, combat dandruff:

EVERY MORNING moisten scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with fingers pressed down firmly, move scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of scalp. Move scalp—not fingers. Brush your hair while moist. It will stay the way you want it.

Dashing Pinaud's Eau de Quinine over the scalp kills dandruff germs. Working it into the scalp deeply every day saves the hair.

You can find Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store.

Already baldness threatens this handsome young man. If he continues to neglect his hair how different will be his appearance—five years from now! Three minutes a day—with this famous treatment—would save his hair.

FREE: *generous sample bottle of the* famous Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Write today to Pinaud, Inc., Dept. J-5, 220 East 21st Street, New York City. (In Canada, 560 King West, Toronto.)

Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle.

PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY, YOUR SCALP CLEAN

Copr. 1929, by Pinaud, Inc.

Built to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles

THE new Ford is a remarkably fine car for one that costs so little. It is simple in design, constructed of the finest materials, and built with unusual accuracy.

These are the reasons it performs so wonderfully. These are also the reasons its service requirements are so few and the up-keep cost so low.

An example of the simplicity of Ford manufacturing methods is shown in the engine lubrication system. It is reliable and effective in action, yet so carefully designed and made that it requires practically no service attention. There is, in fact, only one thing for you to do but that is a very important thing . . . *watch the oil!* Keep enough oil in the oil pan so that the indicator rod never registers below low (L) and change the oil regularly every 500 miles.

If the oil level is allowed to fall below low, the supply becomes insufficient to oil all parts as they should be oiled. The oil also loses its lubrication properties more rapidly because it is used faster.

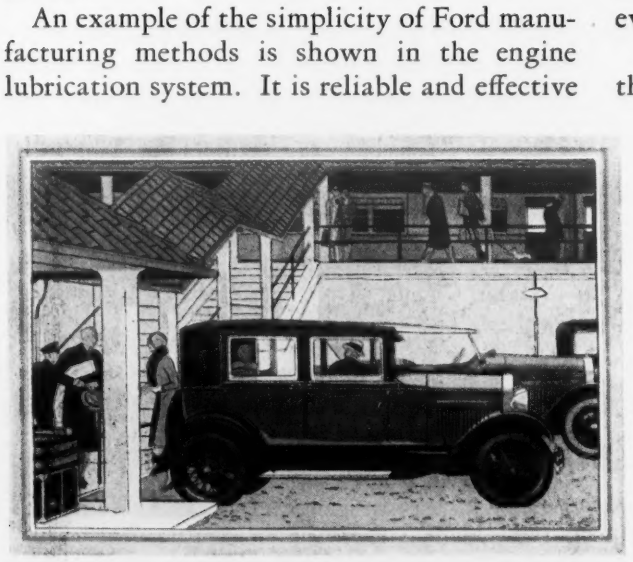
In addition to having the engine oil changed, you will also find that it pays to have the chassis lubricated every 500 miles. This has been made easy in the new Ford through the use of the high pressure grease gun system.

The oiling and greasing of an automobile is so important and means so much to economical, satisfactory performance that it ought not to be neglected or delegated to inexperienced hands.

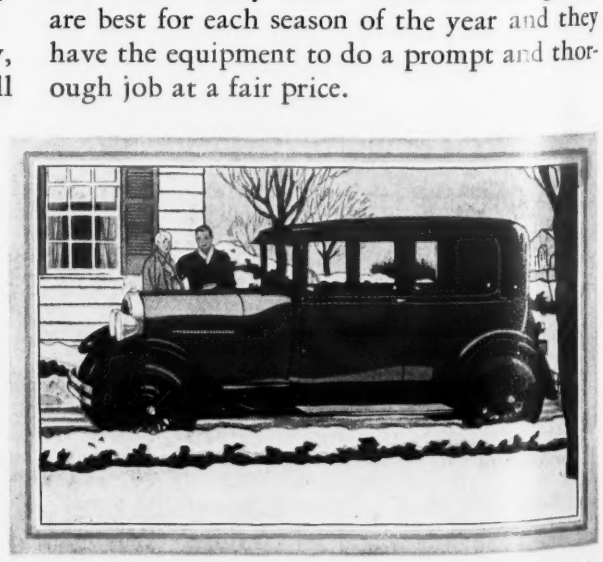
When you consider that each piston moves up and down 1300 times a minute when you are traveling at only thirty miles an hour, you can see the need of complete and proper lubrication. And the piston is only one of many moving parts in the engine!

Ford dealers are the most competent to handle the lubrication requirements of the new Ford. They know what oil and grease are best for each season of the year and they have the equipment to do a prompt and thorough job at a fair price.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



Long, low and fleet are the lines and strikingly beautiful the colors of this new Fordor Sedan. Distinguished, too, by a richness of finish and appointment unusual in a low-price car. Five people can ride in comfort in the new Fordor Sedan because of the wide seats and generous room in both front and rear compartments.



All the features of the new Ford are brought to you in this Tudor Sedan. Beautiful lines and choice of colors . . . 55 to 65 miles an hour . . . fully enclosed, silent six-brake system . . . four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers . . . Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield . . . reliability and low cost of up-keep.

(Continued from Page 83)

"Which," said I, "I was constrained to refuse."

"You hadn't ought to of," he said. "And why? Eh? Why hadn't you ought to of?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said.

"Because," said he mildly, "then you'd 'a' had half. Now I got it all."

At which he raised his hand above the level of the table, and dropped upon the tablecloth my hand bag with which Waltoun had made away, and which he had concealed upon his flight from his rock sanctuary.

"There she be," said he, "and she's mine. Who's to take her away from me aboard this here ship? Mine, ker-flap, like that!"

"It would seem so," said I. "Personally I've had enough fighting over the money. I might argue it with you even now. I might; but, Mr. Applegate, there are reasons why I shall not."

He looked from me to Dorcas, but his face did not change from its expression of mild stubbornness: "Meanin' her?"

"Meaning her," said I.

"A good gal," said he.

"YOUR praise," said I, "is overmild. I could express her excellence with more enthusiasm."

"And bigger words," he said dryly. "Wa-al, I been a-wonderin' for some time where she was a-goin' to git her a man. Every woman needs her a man—and I'm the kind, young feller, that looks forrud to grandchildren."

"Indeed?" said I, not without embarrassment that he should choose to allude to an eventuality which I, I confess, had not envisioned. I fancy my ears became red, for they unquestionably grew hot.

"Sev'ral," said the old sailorman stubbornly. Dorcas giggled.

"Boys and gals," said the old man, clinging stubbornly to the vexing subject.

"It remains to be seen," said I.

"I dunno but what you be consid'able of a feller," he said, and coughed. "So I kind of cal'lated I'd offer you another dicker."

"Indeed?" I was heartily surprised.

"Uh-huh," he said affirmatively. "I let on to ye how sot I was on puttin' a new organ into my church."

"You did," said I.

"It's part of the dicker," said he.

"Continue," said I.

"Wa-al, to git down to brass tacks, young feller, here's my offer, and ye kin take it or leave it. What I want out of the money in this here bag is enough to git me the kind of a organ that's suitable for the kind of a church I'm elder in. That's what I'm a-goin' to git too. . . . You set aside that much for that there purpose, an' you kin have the rest."

"What!"

"Take it or leave it," he said mildly.

"But," said I, "you—you keep nothing for yourself!"

"Don't want nothin'. Got a-plenty. Want you 'n' Dorkis should have ample to raise up them grandchildren you been braggin' about. . . . Is it a deal or hain't it?"

DORCAS laughed gayly and went around the table to kiss her father's cheek. "Father," she said, "you're consid'able of a feller yourself."

"Shet up," said Mr. Applegate. "Children sh'ud be seen and not heard."

"But," said I, "where did you find it?"

"In them rocks, in a holler under a bowlder. Kind of figgered he wouldn't lug it fur, not with his need fer playin' Injun. So, when I'd put the fear of God into that there engineer, I jest went ashore and kind of nosed around some. And there it was, sure enough."

It was at this moment that the actor Devereaux entered the deck house, and with narrowed eyes saw the bag of currency upon the table.

"I see you have recovered the money," he said.

"Yes," said I.

"I understand we are soon to sail to Burlington," said he.

"Yes."

"In which case," he said, "I've a deal to offer."

Mr. Applegate chuckled. "Air's all cluttered up with dickers," he said.

"It's illegal money," said Devereaux. "You have been concealing it from the Government."

"I have," said I.

"If you expect me to keep my mouth shut," he said, "I want my slice."

"Ah," said I, "a species of blackmail."

"Any name you like. Come through, or I tell my story to the Internal Revenue Department."

DORCAS touched my arm and whispered in my ear. I nodded. "I'll let you know my decision," I said, "before we reach the city."

"I couldn't ask more," he said. "But play fair, fellow. No double-crossing."

It was, perhaps, five o'clock before the motor repairs were completed. The captain appeared for orders.

"Burlington as quickly as possible," said I.

"Very good, sir."

Once we were headed southward, I went below to reassure Rollin. "We're off," said I, "and all is well."

He nodded.

"Mr. Applegate found the money," I said, and he opened his eyes.

"Good," he said.

"He's given it to Dorcas and me."

"Sportin' old cove," said Rollin.

"But," said I unthinkingly, "Devereaux threatens to betray us to government officials."

Rollin chuckled. "Letter—in my—collar box," he said.

I gathered I was to get it, which I did.

"Read it," he said.

I did so. It was on the official letterhead of the Collector of Internal Revenue of New York and obviously was in response to one written by a firm of lawyers who, I knew, handled Rollin's affairs. It was an answer, but also and in effect a receipt. I read with astonishment, and then eyed Rollin in bewilderment.

"COULDN'T have you—gettin' in—bad," he said. "Just laid—whole business—before authorities. . . . Settled on inheritance tax. . . . Paid it myself."

"But—but why not have told me?"

"Wanted you—to have—your picnic," he said. "Bally ol' criminal!"

"You made me honest in spite of myself," said I.

"You'd have come through," he said.

Mademoiselle intervened. "Now you go out," she said, and I obeyed.

Before dark we lay at the dock of the Lake Champlain Yacht Club and Rollin was being carried ashore on his way to receive proper medical attention. State police had been informed of the death of Waltoun and of the prisoners who awaited them on the island. And Devereaux and his wife had departed with few farewells to a hotel. The adventure was ended. Nothing more remained to be done except to await Rollin's recovery.

Oh, yes, the money—which was safely bestowed in a safety-deposit vault.

It was that night at dinner that Mr. Applegate again spoke his mind.

"When you cal'late to git married?" he asked.

"We haven't decided that, father."

"Huh. . . . Got your mind made up you want this young feller?"

"Yes, father."

"And you want her?"

"Decidedly," said I.

"Then," said the old gentleman, "we won't have no foolin' around about it. Seems to me, 'twouldn't be sich a bad idee if the first time we set that new organ to whizzin' was at a christenin'. Kind of appropriate, seems as though."

"How long," asked Dorcas, "does it take to install an organ?"

(THE END)

Twice as Economical
A 35c package of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder will last more than twice as long as a 50c tube of tooth paste.

Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white — as POWDER.

Powder — is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A 35c package lasts over three months.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

Will it fade? Will it shrink?

Let the saleswoman in the smart shop tell you why this care is safe

Whenever you buy anything especially delicate or costly—a piece of cobwebby lingerie, or a gay, fine sweater—ask the saleswoman how to wash it.

The two most important precautions she will advise you to take are these: "Use lukewarm water" and "Use *Ivory Soap.*" (Among thousands of salespeople and buyers in the leading shops of 30 cities, unprejudiced inquiry reveals that Ivory is outstandingly first choice as the safest soap for fine silks and woolens.)

When you ask the saleswoman *yourself*—

Let several examples of actual recommendations given recently to customers in hundreds of the finest and largest stores of the country tell you *why* salespeople everywhere advise Ivory:

For silk underwear: "Use Ivory Flakes. It is very mild and won't fade the garment. Unfortunately some other soaps cut and rot silk in time." (*Chicago*—a leading department store)

For printed frocks: "Ivory is the purest soap you can buy and if I were you, I shouldn't take a chance with anything else." (*Boston*)

For gloves: "Use Ivory. Other soaps are likely to be too drying for the suède." (*Philadelphia*)

For delicate sweaters: "Ivory is pure and mild and will not harm fabrics." (*New York*)

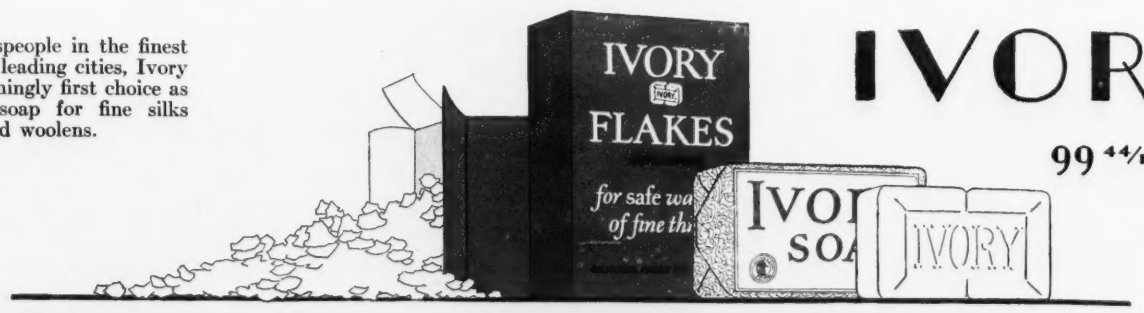
For baby woolens: "Use Ivory—many other soaps make woolens harsh." (*Memphis*)

Naturally a soap that is used to bathe tiny babies in leading hospitals is *extra* safe for fine silks and woolens . . . So—unless a fabric will run or shrink in pure water alone, salespeople say with confidence, "You can wash it safely with Ivory."

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! A little book "Thistledown Treasures—their selection and care," answers such questions as: Can it be washed? Will it shrink? Will it fade? How can I whiten yellowed silk and wool? How can I cleanse sweaters, georgettes, etc.? It is yours free if you will send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VJ-29, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Among salespeople in the finest stores of 30 leading cities, Ivory is overwhelmingly first choice as the safest soap for fine silks and woolens.



IVORY

99 44/100 % PURE

KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES

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All LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Recipes Call *for* Level Measurements Using Standard Measuring Cups *and* Spoons

The Practical Homemaker

A Department of Cookery and Household Economies

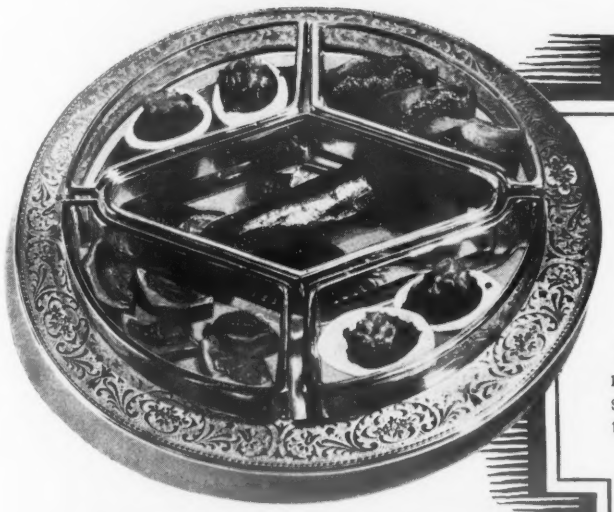
Conducted by MILLICENT YACKEY

All Recipes Printed Here Have Been Successfully Made *in* Our Own Home Demonstration *and* Testing Kitchen

The Smart Touch of Hors d'Œuvres

For Dinner Entertaining

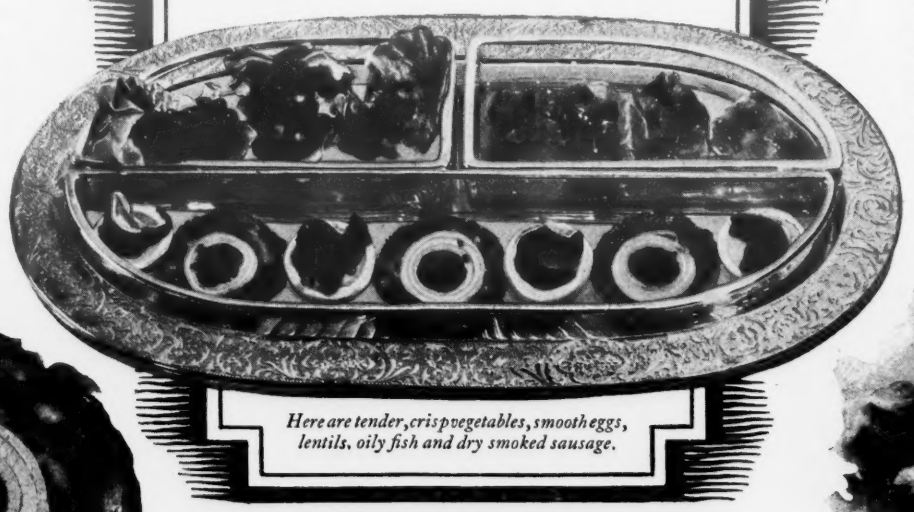
AN EXTRA course may be added to any family dinner menu to make it a festive occasion for guests by merely serving ordinary relishes as a separate course of appetizers. Such a course is the custom abroad; in France these sometimes-crisp and sometimes-dry, but always highly seasoned foods are called hors d'œuvres; in Italy, *antipasti;* and in Sweden, where the service is exceptionally elaborate, it is known as *Smorgaasbord.* Many or few appetizers may be served, usually in separate compartments of one dish, so that the guests may make their own choice. In Sweden, the *Smorgaasbord* is a separate tableful of relishes, both hot and cold, from which to select—a custom said to have been adopted from Russia. Some hors d'œuvres are made of quite hearty foods, and in foreign restaurants, where thirty may be offered, a full meal is made of them.



Each hors d'œuvre in itself may be simple, but the combination of flavors must be perfect and the group as a whole taken into consideration.

Though watermelon rind, radishes and beets are crisp and sharp, the ripe olives, smoked salmon and herring are smooth.

Baby pickled herrings can be very attractively shaped in a figure S to fit on a crosswise slice of hard-cooked egg, to which they give much flavor.

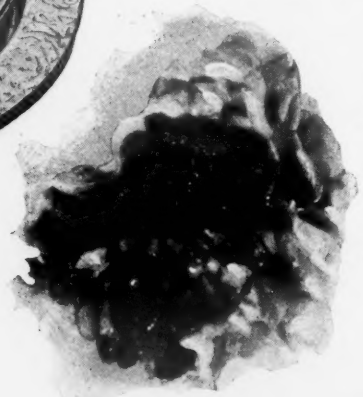


Here are tender, crisp vegetables, smooth eggs, lentils, oily fish and dry smoked sausage.

The egg-yolk rose on chopped green olives is the highly flavored part of this hors d'oeuvre. The yolk was softened with mayonnaise and seasoned with vinegar, dry mustard and onion juice.

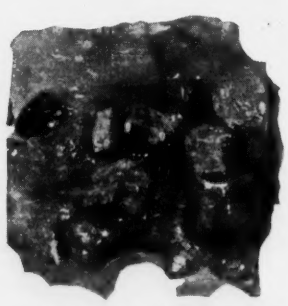
A ring of onion, large or small, on a slice shaved from a salami sausage, and the center filled with chopped chives is colorful and flavorsome.

The herby green flavor of tender, crisp dill pickles has always been popular to give flavor to fish. In this hors d'œuvre, however, it is the fish that accompanies the pickle.

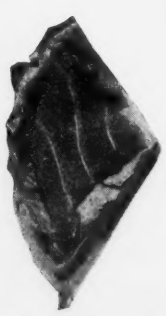


Tiny lettuce cups of lentils covered with veal jelly are favorites. The lentils are cooked and cooled in the stock with chopped celery and onions.

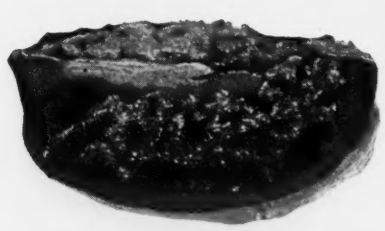
The combination of crisp, sweet white radishes and a roll of wafer-thin smoked salmon is excellent. The longer radishes offer splendid variety of shapes when the group needs it.



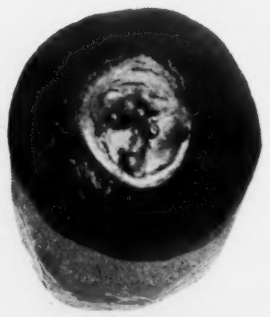
Cubes of smooth, shimmering gelatin which lend the flavor of vinegar and onion juice to pieces of neatly cut smoked tongue and crisp sweet pickles are truly appetizing bits.



Wedges of marinated artichoke hearts are just the right background of flavor for slivers of smoked salmon.



Wedges of refreshing tomato make excellent appetizers, if, after the seedy pulp has been removed, they are marinated and then filled with a smooth, highly seasoned spread of ham paste.



If you like unusual combinations that are unusually good, bore small sweet-pickled beets with a corer and into the holes tuck a tightly rolled baby herring, pickled with celery seeds.

A nice oblong strip of sweet-pickled watermelon rind with its touch of red meat on a crisp base of transparent green is very intriguing, and this is especially true when it is sprinkled with pieces of ripe olive.

It is now a popular custom to serve more than one kind of bread on the breakfast tray

Delightful Variations on the theme of BREAKFAST

1 RYE BREAD, *made with and without caraway seeds, is delicious plain, or toasted or in sandwiches.*

2 FORM CAKE *owes its matchless flavor to ground almonds, lemon, citron, and mace.*

3 BRAIDED COFFEE RING *with its delicate flavoring and golden brown crust is equally popular for breakfast, for luncheon, for tea and for informal dinner.*

4 CINNAMON BUNS, *spicy and delicately frosted, are perhaps the best liked of all your baker's fancy breads.*

THE right kind of breakfast seldom fails to put one in a happy mood to face the problems of the day. But the breakfast menu that is perfect today may seem dull tomorrow.

The secret of breakfast with a never-failing appeal is—variety. Try serving milk toast occasionally as a change from cereal and see how delightedly your family responds.

Cinnamon Buns taste astonishingly good with bacon and eggs—they've just the right amount of sweetness. For a light breakfast you will find Form Cake or Braided Coffee Ring with fruit and coffee very satisfying.

Breakfast need never become monotonous if you vary your breads. Your baker makes dozens of delicious kinds of rolls, buns and coffee cakes as well as his rich crusty loaf breads. So wide is the choice he places at your command, you may find it interesting, not merely to vary your breads from day to day, but to serve several different kinds of bread at every meal.

Your baker and your grocer both offer "specials"

In every community today modern bakers in up-to-date bakeries, shining with cleanliness, are making fascinating varieties of breads. They use extreme care and fine ingredients which give perfect results.

Because your baker has daily experience in baking and because he uses scientific methods, his breads are always beautifully baked, a delight to the eye as well as to the appetite. You can always get one or several delicious breads to serve, whatever the occasion may be. Thirty thousand bakers use Fleischmann's Yeast. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities.*

"ON THE AIR"

The Fleischmann Food Expert will help you plan more interesting meals. Miss Harriet Wilson, expert in home-making, broadcasts every Tuesday over the following stations: 10:45 A.M., Eastern Time: WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WLIT, WRC, WGY, WGR, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WBT. 9:45 A.M., Central Time: KYW, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KSTP, WTMJ, WHAS, WSM, WMC, WSB, KVOO, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI. 11:45 A.M., Pacific Time: KPO, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

All you have to do is ask your baker or your grocer for their "specials."

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

The Evolution of Cookery Recipes

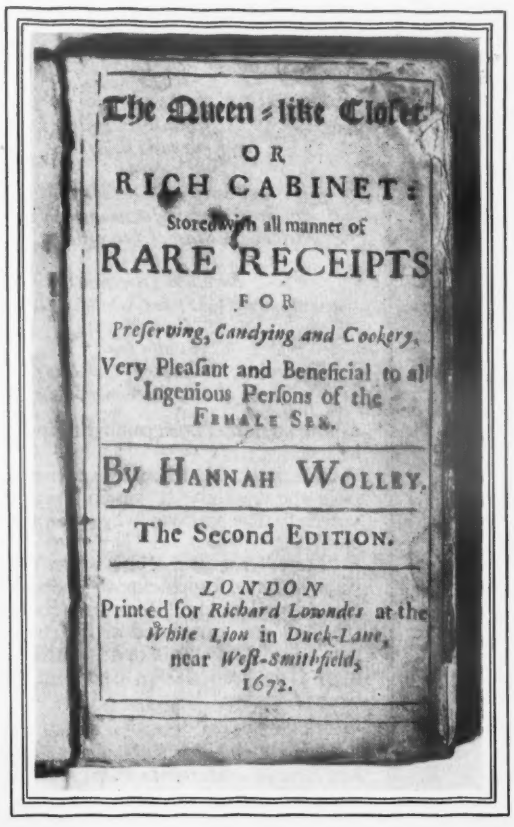
An Interview With Anna Barrows

By Ann Hark

UP IN the foothills of the White Mountains, close to the borderline that separates Maine from New Hampshire, there stands a sturdy house of brown clapboards. It is an old house, with a history that traces back more than a century. From garret to cellar it is filled with rare and ancient pieces—of furniture, of kitchen ware, of china—and no visitor to Fryeburg, Maine, departs without hearing of its glories.

There are two reasons why this house beneath the shading elms is pointed out to every stranger. The wealth of priceless heirlooms sheltered there is only one; the other is the woman who lives beneath its roof—Miss Anna Barrows, lecturer, writer, teacher and authority on the history of cookery. Fryeburg is proud of Miss Barrows—proud of the fact that for twenty-three years she has been a lecturer in the School of Practical Arts at Teachers College, Columbia University; that she has given demonstration lectures in more than forty states; that in 1911 she started the first course in the history of cookery at Teachers College; that for forty years she has been a contributor to agricultural, religious and household magazines and papers, and for ten years was joint editor and owner of a cooking periodical.

And Miss Barrows is proud of Fryeburg, and proud of her home. Every piece of furniture there, from the large gilt-framed mirror in the parlor, relic of Revolutionary days, to the six-

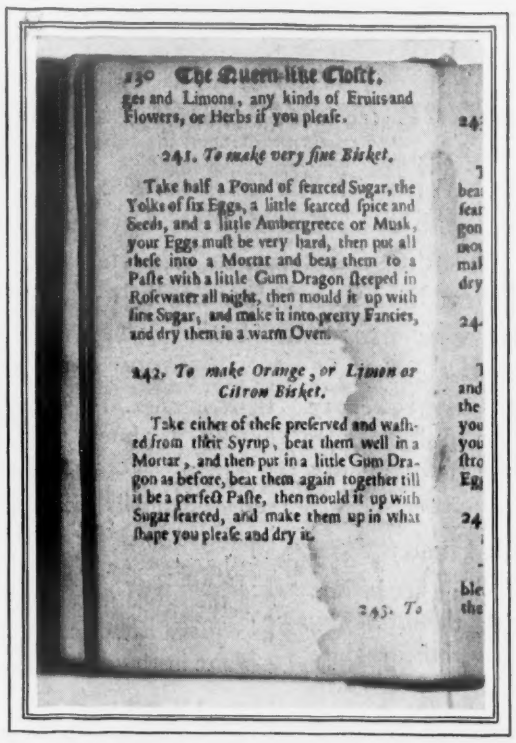

The Queen-like Closet
OR
RICH CABINET:
Stored with all manner of
RARE RECEIPTS
FOR
Preserving, Candying and Cookery,
Very Pleasant and Beneficial to all Ingenious Persons of the Female Sex.
By Hannah Wolley,
The Second Edition.
LONDON
Printed for *Richard Lowndes* at the *White Lion* in *Duck-Lane*, near *West-Smithfield*, 1672.

This lovely old book is just wide enough to fit the hand.

feet-long wooden cradle in the garret, built for a lady who liked to be rocked when she was ill, has a special meaning for its owner. The quaint "tree room," with the colors of the luxuriant trees on the walls as fresh and bright as when they were first painted almost a hundred years ago; the living-room fireplace, with its antique crane and pothooks, its mantel and hearth cut from two single pieces of stone; the huge clusters of orange corn poppies and blue bachelor's-buttons on the parlor wall paper, imported from Europe nearly a century ago; the painfully perfect sampler, laboriously stitched by a seventeen-year-old member of the family back in 1793—all have rich and precious memories for Miss Barrows.

But it is her collection of cookery books—volumes bound in tattered calfskin, with such ancient dates as 1669, 1683 and 1696 on their front pages, sharing space with cloth-bound quartos spelling the latest word in modern cookbooks—that holds a special place in Miss Barrows' affections. For cookery in all its branches, and especially that of history, was her first and lasting love. Even as a child the contents of a cookbook held her fascinated, and collecting new recipes from her friends was one of her favorite occupations. During the years since then she has read most of the cookbooks available in public libraries throughout this country and abroad, and her knowledge of cookery, past and present, is practically inexhaustible.

So it was with the authority of experience and a background which is probably unique that Miss Barrows chose to discuss with two visitors the evolution of the modern recipe. The scene was homy and picturesque. A fire burned cozily on the hearth, and a mottled cat with a purring kitten was curled up at one end of the couch where the hostess sat. On each side of her were books—piles of books—and as she talked she jumped up briskly ever and again to disappear through the nearest doorway, returning a moment later, arms piled high with still more books to illustrate the points she wished to make.


130 The Queen-like Closet.

ges and Limons, any kinds of Fruits and Flowers, or Herbs if you please. 24

241. *To make very fine Bisket.*

Take half a Pound of fearced Sugar, the Yolks of six Eggs, a little fearced Spice and Seeds, and a little Ambergreece or Musk, your Eggs muſt be very hard, then put all theſe into a Mortar and beat them to a Paſte with a little Gum Dragon ſteeped in Roſewater all night, then mould it up with fine Sugar, and make it into pretty Fancies, and dry them in a warm Oven. 24

242. *To make Orange, or Limon or Citron Bisket.*

Take either of theſe preſerved and waſhed from their Syrup, beat them well in a Mortar, and then put in a little Gum Dragon as before, beat them again together till it be a perfect Paſte, then mould it up with Sugar fearced, and make them up in what ſhape you pleaſe and dry it. 24

243. To

"To make very fine Bisket" is a typical seventeenth century recipe.

"After all," she began, "there's nothing really original in the modern recipe. Many an old-time cookbook contains the very same recipes we are using today—just as the same old plots of days gone by are dressed up by modern dramatists and novelists to serve the needs of the present. Today's progress in recipes consists mainly of the adaptation of early food knowledge to our own modern methods."

Miss Barrows spoke in a crisp, staccato voice. There was boundless ardor and energy in her manner, and it seemed impossible to believe that this vivid, brown-eyed woman in the violet smock, with a band of velvet around her gray hair, had lived for many years with the subject to which she was bringing such an unspoiled freshness of interest. By the eagerness of her enthusiasm, she might have been discovering it for the first time.

"There are, of course," she went on briskly, "plenty of superficial differences. The change in the kind of fuel used and the ways of controlling heat, the different kinds of utensils, the increased knowledge of bacteria and the improvement in methods of food preservation, the present-day uniformity of measuring standards, the size of the modern family all have had a tremendous effect on the physical aspect of the recipe. Food prepared in an iron kettle over a wood fire naturally calls for other directions than the same food in an aluminum skillet over a gas flame. Appert's canning, the beginning of modern methods, is a far cry from the old-time method of sealing with paraffin and a bladder tied over the top of the jar. The modern way of measuring by standard teaspoons, tablespoons and cups far surpasses the less accurate 'butter the size of an egg' of our foremothers' day.

"Also, formerly there was no exchange of produce. Each locality ate the food it raised itself. Indian corn, chocolate, vanilla, potatoes and tomatoes were not even known until the New World was discovered. But gradually commerce and transportation grew and new methods of preservation were worked out, so that today our markets and our stores offer produce raised in every section of the world.

"But," Miss Barrows continued, "with all our application of modern science, the difference between the old and the new recipes is largely in exactness of measurement and the lightening of hand power. The underlying principles are the same. There has always been a certain amount of animal instinct that has helped people to feed themselves correctly. They knew what foods to combine, they realized that greens were a necessary part of the diet and they knew, without actually putting it into words, which dishes to serve together and which to keep apart. The fundamentals were there—the same fundamentals that are behind the improved and thoroughly modern methods of today. Milk and eggs are just exactly what they have always been; we have merely

236 leading beauty shops answer:

"With all our experience, we are unable to distinguish between the hands of a woman who never washes dishes and those of a housewife who *uses Lux in the dishpan.*"

JUST IMAGINE—here is beauty care right in your dishpan—the wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known!

Soft, White Hands

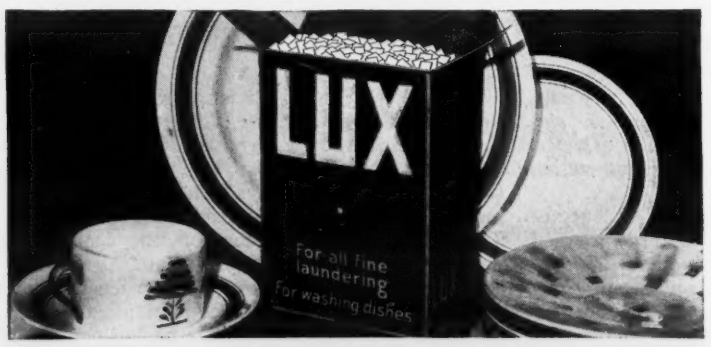
Every time you wash dishes in Lux your hands receive the soothing, gentle care that leaves them white and soft—and it costs almost nothing! Lux for all your dishes costs *less than 1¢ a day!*

Compare this with the expensive care many women of leisure give their hands. Have hands just as lovely—at almost no cost!

The secret is this: the gentle Lux suds (instantly sparkling, even in hard water) *protect* the delicate oils of the skin—while so many soaps dry these beauty oils. That is why Lux gives your hands beauty care—right in the dishpan!

Less Than 1¢ a Day

And remember—Lux for all your dishwashing means *lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day.*



increased the production of both by finding a way to make cows give more milk and hens lay more eggs.

"One of the most potent factors in the recipe's change of form," Miss Barrows continued, "is the fact that the production of food has been taken out of the home. The woman in the home no longer manufactures her food products; she merely mixes the ingredients. Formerly the art of cooking included the marketing as well as the actual preparation of food. 'First catch your hare, then cook it,' is a classic illustration. Now, of course, marketing is an entirely separate field of homemaking, and a very large one. Let me show you some of the things the old-time housewife had to do before she was ready to put her food over the fire."

"To Cram Chicken"

MISS BARROWS reached for one of the books by her side. She knew exactly which she wanted, for every volume in her tremendous cookery library—a library representing a small fortune—is an old and well-known friend. She opened it to the yellowed title page. It read:

The
Clofet
Of the Eminently Learned
Sir Kenelme Digbie Kc.
Opened:
Whereby is Discovered
Several ways for making of
Metheglin, Sider, Cherry-Wine, &c
Together With
Excellent Directions
for
Cookery
As alſo for
Preſerving, Conſerving, Candying, &c
Publiſhed by his Son's Conſent

The book had been published in London in 1669.

Unerringly Miss Barrows turned to the page she wanted. It was in a section devoted to the various ways of preparing chicken.

"Here," she said, "are seven different ways of fattening chickens—showing that this as well as the killing and cooking of the fowl was considered within the housewife's province. This one is rather amusing. It is headed: An Excellent way to Cram Chicken!"

She read:

"Stone a pound of Raiſins of the Sun, and beat them in a Mortar to Pulp; pour a quart of Milk upon them, and let them ſoak ſo all night. Next morning ſtill them well together, and put to them ſo much Crums of Grated ſtale white bread as to bring it to a ſoft paſte, work all well together, and lay it in the trough before a Chicken (which muſt not be above ſix in a pen, and keep it very clean) and let a candle be by them all night. The delight of this meat will make them eat continuouſly; and they will be ſo fat (when they are but of the bigneſs of a Blackbird) that they will not be able to ſtand, but lie down upon their bellies to eat."

Swiftly Miss Barrows turned to another page and found a recipe for making cheesecakes:

"Take twelve quarts of Milk warm from the Cow, turn it with a good ſpoonful of Runnet. Break it well, and put it into large ſtrainer, in which rowl it up and down, that all the Whey may run out into a little tub; when all that will is run out, wring out more. Then break the curds well; then wring it again, and more whey will come. Thus break and wring till no more come. Then work the curds exceedingly with your hand in a tray, till they become a ſhort Uniform Paſte. Then put together the yolks of eight new-laid Eggs, and two whites, and a pound of butter. Work all this long together. In the long working (at the ſeveral times) conſifteth the making them good. Then ſeaſon them to your taſte with Sugar finely beaten; and pat in ſome Cloves and Mace in ſubtile powder. Then lay them thick in Coffins of fine Paſte, and bake them.

"You see, to make cheesecakes they had first to make the cheese. Before putting in the sugar they had first to break it from the large, hard loaf in which sugar came those days and roll or beat it into powder form. And the same was true of spices. The art of cookery did not merely consist of cooking. There were hundreds of preliminary steps that today are done by the manufacturer. But the old-time housewife was her own manufacturer, butcher and farmer. She opened her own oysters, she bruised and beat her own herbs, she did everything there was to do in the preparation of food. Here is another example."

From the pile beside her, Miss Barrows selected another volume. "To roast a Pig," she read:

"Stick your pig juſt above the breaſtbone; run your knife to the heart; when it is dead put it in cold water for a few minutes. . . ."

She picked up a third book. Syllabubs, the recipe was headed.

"Sweeten a quart of cider with double-refined sugar, grate nutmeg into it, then milk your cow into your liquor."

The Style of Modern Recipes

"NO WONDER the form of recipes has changed during the years," Miss Barrows exclaimed. "The modern cookbook is merely a compilation of cooking directions, concise, easy to follow, and tested for time and temperature. There is no attempt at fancy writing, no extra words to confuse and make the process sound more difficult than it really is. Now your old-time cookbook writer rather prided himself on his literary style, and ancient volumes of recipes are collected by university libraries as fine examples of the English of that period. Here is a rather good illustration."

She picked up another quaint and curious volume. The title page announced:

The
Engliſh
Houſe-wife
Containing
The inward and outward Vertues which
ought to be in a Compleat Woman
By G. Markham

The book was published in London in 1683.

Miss Barrows ruffled its stiff and dog-eared pages. "Listen to the author's preamble," she begged:

"It reſteth now that I proceed into Cookery it ſelf, which is the dreſſing and ordering of meat, in good and wholeſome manner; to which when our Houſe-wife ſhall addreſs her ſelf, ſhe ſhall well underſtand that theſe qualities muſt ever accompany it; Firſt, ſhe muſt be cleanly both in body and garments, ſhe muſt have a quick eye, a curious noſe, a perfect taſte, and ready ear (ſhe muſt not be butter-fingered, ſweet-toothed, nor faint-hearted); for the firſt will let everything fall; the ſecond will conſume what it ſhould encreaſe; and the laſt will loſe time with too much niceneſs.

"Can you," she asked, "imagine anyone today writing a preface like that? But it served its purpose and is, of course, a true description of a good cook. There were no radios or moving pictures, remember, no newspapers for the dissemination of information, no nurses to come at call, and a cookbook had to cover a far larger field than that of mere cooking. That's why we find so many of the ancient volumes devoting page after page to medicinal recipes and instructions that today would come under the head of beauty secrets. Take this, for instance."

She picked up a small calf-bound volume. It was dated 1696 and was called:

The Queens Cloſet
Opened
or
The Pearl of Practice
Being
Incomparable Secrets in
Phyſick, Chyrurgery, Preſerving, and
Candying, &c

(Continued on Page 92)

To HUSBANDS whose WIVES do their own housework!

Here's an inexpensive way to free her from some of the drudgery of housekeeping

Husbands like to come home to wives that are not "all tired out."

IF your wife complains frequently of being tired, perhaps it's because, like so many women, she is a slave to her floors.

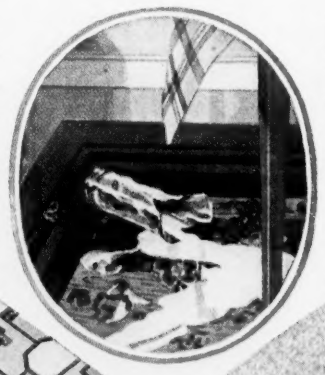
For her good, please accept a suggestion. Banish the scrubbing pail and brush in your home. Take her into one of the stores that are showing Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. They are the new kind of smooth-surfaced rug offered by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.

The richness of Armstrong's Quaker Rugs will catch her eye at once—gay, modern patterns to go nicely with the room she wants to beautify. But not for beauty alone will she appreciate them. When the salesman calls her attention to the satiny lacquer surface she will see at once how these rugs save work. It is this gloss surface, produced by the special Accolac Process, that seals the beauty in and keeps dirt out. Tracked-in mud, dropped food, grease stains, even such caustics as lye, can go no farther than this Accolac-Process surface. All soil can be cleaned off in a moment by broom or damp mop—with no harm to the pretty pattern beneath.

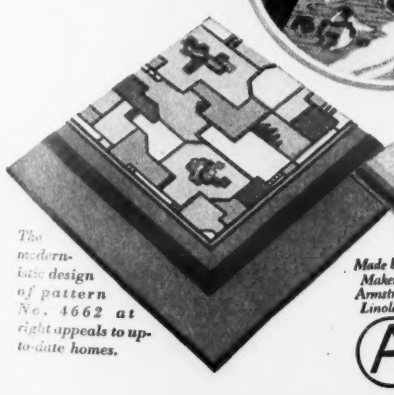
And while the salesman is explaining all this, you take a peek at the price tag. There's a surprise. A room-size Armstrong's Quaker Rug costs little more than a pair of good shoes!

But to assure full value for the few dollars you do spend, each Armstrong's Quaker Rug bears right on the face a Quaker Girl certificate. It is our guarantee to replace the rug free if it should prove unsatisfactory.

To Help Select: Send for the booklet showing Armstrong's Quaker Rugs in actual colors. Simply ask for "Rich Beauty at Low Cost." It's *free.* Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 2902 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa.



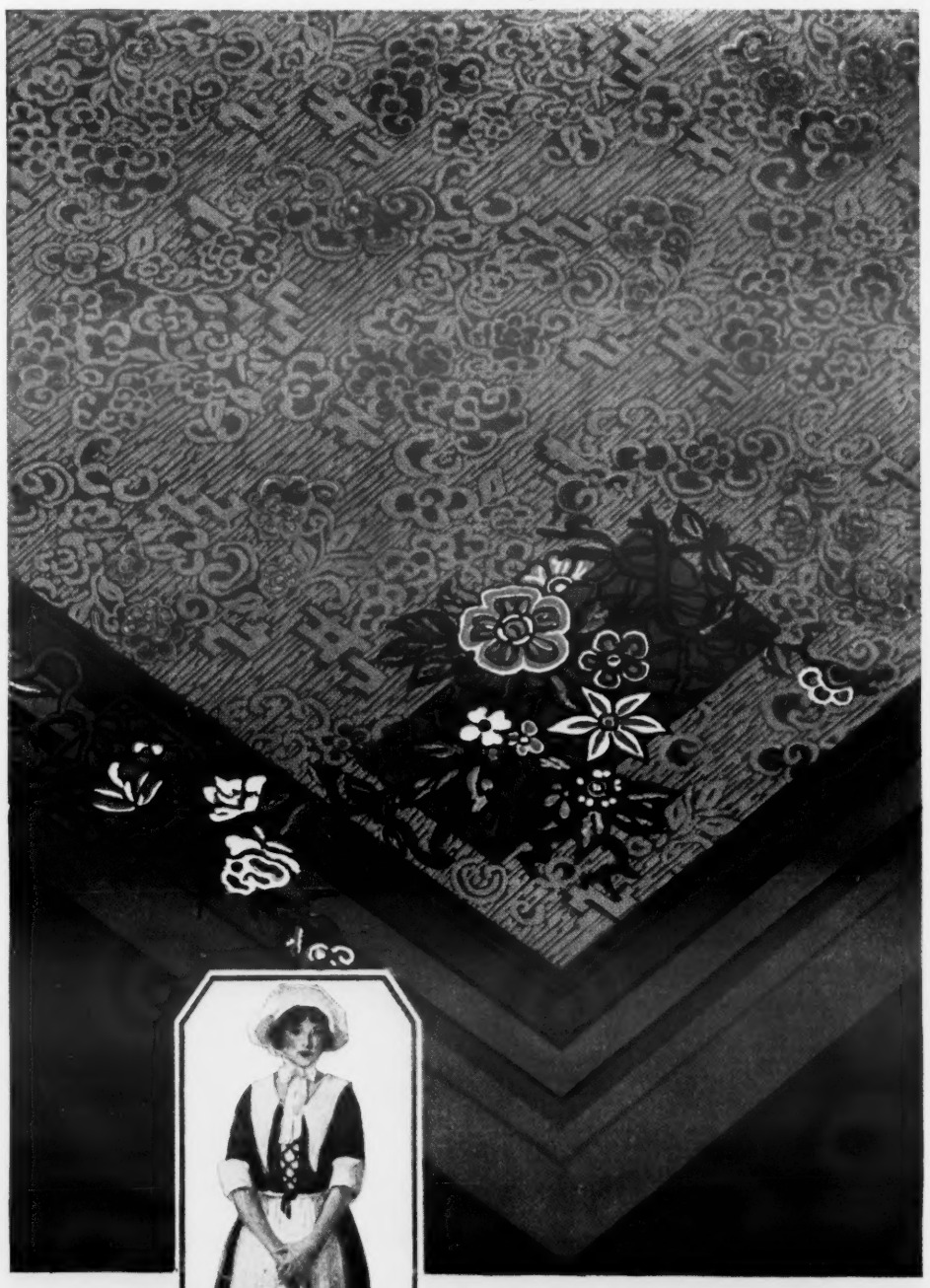
A mess? No; it wipes right off the Accolac-Process surface—and no harm to the pattern.



The modernistic design of pattern No. 4662 at right appeals to up-to-date homes.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.

The cheerful floral pattern gives Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4571 unusual beauty.



To cover your entire floor, Quaker floor covering is offered by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths.

The chintz field with its pastel tones makes this rug No. 4650 very pretty for bedrooms.

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

Made by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

When Good Cooks Get Together

"Then the oven wouldn't work"

So Mrs. Douglas Manson of New Rochelle, N. Y., discovers new uses of "STEERO" *bouillon cubes*

"IT never rains but it pours! Imagine having guests for dinner, meat all ready for roasting—only to discover at the last minute that the oven wouldn't work!

"Then I remembered receiving your new cook book, '101 New Dishes.' Page one suggested a 'STEERO' appetizer—something quite new and easy to make. Page twenty-one gave me a crisp 'STEERO' salad, another quick dish. Some cold meat from a nearby store—and some more 'STEERO' menu magic, and we had our main course dish made tempting by the most delicious piping hot brown sauce we've ever tasted. (I found this one on page sixteen.)

"From now on, 'STEERO' bouillon cubes will find a permanent place on my emergency shelf."

As necessary as salt and pepper

For emergency use, for everyday use, "STEERO" bouillon cubes are necessary to modern cooking art. Easy to use. Inexpensive. They give new zest to all kinds of dishes. Bertha M. Becker, food specialist, reveals the secret in her new cook book. Just drop a line or the coupon for

"101 new dishes" and samples of cubes FREE

"STEERO" *bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name* "STEERO" *on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50, and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.*

American Kitchen Products Co.
277-B Water Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY & STATE

(Continued from Page 90)

Many secrets were listed, such as:

Dr. Butler's Preſervative againſt the Plague.
Dr. Gifford Amber Pills for a Conſumption.
To comfort the Heart and Spirits, and to ſuppreſs Melancholy.
A Cordial Electuary for ſtuffing of the Stomach or ſhortneſs of breath.
Medicine for a Dropſie, approved by the Lady Hobby, who was cured her ſelf by it.
A precious Cordial for a ſick Body.

"Here is an especially quaint one," and Miss Barrows read:

Wormwood Cakes good for a cold ſtomach, and to help Digeſtion: Take pure ſearced Sugar two ounces, and wet it with the Spirit of Wormwood; then take a little Gum Tragacanth, and ſteep it all night in Roſe-water, then take ſome of this and the wet Sugar and beat them together in an Alabaſter Mortar till it come to a paſte like dough, if you pleaſe put a little Musk into it, then make it up in little cakes of the breadth of a groat or threepence; lay them upon plates, and dry them gently in an Oven, and keep them in a dry place for your uſe: And upon occaſion hold one of them in your mouth to melt, and ſwallow the diſſolved juyce thereof for the infirmities aforeſaid.

Another read:

For one that hath no ſpeech in ſickneſs: Take the juyce of Sage, or Pimpernel and put it in the Patient's mouth, and by the grace of God it ſhall make him ſpeak.

Miss Barrows turned a few pages and came to the beauty hints:

An excellent Oyl to take away the heat and ſhining of the Noſe.
To take away Hair.
For Heat or Pimples in the Face.
To make the Hair grow thick.
For a Stitch in the ſide.

This last proved to be as follows:

Take a pretty quantity of oats, and boyl them in a Sack, till they have dried up the Sack, and then put them in a cloath, and lay it as hot as you can endure it to your ſide, and this will help.

"It is extremely interesting," this ardent student of history pointed out, "to note the quaint words and expressions used throughout these books. 'Searce your sugar,' means 'Sift your sugar.' 'Coffin' is used to describe a case of pie crust. 'Cast an egg' is the old-fashioned way of saying, 'Beat an egg,' and 'Sallet' means salad. 'Beat it with birchen rods,' 'Herico a neck of mutton,' 'Give it a boil,' are other examples of a language that has passed, while 'A quartern of butter,' 'Pompion' for 'pumpkin,' and 'Still them well together' for 'Mix them well together,' are frequent expressions."

Old-Time Inaccuracies

"THESE recipes illustrate something else," Miss Barrows added as she went on leafing through the pages. "We get a sample of the vagueness of measurements then, as compared to the meticulous accuracy of today. 'A pretty quantity of oats' is not exactly what anyone could call definite. And over and over again we come across the direction: 'Boil until it is enough.' 'A good lump of butter.' 'Boil it until it flies' or 'Boil your sugar to candy height'; 'The crumb of a penny loaf'—there's nothing exact about those instructions.

"But," she added with judicial fairness, "we can't blame those ancient recipe writers too severely. For after all, there was no uniformity of standards in the days when the stagecoach was the quickest means of transportation and the people had no telephone or telegraph or other modern way of spreading information. There was a tendency to be accurate, and they measured in the known. For instance," and she picked up still another book, "it says here: 'As much gum as would lie on a sixpence.' And here we are instructed to 'Put a gang of calf's feet into a pan.' That means, I suppose, all four feet, or what naturally 'gang' together. 'Butter the size of an egg,' 'Little cakes the breadth of a groat or threepence'—you see, they did their best.

"Also, there is this to be considered. Our modern recipes are written for inexperienced cooks and must of necessity be accurate. The woman of olden times grew up in the kitchen; cooking was bred into her from the time she learned to walk, and it was possible, therefore, to leave something to her experience. We moderns have so many other interests besides cooking to fill our days that we insist on having recipes as simple and timesaving as possible. Let me give you an example of one of the fancier old-time recipes," and read the following extract:

"Now for the compounding of Sallets, of theſe pickled and preſerved things, though they may be ſerved up ſimply of themſelves, and are both good and dainty; yet for partly curioſity and the adorning of the Table, you ſhall thus uſe them: Firſt, if you would ſet forth any Red flower, that you know or have ſeen, you ſhall take your pots of preſerved Gilly-flowers, and ſuting the colors anſwerable to the flower, you ſhall proportion it forth, and lay the ſhape of the Flower in a Fruit diſh; then with your Purſlane leaves make the green Coffin of the flower, with the diviſions of the leaves and branches; then with the thin ſlices of Cucumers, make their leaves in true proportions, jagged or otherwiſe: and thus you may ſet forth ſome full blown, ſome half blown, and ſome in the bud, which will be pretty and curious. And if you will ſet forth yellow flowers, take the pots of Primroſes and Cowſlips; if blew flowers, then the pots of Violets or Bugloſs flowers; and theſe Sallets are both for ſhew and uſe, for they are more as well for taſte, than for to look on."

"Of course," Miss Barrows commented, "no housewife nowadays would ever think of going to all that trouble. She'd send out to the caterer, or employ a French chef who specialized in that sort of thing."

Wherein Modern Recipes Fail

"BUT," she summed up, "although the recipe of today, in its process of evolution, has become far more simple in its standardization, far more definite, and far better adapted to the needs of the inexperienced cook, there is one thing that it lacks just as did its old-time predecessor. We stress time, temperature and quantity as the three guides to accuracy; but that is not enough. There should be a fourth guide—that of appearance. In baking a cake it is not sufficient to say: 'Bake for forty minutes at a temperature of 350 degrees F.' One should add also: 'Or until the cake is a golden brown and has shrunk away from the pan.' In making custards one should not simply direct: 'Stand them in water and bake for thirty minutes at a temperature of 325 degrees F.' One should say as well that they will not be done when they have plumped up, for they will have to shrink afterward and become firm. In boiling sugar sirup, directions such as these are not adequate: 'Boil to the crack stage if the cold-water test is used, or to 270 degrees F. if a thermometer is used.' The cook should also be told that she should remove the pan from the hot burner immediately, for even though the fire may be turned off, the burner will still be hot and the temperature will rise accordingly.

"But even with this supplementary accuracy," Miss Barrows added wisely, "there will still be one very necessary factor that no recipe can supply—the element of personal judgment, without which no cook can be successful. It is simply not possible to find a substitute for judgment.

"And this, after all, seems to me a very good thing," she concluded. "There is danger in too much standardization. Like the old 'receipts' with their vague and indefinite directions, the modern recipe still holds a certain element of uncertainty which saves it from monotony and encourages the exercise of personal judgment."

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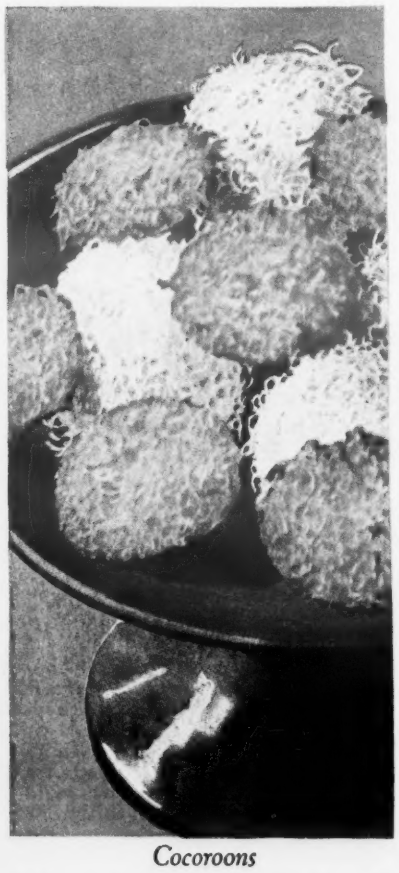
Coconut Butterscotch Cake

Sift 2 cups Swans Down Cake Flour once, measure, add 4 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt. Sift together 3 times. Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add 1 cup sugar, and cream together thoroughly. Add 1 egg; beat until light and fluffy. Add flour alternately with 1 cup milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Put layers together with Butterscotch Filling. *All measurements are level.*

Butterscotch Filling

Combine ½ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour and ¾ cup brown sugar. Add 1 cup scalded milk gradually. Place in double boiler. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over 2 well beaten egg yolks, return to double boiler, and cook 10 minutes longer. Add 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon cream, ¾ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern-Style, finely chopped. Cool and spread between layers of cake. Makes enough filling to cover one 9-inch layer.

Cover top and sides of cake with boiled frosting made with brown sugar.



Cocoroons

Fold 1 cup sugar and ½ teaspoon salt gradually into 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Fold 2 cups Post Toasties and 1 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern-Style, gradually into mixture. Add ¼ teaspoon almond extract. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 3 dozen cocoroons.

Snowballs—Separate angel food cake, using forks, into 2-inch balls. Dip into boiled frosting and then into Baker's Coconut.

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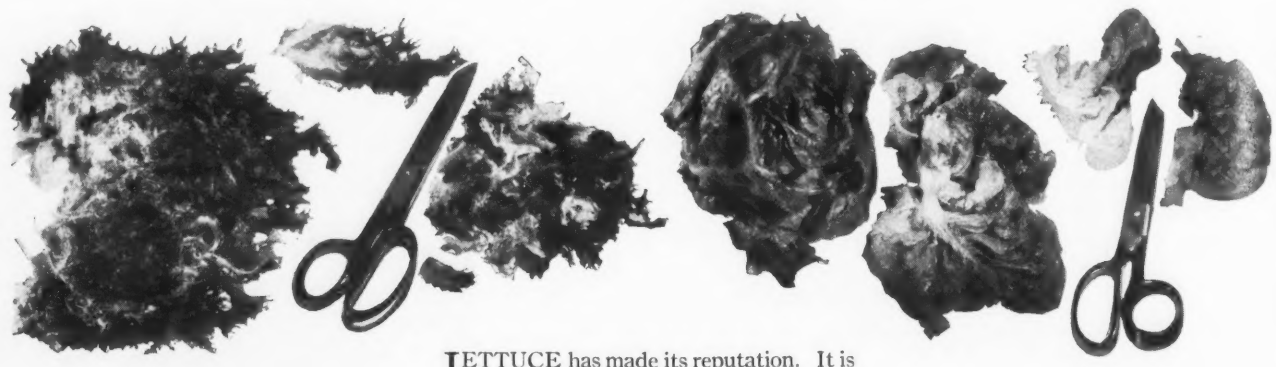
Lettuce Knows No Season

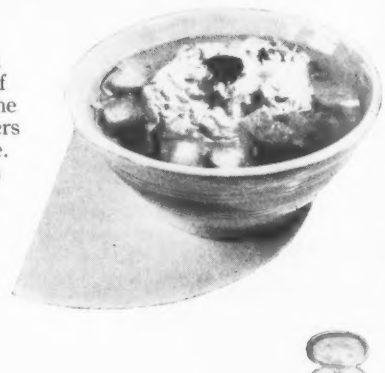


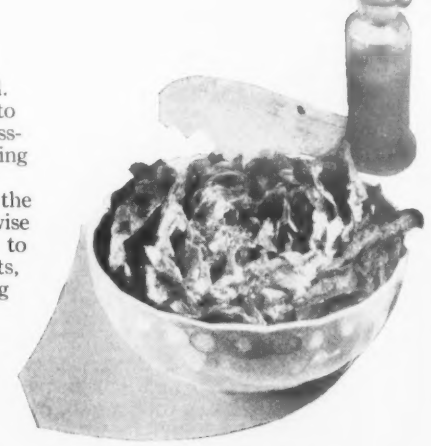
LETTUCE has made its reputation. It is no longer regarded as a remnant of a salad by sorority girls to show evidence of their luxury or social standing. It is eaten to the last leaf and every available variety of it is served in many ways. To serve lettuce soup, a head of lettuce stuffed with new peas, or wedges of braised lettuce, classes a menu with those of the famous restaurants of Paris, so American homemakers are demanding all available information as to its use. We advise buying it untrimmed and as green as possible; then, if it is ordinary head lettuce, it should be immersed upside down in a large round bowl of ice water to allow the leaves to crispen and open in their natural position, as the loose sand and bugs will then readily float out and it can be inverted to drain.

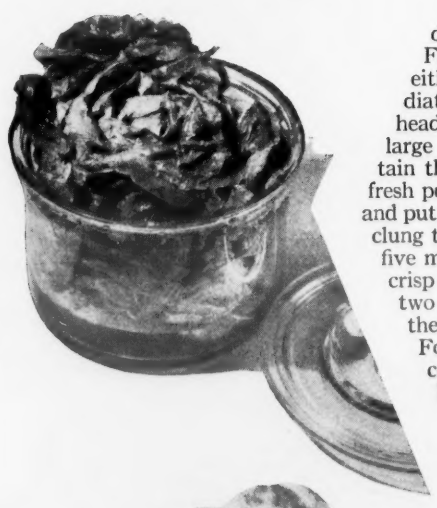
On the other hand, for California or Iceberg lettuce, the quickest way to loosen and wash it is to cut out the core and hold the head upside down under running water. The leaves will separate perfectly with only the slightest assistance. Either kind of lettuce is served most attractively in a bowl. Put the entire head in the bowl and allow to drain; then sprinkle lightly with French dressing, which will run down over the leaves, leaving them pleasantly coated.

Remember, though, when putting lettuce in the refrigerator, to cover it tightly, for otherwise moisture will evaporate, causing the leaves to turn brown. These, or any other brown spots, can be removed without bruising by doing the trimming with a pair of scissors.

By this same method several leaves of the same size may be rolled together and cut into delicate tendrils for serving, which not only extends the amount of lettuce required, but the comfort with which small boys relish it. Chicory or curly endive is always cut this way for serving.







For lettuce stuffed with fresh green peas, either head or Iceberg may be used. Immediately after washing and draining, place the head of lettuce upside down in a saucepan just large enough. Loosen the leaves slightly, but retain them in their natural position. Pour a cup of fresh peas into the cavity and salt lightly. Cover well and put over a low flame. Just enough water will have clung to the leaves to start the steam and in twenty-five minutes the peas will be done and the lettuce crisp and tender though still in shape. Drop in two tablespoonfuls of butter to run down over the leaves before turning out to serve.

For braised lettuce cut it into wedges, and cook on a buttered broiler fifteen minutes, basting frequently with melted butter. It will be very hot, tender and crisp, coated tan over shades of green.

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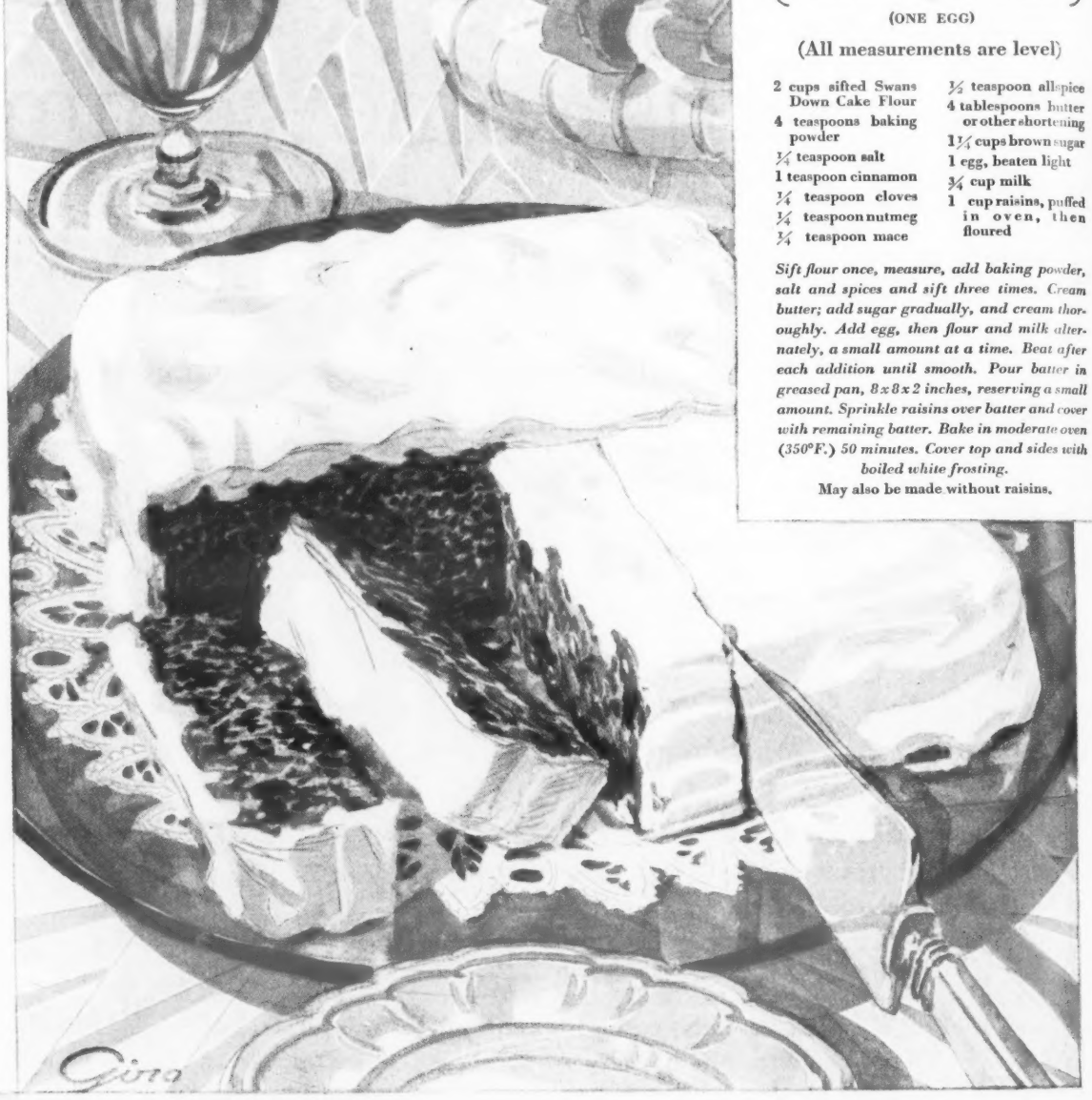


Golden Spice Cake

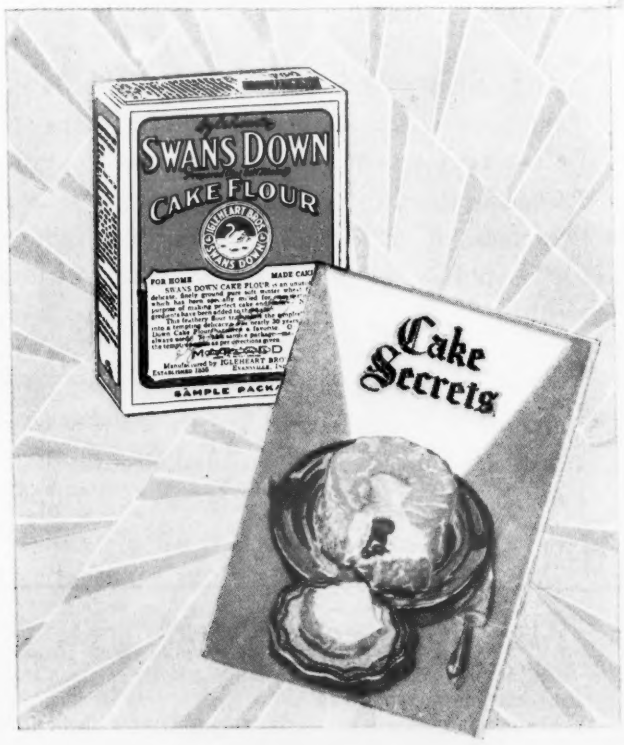
(ONE EGG)

(All measurements are level)

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon cloves
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon mace
- ½ teaspoon allspice
- 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
- 1¼ cups brown sugar
- 1 egg, beaten light
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 cup raisins, puffed in oven, then floured

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and spices and sift three times. Cream butter; add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly. Add egg, then flour and milk alternately, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Pour batter in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, reserving a small amount. Sprinkle raisins over batter and cover with remaining batter. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 50 minutes. Cover top and sides with boiled white frosting.

May also be made without raisins.



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Fried Pastries for Winter Parties

By Ruth L. Parrish

HOSTESSES everywhere are always searching for new ideas for what to serve the next time they entertain. This is always a problem, and the most popular hostess is the one who realizes that success is determined to a large degree by the element of pleasurable surprise that her refreshments offer the guests. They must not only be unusual, but they must taste unusually good and, in order to be smartly correct, must be adapted to the particular occasion. The best way to achieve these aims is to select foods that you are sure are favorites and then serve them in unusually good combinations of size appropriate to the occasion. Take, for instance, creamed chicken for luncheon. Instead of serving it in patty shells or on toast, have it appear in a fried cream puff with a tablespoonful of steaming-hot cream sauce over one side of it. The well-browned, tender crispness of the fried shell gives an unusually good flavor to the usual one of creamed chicken, mushrooms or sweetbreads—and it takes a much shorter time to fry the cream puffs than to bake them.

You need not be worried by fried foods being in disrepute because they are "indigestible." They are not indigestible, but they are slow of digestion because they remain in the stomach longer than any other food. Of course for children, who need quickly available energy, fried foods are most undesirable. About the only serious result to adults from eating fried foods is when they eat too much at between-meal parties, which causes a loss of appetite for the next meal. There is all the difference in the world between feeding the æsthetic soul through enjoyment of fried pastry shells for luncheon, or a few fried pastry titbits for tea in the cold of winter, and satisfying the pangs of a hungry stomach on such foods.

Fried foods are always popular because they are so attractive and so palatable, and if properly cooked the amount of fat they absorb can be greatly reduced and the ease with which they are digested can be materially increased. This necessary care in frying also greatly improves the flavor and appearance.

Here, then, are some of the factors that enter into the successful use of fat in frying: The first is the choice of the proper fat. The best ones for this purpose are those that have what is known as a high smoking temperature, which means they can be heated to a high temperature before giving off visible fumes or smoke. Experiments have shown that the vegetable fats and oils, except olive oil, are best for deep-fat frying. If one prefers an animal fat, pure leaf lard is all right, but it cannot be heated to so high a temperature as the vegetable fats without separating into its constituents. If the fat is not allowed to overheat, it may be used over and over again, thus making deep-fat frying quite economical.

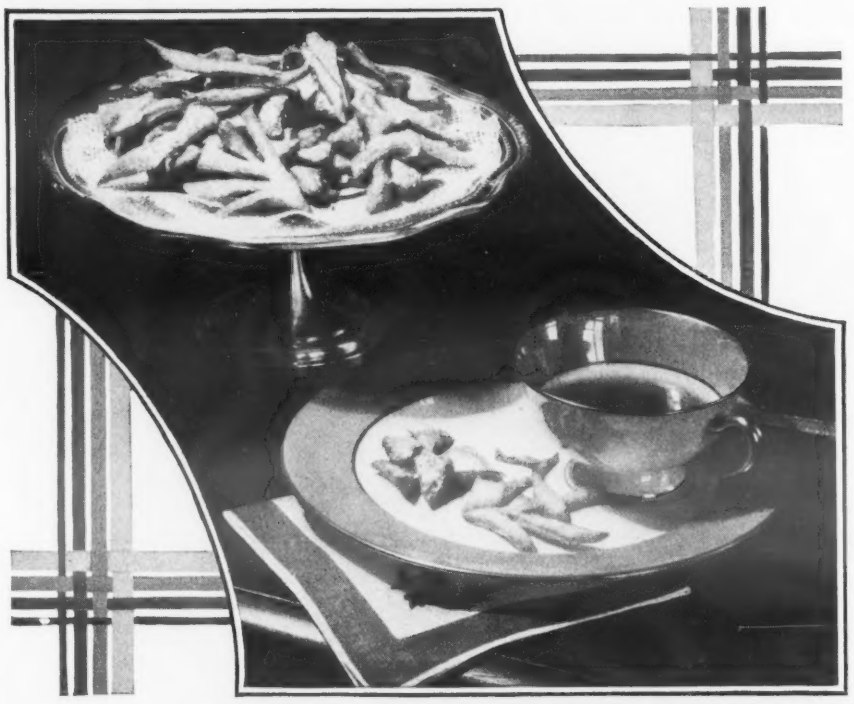
This brings up the question of temperatures for frying. In order not to have the food fat-soaked and difficult to digest and in order to use the fat economically, the temperature for frying must be exact and accurate for the particular food being prepared, and the only way of assuring this is to use a thermometer. The old-fashioned way of testing the temperature of fat with a cube of bread has little degree of accuracy. Often putting a large quantity of food in to fry reduces the temperature so much that an unnecessary amount of fat is absorbed. The smoking test to determine when the fat is ready for frying is also very inaccurate. If a new supply of fat is used, by the time it smokes the temperature will be much too high, and if the fat is heated to the smoking temperature each time, it can be used only a few times, for it will soon become brown and give most undesirable results in the way of both color and flavor.

Preventing Fat Absorption

DEEP-FAT frying is much easier and safer if a deep iron kettle is used. Though the iron kettle is heavy to handle, it has the advantage of holding the heat evenly during the frying. Its deep sides also prevent the spattering of fat on the stove. A wire basket with a bale is also a useful piece of equipment and very inexpensive. The food may be put in and taken out of the fat all at one time and allowed to drip before turning it on a piece of unglazed paper to drain further. For this purpose a cake cooler covered with several thicknesses of paper toweling is excellent.

The correct proportion of ingredients for the mixture itself and the method by which they are combined are just as important as the choice of the fat to prevent absorption. Experiments have shown that the proportion of flour used has a decided effect upon the amount of fat absorbed. The stiffer the dough, the less the fat absorbed. Of course not all fried doughs are stiff, but that is one rule which it is wise to remember.

There are other factors which counteract this tendency of softer doughs to absorb fat. One of these is the cooking of the starch or flour before frying. This is done with chou paste, which is used in making cream puffs. Another factor is that allowing the dough to stand and ripen before frying tends to decrease fat absorption, especially if it is left a number of hours or overnight. This is very convenient in preparing for a party. The pastry may be made the day before and placed in the refrigerator or in a cold place and not fried until a short while before the party. Increasing the amount of egg, sugar and fat in a recipe also tends to increase the amount of fat absorbed. It is better, therefore, in pastry for frying to use no eggs and a minimum amount of fat. The following recipes have been used many, many times and offer excellent variations for many different occasions.



Pastry modernistics always intrigue the guests at any tea.

Pastry Dainties

1 Cupful of Flour
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Teaspoonful of Baking Powder
3 Tablespoonfuls of Fat
¼ Cupful of Water

SIFT the dry ingredients together, then chop the fat in with pastry wires or two knives until it is like a coarse meal and is coated with flour. Add the water a little at a time and toss together into a ball, finally pressing it together with the fingertips. Allow to stand in this form in the refrigerator for several hours to ripen. When ready to use, roll to the desired thickness, using as little flour on the board as possible. Shape and fry according to whichever of the following directions you prefer.

These pastry dainties are one of the simplest and best of these fried delicacies which add crispness and flavor to many dishes, but are most often served with soup, salad, dessert, or as a tea accompaniment. Roll the pastry to about one-sixth of an inch in thickness and cut it into strips three inches long and half an inch wide. If you have a pastry jagger, use it for cutting and you will have very professional scalloped edges. Fry in deep fat at 380° F. until a golden brown. Then drain and serve either hot or cold.

Should you want a sweet pastry to serve with tea or hot chocolate, sprinkle these with powdered sugar after draining but while still warm, or dip them into granulated sugar flavored with a little cinnamon.

POPPY-SEED STICKS are another popular tea or salad accompaniment. In this case sprinkle the sticks with poppy seed after brushing them over with slightly beaten egg to which a tablespoonful of water has been added; then just fry as plain sticks and drain.

Of these dainties, filled ones are still another version. Make them by generously sprinkling half a rolled sheet of pastry with grated chocolate or cheese or spread with a mixture of cream and Roquefort cheese blended to suit your taste. Fold the other half over, roll to its original thinness and cut into strips and fry. For tea the chocolate, either bitter or sweet, is better, but for salad use cheese filling.

PASTRY MODERNISTICS. To be absolutely up to the minute, you will want to serve pastry modernistics somewhere on your party menus. For these use the same recipe as for pastry dainties given above and roll the pastry the same thickness, but cut it into very small rounds, squares or rectangles of about one and a half inches in diameter. Using a pastry jagger or knife, cut the paste part way in toward the center several times—maybe five or six times—making any arrangement of cuts that pleases your fancy, and fry at 400° F. When dropped into the hot fat the cuts open up and a most surprising product results. After frying, drain them and roll in granulated or confectioners' sugar.

Main-Dish Pastries

TURNOVER PASTRIES. This is another variety made of the same recipe but cut in a size and shape that fill an entirely different purpose. For these, cut the dough with a three-and-one-half-inch biscuit cutter or into squares or rectangles of the same dimension. Cover half of each with a seasoned filling selected according to the course with which it is to be served. Press down well around the edges so that they will adhere. For a more substantial turnover which may accompany a fruit salad, try cream-cheese filling with finely chopped celery and a few chopped nuts; but for a vegetable-salad accompaniment try a filling of ground meat or maybe one of chopped chicken livers and hard-cooked eggs with a little celery. For afternoon tea, make turnover pastries very much smaller and fill with cooked dried fruit, jam, jelly, marmalade or mincemeat. If they are to be the dessert at luncheon, make them larger so that the dish may take the place of pie or tarts. The latter may or may not be sprinkled with confectioners' sugar when served.

Another popular fried pastry is made of chou paste or cream-puff mixture. You need not marvel at the skill required to produce a perfect cream puff as they can be made by anyone who can follow directions, and of all the fried-paste varieties this is one of the most worth while.

CREAM-PUFF SURPRISES. The cream-puff paste itself, known as chou paste, is the first requirement for these surprises and it is easily made. Heat ½ cupful of butter and 1 cupful of water just to the boiling point, then quickly empty in 1⅓ cupfuls of flour all at once and stir vigorously over the fire until it forms a single mass around the spoon, which will take only three to five minutes for this amount. Cool in the pan to lukewarm, feeling the paste—not the pan—and add 4 unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating them in thoroughly until smooth and glossy. Drop by spoonfuls into deep fat, heated to 360° F. Fry to a light golden brown. You will be interested in the way this mixture acts as it fries. After the complete crust forms, it comes to the surface of the fat and bursts open from the pressure of the rising dough on the inside which greatly extends its size. This happens several times, giving it the shape all over that a baked cream puff has on top. When done, it will be golden brown and bob on the surface. When well drained, slit and, while pressing the sides together to hold the slit open, fill. It may have a creamy filling of chicken, sweetbreads or mushrooms, lobster, shrimp or crabmeat. Some of the cream sauce may be served over one side of the puff.

For a dessert instead of a main course, fill with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla or flavored with chopped crystallized ginger. Another possibility is your favorite vanilla, caramel or butterscotch pie filling. Then there is the ice-cream puff, which is always pleasing and over which any sundae sauce may be used.

If the fried puffs are for tea or for a dessert accompaniment, they should be very tiny. The small ones are made by dropping a teaspoonful of the mixture into the fat at a time. For the larger ones, use a tablespoonful or a dessertspoonful.

There's a FRESH MODERN PACKAGE for Snowdrift . . . and two new convenient sizes

Don't be surprised when you next go into your grocery store to see Snowdrift all dressed up in a new package.

And don't be surprised if your grocer asks, "Wouldn't you like a new three or six pound can? They're much more convenient in shape than large sizes used to be."

The new large cans are wider and not as tall as the old cans, making it easier for you to dip your spoon in and out and scoop up the very last spoonful without rubbing your knuckles against the edge.

Of course, when it comes to being easy to work with, Snowdrift takes the cake—as well as makes it. For Snowdrift is so creamy and spoonable that just a few stirs of the spoon will mix it quite thoroughly into your flour or sugar.

Snowdrift has almost the texture of whipped cream. We actually cream it for you—whip it up all light and fluffy before we pack it in the air-tight tins.

(Indeed, we know of no other shortening that is more convenient unless it is Wesson Oil which you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix.)

And then, of course, Snowdrift is so fresh and inviting and snowy-white and so pure and wholesome and good to eat in itself that it can't help making delicious things to eat. Just taste it sometime—with such a delicate shortening you naturally expect to make the very finest kind of cakes.

Try Snowdrift next time you bake. Tea Biscuits, for instance. They'll come out of the oven as light and fluffy and fly-away and delicious as any you have ever tasted.

Or try it with your own favorite recipe for cake, muffins, cookies, waffles, pie crust. Or fry with it and see what wholesome and delicious fried things it makes.

You might like to have our new Snowdrift recipe book. It contains a great many interesting recipes. We shall be glad, too, if you'll send us the name and address of your grocer. Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

SOUTHERN TEA BISCUITS

3 Tablespoonfuls Snowdrift · ½ Teaspoonful Salt · ¾ Cupful Milk or Water
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking Powder · 1 Tablespoonful Sugar · 2 Cupfuls Flour

Measure dry ingredients and sift together into mixing bowl. Measure Snowdrift and cut into flour with two knives and work in with fork until well distributed. Add liquid, mixing with a knife or spoon until a soft dough is made that can be handled on a board lightly floured. Handle and work as little as possible. Roll thin and cut with small cutter. Place on greased pan or baking sheet and bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) for fifteen minutes.

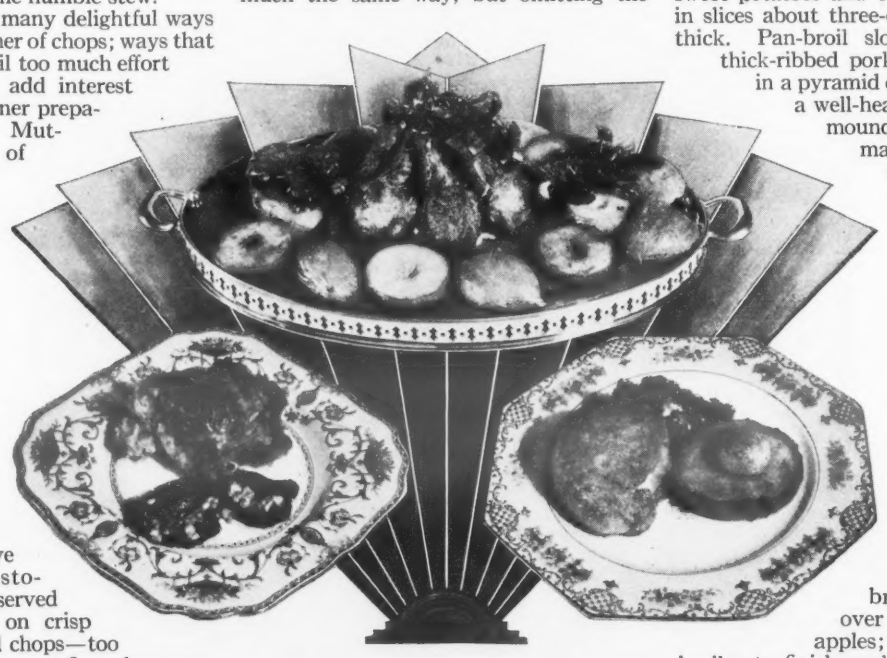
NOTE · When using Snowdrift always add a pinch of salt; for Snowdrift, like butter fresh from the churn, comes to you unsalted . . . Also, note that Snowdrift stays *creamy whether you keep it in a warm kitchen or in the refrigerator.*

When Chops are Cheaper

By CAROLINE B. KING

CHOPS, my butcher tells me, are very likely to be rather cheaper in the winter than in the summer months. And this—when one realizes that it is a general custom in most households in cold weather to serve roasts and stews and braised dishes, all calling for pieces of meat which require long cooking, reserving the quickly cooked chop for hot days, when to get through the meal preparation in the very shortest possible order is every housewife's earnest effort—sounds like a very logical statement. Chops, like everything else, when out of fashion should be cheaper. However, whether it is entirely true or not, it is well worth considering. Investigation may lead to frequent dinners in which juicy chops—lamb, mutton, pork or veal—may play the leading part, at no greater cost than the substantial, though plain, pot roast or the humble stew.

And there are so many delightful ways of dressing up a dinner of chops; ways that might seem to entail too much effort in July, but which add interest and zest to the dinner preparation in February. Mutton chops, beloved of every Englishman, make a hearty pièce de résistance, planked or broiled or baked; the chops from a yearling lamb are as tender and palatable as those from the less-mature animal, but far more substantial, and obtainable all through the cold weather. Pork chops, once so modest a product, have become very aristocratic and may be served in tempting ways on crisp cold days; and veal chops—too little known—are so very fine when properly cooked. In short, all these add variety to the winter dinner menu at small cost, if my butcher is to be believed.



FILLED LAMB CHOPS are very tempting, but should only be prepared from yearling or even more mature lamb, for the chops should be large and fully one inch thick. Slit as directed in the following recipe and fill with a dressing made by turning half a cupful of finely chopped onions steamed five minutes in bacon drippings into half a loaf of very dry bread that has been cut into thirds, dipped into cold water and quickly squeezed out again. Add salt and pepper to taste and a well-beaten egg. Place the chops in a hot dripping pan with several tablespoonfuls of their own fat tried out and slip into a hot oven—400° F.—and cook from thirty to forty minutes. When done, serve on a hot platter around a mound of well-seasoned green peas and sprinkle with chopped mint or watercress.

STUFFED PORK CHOPS are particularly hearty and tasty. Select loin chops, trim the fat a little, make a gash two inches long, then slit the meat the full length of the bone on the inside and fill with dressing used in the previous recipe, except to add a quarter of a cupful of chopped apple. Season each one nicely, dip in flour and place in a dripping pan in hot fat cooked from the trimmings and roast in a hot oven—400° F. When nicely browned on the bottom, turn the chops to cook and brown on the other side. It will require about an hour for the entire cooking, and yet when served the chops will be tender and moist, much like well-cooked chicken. They are especially good when garnished with prunes which have been dropped into the pan with them ten minutes before serving. Slit the prunes, previously steamed, remove the stone, and fill with chopped apple before cooking.

NOISETTES OF LAMB are merely chops from which the long bone has been removed, the fat trimmed and the tail rolled up to fill the hollow and make the chops round. Wrap with a piece of fat bacon around the outer edge, pinning it together with a skewer. Broil as usual, then season nicely and serve on squares of toast with dots of mint or crab-apple jelly on each noisette.

NOISETTES OF PORK are prepared in much the same way, but omitting the bacon and leaving most of the fat untrimmed. They are then crumbed and egged and slowly pan-broiled until tender. Serve these with thick slices of tart unpeeled apple fried in the pork fat and garnished with tiny glazed onions placed on the top. The onions, previously boiled, may be browned with the apple.

CHESHIRE-CHEESE MUTTON CHOPS call for large, meaty loin chops. Slit the chops as directed in previous recipes and in each insert a tablespoonful of lamb or veal kidney finely chopped and seasoned. Wrap slices of bacon around the outer edge of the chops, fasten with toothpicks or skewers and broil in the oven or pan-broil. Season and sprinkle with a few drops of some good meat sauce, and serve with Brussels sprouts. Asparagus vinaigrette is also a favorite with this very English dish.

WIENER SCHNITZEL is a German dish, and a very fine one too. For it veal chops cut from the loin are selected and neatly trimmed. These are dipped in well-seasoned bread crumbs and beaten egg and again in bread crumbs, then sautéd slowly in butter or other fat until well done and of a nice brown. Sprinkle with lemon juice and arrange on a hot platter. To a tablespoonful of fat in a pan, add one of flour, and when frothy add one cupful of thick sour cream; stir the mixture well and heat thoroughly. Season nicely and pour about the chops. Garnish with lemon slices and serve with creamed cabbage.

LAMB CHOPS FARCI are extremely dainty. They make a smart dish for a little dinner and are easily prepared. Rib chops Frenched and cut one and a half inches thick are used. Broil them lightly on one side only. Meantime, make a filling by adding half a cupful of canned mushrooms, finely chopped, to one cupful of well-seasoned white sauce. If convenient, add also a few tablespoonfuls of chopped ham and one chopped green pepper. Heap this mixture on the cooked sides of the chops. Sprinkle with fine soft bread crumbs, dot with butter and bake in a hot oven—400° F.—for about forty minutes, the time depending upon the thickness. Chop frills to dress the ends of the bones make a pretty finish for this dish, which may be served with pan-broiled bananas as a garnish.

PORK CHOPS PLANKED WITH APPLES AND SWEET POTATOES make a dish fit for a king. Boil, cool and peel three large sweet potatoes and cut them lengthwise in slices about three-quarters of an inch thick. Pan-broil slowly half a dozen thick-ribbed pork chops, then place in a pyramid on the bone ends on a well-heated plank around a mound of apple filling, made by adding one cupful of chopped apples to the filling given in the first recipe. Core and cut red-cheeked apples into thick slices crosswise, but do not peel them. Dip the potatoes and apples into melted butter, brown on the bottom in a frying pan until delicately colored and sprinkle the potatoes with salt and scatter brown sugar lightly over both them and the apples; then place in the broiler to finish cooking and to brown. Serve with chili sauce or catchup.

MASKED LAMB CHOPS sound rather elaborate, but are really quite simple to prepare, and they make the basis of a most interesting and attractive meal. Broil the chops—but not too done—then envelop them entirely in well-seasoned mashed potatoes to which a finely chopped canned pimiento has been added; smooth the potato neatly all over the chops with a knife, then dip in beaten egg and in fine bread crumbs buttered. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, arrange in a well-greased dripping pan, and bake about fifteen minutes in a hot oven to brown. Serve with béchamel sauce, spinach and jellied tomato salad.

ENGLISH MUTTON CHOPS WITH CURRANT MINT SAUCE make a dish quite fine enough for the most formal luncheon or dinner. Have the butcher bone and roll rib mutton chops with several slices of bacon inside; then ask him to cut the roll into slices an inch and a half thick, so that each slice looks like a miniature roast beef. Strips of bacon should then be bound round each roll, and pinned together. Broil the chops on a well-greased broiler for ten minutes, turning them often, or pan-broil them if more convenient. Then place them in a dripping pan, or on a well-heated oaken plank, season well and finish cooking them in the oven, which will require at least twenty minutes. If cooked on the plank, pipe a border of well-mashed and seasoned potatoes about them, brown in the oven, and garnish with parsley and radishes cut like tulips. If cooked in a dripping pan, serve on a heated platter with a border of French-fried potatoes.

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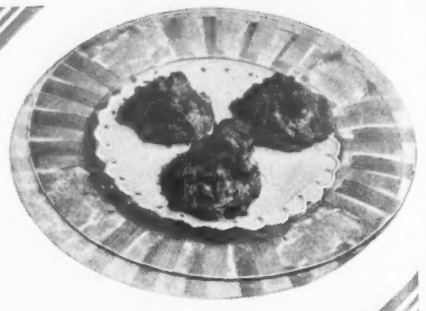
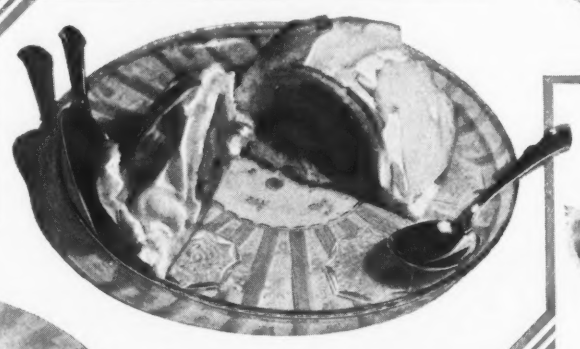
Decorative Meringues Make Dressy Desserts

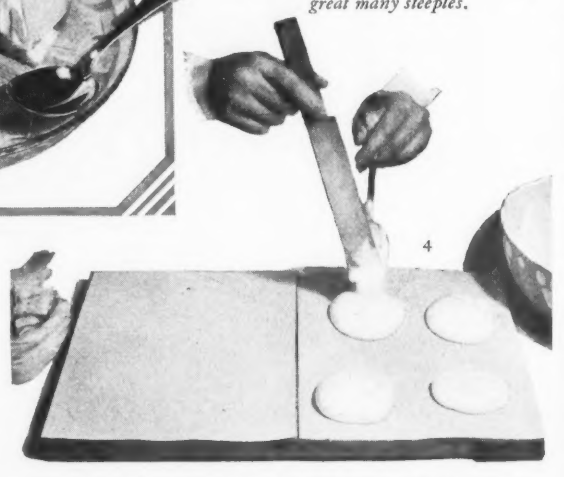
THERE is nothing difficult or tedious about making meringues, if you have a good recipe and then follow it. The sugar cookery method is best for meringue shells, but for baked Alaska, uncooked meringue is recommended.





Old-fashioned coconut steeples are candy-like and a very little meringue makes a great many steeples.

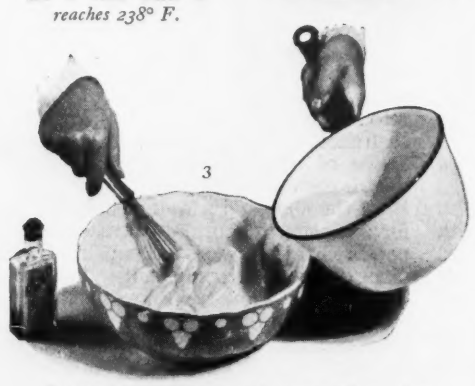
Fruit ice cream swathed in meringue and baked on sponge cake always seems more delicate and festive.



Meringue glacées have ice cream between the shells.

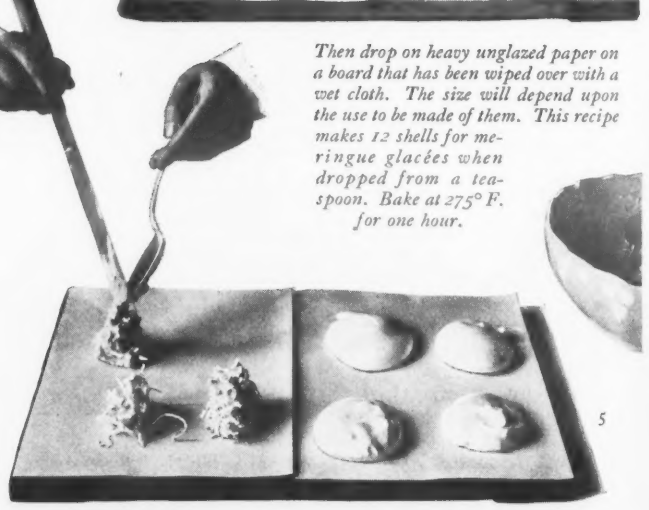
Any meringue requires sugar, water, egg whites and flavoring. A good recipe for cooked meringue is 2 cupfuls of sugar, ¾ cupful of water, 5 egg whites and a teaspoonful of flavoring. Put the water and sugar in a smooth saucepan and stir until it boils, using a wooden spoon.

Never stir the sirup after it boils, and have the flame so regulated that the sirup cooks evenly all over the pan. Let it cook until it reaches 238° F.

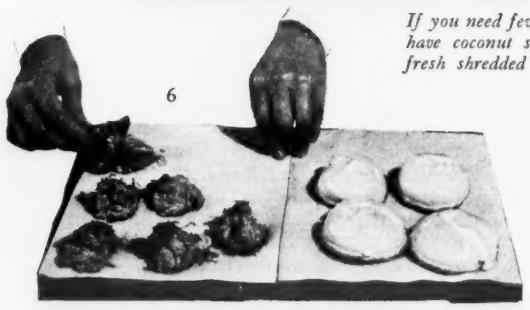


Let the sirup stand on the hot stove while you beat the eggs to a stiff froth, then add it in a slow steady stream and continue the beating until the meringue is cold. Stir in the flavoring, cover and let stand ten minutes before using.

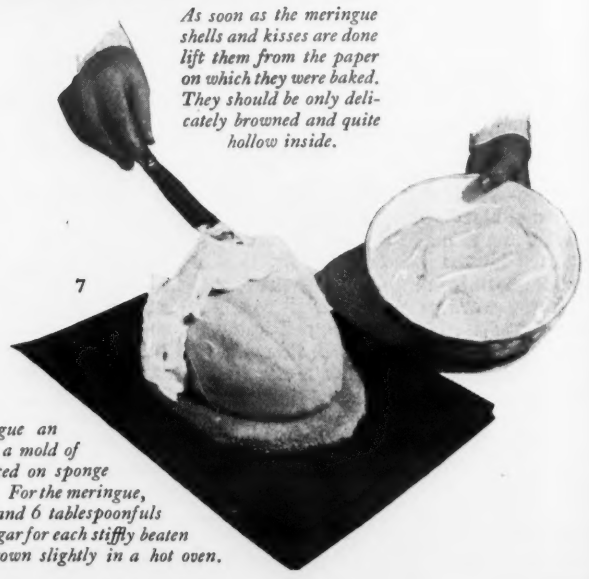
Then drop on heavy unglazed paper on a board that has been wiped over with a wet cloth. The size will depend upon the use to be made of them. This recipe makes 12 shells for meringue glacées when dropped from a teaspoon. Bake at 275° F. for one hour.



If you need fewer glacé shells you may have coconut steeples, too, by adding fresh shredded coconut or that canned dry, until there is just enough meringue to hold it together. Then in dropping it from a teaspoon, pile it up very high and bake with the glacé shells.



As soon as the meringue shells and kisses are done lift them from the paper on which they were baked. They should be only delicately browned and quite hollow inside.



Spread meringue an inch thick over a mold of ice cream placed on sponge cake cut to fit. For the meringue, add flavoring and 6 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar for each stiffly beaten egg white. Brown slightly in a hot oven.

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E-E-E-E-E-E-K, squeaked the roller—like an army of embattled mice marching to exterminate a cat.

And after that, Harold didn't need to be careful.

* * * *

WHEN your patience with those old shade rollers (the jumpy, squawky kind) is exhausted, go to your shade man and tell him that you think life is too short to be wasted juggling with old-fashioned rollers. Tell him you want the NEW *Columbia* Rollers on your shades—the kind with 30% to 40% reserve power—nickel plated ends—RUST-PROOF—self-lubricating bearings that are QUIET.

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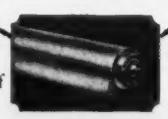

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What's New?

Or, What the Up-to-Date Homemaker Wants to Know

NOW we can cover the cupboard shelves in the kitchen with white oilcloth edged with a smart modernistic design inspired by the new furniture of that type. This design is in the form of scallops, shaded from the edge in four tones of the same color, giving a decorative pattern of four inches. The oilcloth comes in four shades of green, blue, yellow, black or red, and its full depth is eighteen inches. It is truly charming for any kitchen shelves, for the bedroom clothes closet or the bathroom medicine closet; in fact, it can be used on any shelf where a touch of color will add to the decorative scheme of the room.

A gayly flowered chintz-covered wooden clothes hamper with scrap basket to match is a practical addition to the furnishings for a white bathroom that needs a modern touch of color. The hamper is just the right size to fit into many narrow spaces in the room and helps to keep things in apple-pie order without itself being in the way. The scrap basket is neat and trim-looking and not too large for this purpose. The insides of both basket and hamper are smartly covered with bright waterproof paint, which can be washed to keep them looking always clean and new. Another added feature is that they blend nicely with the new shower curtains and bathroom linens.

Many of us who have often wished for fancy molds especially designed for the narrow drawers or compartments of refrigerators have now a number to choose from. These come in full-size or individual molds of copper, heavily tinned and made in one piece in order to avoid leakage. Freezing is greatly facilitated in these molds because of the flat bottoms which rest directly on the floor of the freezing compartment.

Here's a remedy for electric plugs that fit too snugly into the socket and require unnecessary attention every time a cord is detached. It's a very simple little piece of equipment—a black enameled band of metal which screws around the plug with finger holds on both sides. A gentle pull with the fingers gripped in these holds does the work without any danger of loosening the cord from the plug and exposing the wires.

There's an interesting new piece of household equipment that serves a double purpose—that of an electrical vacuum cleaner to clean the furniture, rugs, walls, and the like, and also chemically to purify the air at the same time. That the whole cleaner weighs only nine pounds and that the dust bag is inclosed in a metal container are added advantages. It slips along the floor on two metal runners and

there is a ten-foot flexible tube of very light-weight metal to which the cleaning attachments are attached. Besides the ordinary attachments, there are a pneumatic brush for cleaning glass windows, a very narrow radiator-cleaning attachment, and a large and a small brush for sweeping. In using the cleaner the dust is carried through the flexible tube into the bag and as the air presses out of the other end it is forced through a chemical pad by the motor at the outlet end. It is this chemical pad that automatically purifies the air. Besides all these features to commend it, the motor requires no oiling.

There are an ever-increasing number of foreign cookery books in the book shops now which are in demand by the homemakers interested through travel in recipes for foreign foods. To entertain with a menu and setting of a foreign land is becoming ever more popular, up to date and smart, and cookbooks are a necessity for this purpose. There is no need to worry about getting the necessary foods, as our markets are carrying more and more products native to foreign lands and in demand by our foreign population. Many foreign dishes have already become popular on our American home menus.

When eggs begin to drop in price is the time to think about preserving them for use later on. This can very satisfactorily be done now in several ways, one of them by a new egg preservative which comes in gray cakes about two inches in diameter. One of these cakes, crushed and dissolved in two gallons of water, will preserve a hundred eggs in excellent condition for a whole year. The best results are obtained by using only strictly fresh unwashed eggs, saving those that need washing for immediate use. The ones to be preserved are put down as usual and kept in a cool place. Although the amount of water used for a hundred eggs allows for three inches of liquid to cover them, evaporation may take place faster than the eggs are used. In such case more water must be added to keep them constantly covered to this depth. They merely need be removed as needed.

For those of us who are always on the lookout for simple and easy ways of securing results which can be classed as fine cookery, parchment paper has already found its place. For the cooking of fish and leafy or tender vegetables, as well as the reheating of left-over foods, it has become invaluable. The simplicity of its use and the advantage of retaining all the original juices by merely tying up the ends of the paper loosely over the food and dropping it in hot water or standing it over steam is a great feature. Each piece of paper—it comes in sheets and rolls—may be used more than once by washing and drying each time. Wetting the paper before placing the food upon it will toughen the parchment.

Here is an idea for the men of the family: Don't discard a necktie as second best without first trying to remove the wrinkles with the small electrical tie presser that's now on the market. This presser is a neat little affair that folds together like a book, and is but twelve inches long and a quarter of an inch thick. A tongue-shaped strip of metal comes with it which you slip inside the tie between the lining and the silk. When this is done, just pat the mussed part of the tie with a dampened cloth, then place between the presser covers and slip on the two metal clamps that hold them together. An electric cord attached will screw into any ordinary light socket and in seven minutes at the most you will find your tie perfectly pressed, with no ridges made by the underneath seam. The pressing is done by the current passing from the cord into the heating unit in the back of the folder. These electric tie pressers are inexpensive and very attractive gifts for men, as they are covered in dark blue damask-patterned fabric and are easy to carry.

A neat and inconspicuous clothes dryer is a welcome convenience for anyone who keeps house, especially if it is in a small apartment where there is a baby and regular daily washing is an absolute necessity. The hanger we know of has forty feet of drying space. It is a rack made of eight wooden bars which fit closely against the ceiling and is lowered and raised on a pulley to any convenient height. It comes in a natural-wood finish or, if you desire, white-enameled, either of which is inexpensive enough to be well within a price that makes it available to anyone.

Since the internal organs of many animals have been brought into greater use by the increased knowledge of their vitamin content, we are all using hearts, kidneys and livers more than ever before. In stuffing a heart you'll no longer have to sew up the gashes that were formerly made for the purpose of government inspection, because recent research has brought about progress in this line and the hearts are now sold whole.

There are many little odds and ends of tasks about the home for which a handy razor blade is almost indispensable. We can buy them now in most attractive guise—with a metal cover into which they fold—very neat in pattern and compactly small enough to tuck into a corner of the purse or pocket to have at hand when needed. When the blade grows dull, it's no trick at all to remove it and insert a new one. You'll no longer hesitate to bring one forth at any time to cut an interesting clipping from a magazine or to do a little ripping.

The Practical Homemaker will be glad to furnish the names of the manufacturers of all items mentioned on this page upon application from readers by mail.

Film on Teeth to Blame

when smiles lose fascination

Teeth like precious jewels are seen today on every hand, for millions know the wonders Pepsodent will work in giving teeth a dazzling whiteness by removing dingy film.

Sparkling teeth are the chief requisite of a winning personality. Here's the way lovely women in the public eye have found to gain them . . . . a ten-day supply will be sent free.

***The* Film** that stains naturally white teeth and makes them dingy. You can remove it now in 30 seconds.

WHEN the sparkle seems to vanish from your smile, a dingy layer of film on your teeth is probably to blame.

Back of film also lies the chief cause of decay, pyorrhea, tender, bleeding gums and the commoner tooth and gum diseases.

How to fight film is the greatest dental problem of the day. Now a new way is prescribed by dentists that differs in action from any other known. It is a special film-removing formula called Pepsodent. Please accept a free 10-day tube. Send coupon.

Why teeth are dull

If your teeth are dingy and "off color" they are coated with a film. Feel for it with your tongue.

Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it. Film hardens into tartar — thus fosters decay. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious body ills may be indirectly traced to film.

The special way to remove it

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel.

As children's teeth appear you marvel at their whiteness. Yours may regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing.

The source of decay and pyorrhea is combated scientifically. In hundreds of thousands of cases under observation this way has succeeded where other things have failed.

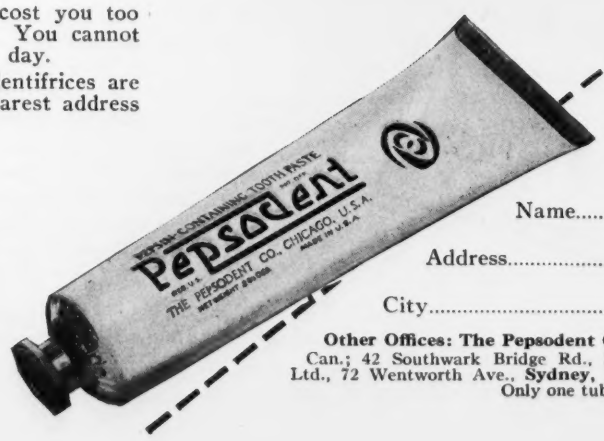
FREE ten-day test

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and in business. You cannot delay testing this method another day.

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try.

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice



10-DAY TUBE FREE

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 112, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

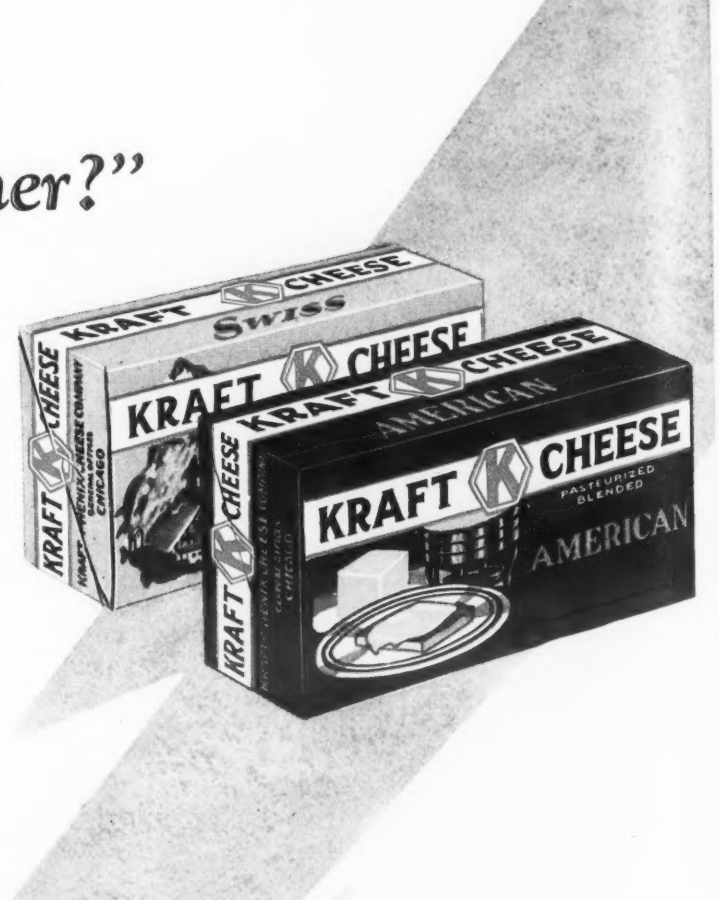
Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., **London,** S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family

3049

The Eternal Question

"—What Shall I Have for Dinner?"



At this season of the year, when the market offers a minimum in variety of food, and choice is so restricted, Kraft Cheese comes to the assistance of the puzzled housewife.

For in our new recipe book—which is free—are to be found in almost endless variety, new dishes—or old favorites given a new savoriness—by the use of Kraft Cheese.

And good cheese is so healthful, so invigorating, so revitalizing. Just the food needed at this time of the year to restore waning energy. Besides, cheese is one of the very few foods that can be eaten with equal pleasure either for its own deliciousness or for its health-giving properties. We know of no other single food, containing so many essential food elements, that is so pleasing to the taste. To make sure the cheese you buy is good, say "Kraft" before you say Cheese.

Send for our new recipe book just off the press. It is brimful of choice cheese recipes and illustrated in colors. It is free. Write our Home Economics Department, 406 Rush Street, Chicago.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co[illegible]y

In every type of food one brand always stands out as the standard of its kind. For over fifty years "Philadelphia" has been that brand in Cream Cheese. Child specialists recommend it for body and health-building elements. Nutrition authorities give it honored place in the diet. Hostesses and food experts serve it as a rare delicacy. It, too, is a product of the Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company.

Macaroni Mousse

1 cup macaroni broken in two-inch pieces
1½ cups scalding milk
1 cup soft bread crumbs
¼ cup melted butter
1 pimiento, chopped
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1½ cups Kraft American Cheese grated or Nukraft
⅜ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash of paprika
3 eggs

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water, blanch in cold water and drain. Pour scalding milk over bread crumbs, add butter, pimiento, parsley, onion, grated Kraft Cheese and seasonings. Then add well-beaten eggs. Put macaroni in thickly buttered loaf pan and pour milk and cheese mixture over it. Bake about 50 minutes in a slow oven, until loaf is firm. Serve with mushroom sauce.

We Test Our Readers' Recipes

Massachusetts is Not Confined to Local Tastes

Savory Shrimp

1 Medium Onion
1 Clove of Garlic
¼ Cupful of Olive Oil
¼ Cupful of Flour
2 Cupfuls of Strained Tomatoes
1 Cupful of Meat Stock
½ Teaspoonful of Salt
¼ Teaspoonful of Paprika
1 Teaspoonful of Sugar
1 Pint of Fresh Shrimp Meat
1 Tablespoonful of Minced Parsley

CHOP the onion and garlic very fine, then cook slowly in the hot oil until tender, though not brown. Stir in the flour and when frothy add the tomatoes, stock, shrimp, salt, paprika and sugar. About fifteen minutes of gentle simmering will carry the seasoning well through the shrimp and make it deliciously tender. Serve sprinkled with parsley and turn into a platter garnished with toast points.

—MRS. R. E. MACI., *West Somerville.*

Unkneaded Feather Rolls

1 Pint of Milk
6 Tablespoonfuls of Melted Shortening
2 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar
1 Yeast Cake
¼ Cupful of Lukewarm Water
6 Cupfuls of Bread Flour
1 Teaspoonful of Salt

SCALD the milk, stir in the shortening and sugar, and put aside to cool. When lukewarm, add the yeast cake softened in the water and the flour and salt. Beat vigorously for several minutes, cover and put to rise in a spot free from drafts. To use these rolls freshly baked for dinner, have them mixed by nine in the morning. After two hours, stir the mixture down; at four in the afternoon again stir it down and then drop by generous tablespoonfuls into well-greased muffin tins. Let rise once more till double in bulk, then bake in a moderate oven—375° F.—for twenty-five minutes. Though not as fine in texture as kneaded rolls, these are just as tender and delicious, and not as difficult to make.

—MRS. E. F. B., *Waltham.*

Stuffed Candied Prunes

1 Pound of 20–30 Prunes
1½ Pounds of Sugar
1 Cupful of Water
2 Sliced Lemons
Pecan Nut Meats

WASH the prunes and remove the pits, making a lengthwise slit and then running the tip of a very sharp knife down on both sides of the stone. Fill the cavity with pecan meats and press the slit together. Drop into a sirup made of the sugar and water, add the slices of lemon and simmer very gently until the prunes are tender and well glazed, and the juice almost entirely absorbed. Drain and serve as a party sweetmeat.

—MRS. A. M., *Roxbury.*

Veal Roasted Game Fashion

1 Slice of Veal
1 Tablespoonful of Butter
2 Small Onions
¼ Cupful of Minced Celery
Salt
Pepper
1 Cupful of Bread Crumbs
¼ Pound of Fat Salt Pork
½ Bay Leaf
1 Cupful of Celery Leaves
1 Cupful of Boiling Water
1 Bouillon Cube

WHEN one wants a delicious gamy-flavored piece of veal, spread and roll it with a dressing made of the bread crumbs mixed and seasoned with the melted butter, one onion, minced, salt and pepper to taste, and the celery. Skewer or tie the roll together loosely, put it into a roasting pan and cover with thin slices of the pork, and of another onion. Drop the bay leaf and the celery leaves into the pan and pour over them the boiling water. Roast in a hot oven—500° F.—for about forty-five minutes, basting very frequently, adding only a little boiling water as needed, so that very little remains when the meat is done. Serve with a sauce made by adding a bouillon cube to the gravy and thickening it slightly with a tablespoonful of flour mixed with one of cold water.

—A. D., *Great Barrington.*

Beets With Mint Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls of Vinegar
1 Teaspoonful of Sugar
3 Cloves
½ Cupful of Butter
1½ Cupfuls of Small Cooked Beets
18 Mint Leaves

LET the vinegar, sugar, cloves and butter come to the boiling point, then drop in the beets and cover and simmer until the flavor is absorbed, which will depend upon the age and tenderness of the beets. When ready to serve, sprinkle with finely chopped mint leaves. This is an excellent variation of mint flavoring to serve with lamb.

—MRS. D., *Worcester.*

Frangipani

1 Quart of Scalded Milk
4 Egg Yolks
2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
4 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar
4 Tablespoonfuls of Flour
2 Tablespoonfuls of Chopped Almonds
1 Tablespoonful of Orangeflower Water

STIR the sugar and flour mixed together into the slightly beaten egg yolks. Add the scalded milk slowly and cook over hot water, stirring until as thick as cream. Drop in the butter and the almonds coarsely chopped. Cool, and flavor with the orangeflower water. Serve icy cold in parfait glasses with a spoonful of whipped cream, to make the dessert of your meal the feature course.

—B. W., *Springfield.*

Vitamized by Natural Process

Mothers say:

"No More Coaxing"

Children need not be coaxed to eat 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES, say mothers everywhere; for they like its new, nut-like flavor and the light, grainy appearance which distinguish it from ordinary oats.

Ask for a Free Trial Package and Let Your Child Tell the Difference

You will never know the delicious difference between Genuine 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES, distinguished by the Big Red 3 on the package, and ordinary oats, until you have actually tried it in your own home. You would never believe that any cereal could be so good. Set a steaming bowl before each member of your family and let them tell you.

The 3-MINUTE Process also eliminates all of that flouriness that cooks into a soggy, glutinous mass; so that 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) looks delightfully light, flaky and appetizing in the dish. This appetizing appearance and delicious, nut-like flavor combine to make it the favorite of children and adults too.

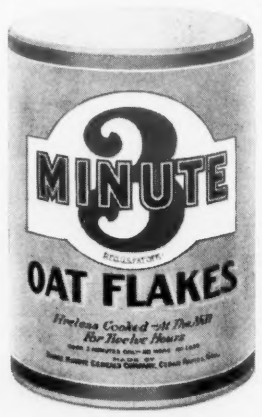
Vitamized by Natural Process

Mother Nature in her infinite wisdom pours into sun-ripened oats more of the important growth-producing elements than into any other grain; and these, with the Natural Vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals, are preserved by the 3-MINUTE Process—nothing is added and nothing is taken away. In 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) you will find these elements in just the proportions that Nature intended—unaltered by man.

Fireless Cooked ~At the Mill~ For 12 Hours

Genuine 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) is different from any other oats that you have ever tasted, for it is made by an entirely different process. Selected whole white oats, still in their hulls, are *Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours*—in their own moisture—in big, tight cookers that retain and perfectly blend all of the goodness of the grain, and bring out to the fullest extent a wonderful, new, nut-like flavor found in no other cereal.

Insist on This Package



Fireless Cooked ~At the Mill~ For 12 Hours

Cooks Perfectly in Exactly 3 Minutes

This long cooking at the mill, besides bringing out all of the delicious flavor of the grain, dextrinizes the starches to a point where thorough cooking is completed on your stove in exactly 3 MINUTES—no more—no less. This is why 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) is the only oat flakes that cooks perfectly in exactly 3 MINUTES.

This processing, of course, costs from 20% to 25% more than it would cost us to prepare ordinary quick-cooking or rolled oats, but is justified by the extremely high quality attained in the Genuine 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*).

Ask for a Free Trial Package

We want you to try 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) at our expense. Fill out the coupon, mail it right now and we will send you a free trial package and our interesting booklet telling all about 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) and our interesting process.

Winners of Cash Prizes

For the best answers to the three questions asked in our $1,000.00 Contest

$500.00—Mrs. O. L. Mertz, 607 Fullerton Pkwy., Apartment 3, Chicago, Ill. **$100.00**—Miss Lucille Bouchet, Studio, 601 Crary Bldg., Seattle, Wash. **$75.00**—Mrs. Alice M. Oetting, Dodge, Neb. **$50.00**—Mrs. G. C. Kimbrough, 316 N. Bellevue Bldg., Memphis, Tenn. **$25.00**—Mrs. F. M. Stewart, 2883 Pandora St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada. ⁂ Space does not permit us to list the 50 winners of the $5.00 cash prizes. Awards, however, have been made by the judges, and the cash prizes mailed.

Regular Package

10¢

Family Size, 25¢

(Except in the Far West and Canada)

SEND THE COUPON NOW FOR
A Free Trial Package

Three-Minute Cereals Company, 804 Sixteenth Street, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Gentlemen: I want to try 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES—please send me a Free Trial Package and your new booklet.

My Name.....

Address.....

My Grocer's Name.....

Address.....

Often the modern woman knows half the truth (*and half only*) —about feminine hygiene

WHERE does her information stop? When does it begin to be *mis*-information? It all depends upon her circle of friends. Some may know—and *she* may know—the general attitude of doctors and nurses on the propriety of feminine hygiene from a health standpoint. But does she know the dangers that follow the wrong application? These dangers are very real, and yet so easy to avoid.

The right way is so easy and so safe

Today no woman need have the slightest hesitation in taking advantage of the professional approval behind the regular practice of feminine hygiene.

No longer need she fear poisonous germicides like bichloride of mercury, for instance. Because today she can get *Zonite*, the great antiseptic of the World War.

And Zonite is as safe as pure water. This remarkable antiseptic, when used for feminine hygiene, has no deadening or hardening effect. And yet for all its harmlessness to human beings, Zonite is more powerful as a germ-killer than any dilution of even carbolic acid that can be used on the body.

And Zonite will not cause death to children if accidentally swallowed.

Booklet—mailed free if you write now

Send for new booklet on feminine hygiene. Frank, scientific. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, skin infections or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1 *In U.S.A. and Canada*

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 42-H
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Name.....
(*Please print name*)
Address.....
City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Illusion

(Continued from Page 25)

which four bullets were rolling from side to side. Carlee came leaping down the aisle and smilingly snatched the hood from Fel's head. She, too, was smiling. A committee on the stage examined the bullets and identified them as those already marked and shot from the barrels.

Eric clapped with the rest, as Carlee and Fel stood bowing to the audience and to each other until the curtain cut them from view. He felt sure she must have heard his frantic "Bravo!" She had recognized him, he knew. The couple next him were getting up and he decided to go out with them.

"Let's go!" the man was saying. "The show's over. They always spot the dead ones to close."

"The Romeros was fine, wasn't they?" replied his companion as she put on her hat. "I seen him once before, but I liked him even better the second time. Nero the Necromancer, he bills himself."

"The girl's the live one," he replied, brushing off his bowler. "Say, it takes some nerve to stand up and let yourself get shot at, even if them bullets ain't real."

"How do you mean, 'ain't real'?"

"THEY'RE only graphite. She switches 'em for the ones they mark just before they load the guns. They turn to dust as soon as they leave the muzzle and she drops the real bullets into the plate from out of her hand. 'S pretty slick! You didn't think she could catch real bullets, did you? All the same it takes nerve!"

"It sure does! You couldn't get me to take her job for a million dollars."

Eric inquired the way to the stage entrance.

"I want to see Miss Jernigan."

"Does she know you?"

"Sure. She expects me."

"Wait there!"

Grudgingly the old doorkeeper hoisted his body up the spiral staircase. "All right. You can come up!"

Eric climbed the narrow, almost perpendicular, steps. Panting he clambered up to a fireproof corridor lined with little doors. The old man took his half dollar and jerked his thumb at the nearest. Eric knocked. Was it the climb that made his heart palpitate so?

"Hello!" he called. "I say—Miss Jernigan!"

"Who is it?"

"It's me. Eric Schmittlap. Can I come in?"

"Just a sec! I'll be decent in a minute," she answered in the vernacular of the dressing room. "All rightie! Come in!"

He pushed the door open. Felicity was sitting before her mirror in her undervest, rubbing her cheeks with a piece of cheesecloth. She had drawn a wrapper around the lower part of her body, but her arms and neck were bare. She did not turn round.

"Well!" he said. "You see I came."

"How did it go?"

"You were marvelous."

HE DID not notice the dejection of her pose. For several seconds neither of them spoke.

"How would you like to come out somewhere and have a bite to eat? I've got my car. Maybe we could have a dance afterward."

"It's awful kind of you ——"

"Do come!"

"I'm sorry ——" she stopped and Eric perceived for the first time that she was crying. "I—couldn't—go—tonight."

Poor kid! What could have happened? He closed the door behind him.

"You poor dear!" he said. "Is anything the matter? Is there anything I can do?"

"No," she answered. "There's nothing anybody can do. My—my father—died yesterday."

Then burying her face in her hands amid the rouge pots of the dressing table she began to sob. Timidly Eric put his arm about her.

"I'm so sorry! I'd no idea, of course, or I shouldn't have intruded!"

Fel found her handkerchief and used it.

"I'm all right now," she said, gently dislodging his arm. "I must hustle and get dressed."

With her eyes tear-filled she was more appealing than ever. Eric reluctantly arose.

"I hate to let you go like this!" he protested. "If I don't see you tonight I shan't be able to for I don't know how long."

"Why?"

"Oh, I've got to go to Miami on a filthy house party for two weeks. Anyhow, if I may, I'll look you up the first thing I get back." He snatched her hand and kissed it. "You're such a darling! Good night!"

Just another Johnny!

AFTER the funeral of "The Great Marco," Carlee assembled the creditors in the house. Could he ever pay them? Yet characteristically they were not thinking of themselves, but of Fel and of him. Many of them were weeping for the man who had ruined them. He couldn't see those old-timers sent to Ward's Island!

"Listen folks," he said in businesslike tones. "You know the boss died bust. He never got on his feet again after the show flopped. He didn't leave a cent and there's no use even having an administrator appointed. He owed sixty grand—fifteen to old friends living right here in this house. He couldn't rest easy unless he knew you'd get your money. The night he died I promised him every cent of it would be paid back. It shall be too. Here are notes of my own in place of the ones you've got. I'm going to try to make monthly payments, treating you as preferred creditors, and beginning now with a dividend of five dollars on the hundred. I'm sorry it isn't more."

The rouge on Mother Fay's cheeks was blotched with tears.

"Thanks, Carlee!" she sniffed.

"You don't have to thank anybody. It's all I can do for the boss! You're all going to get back your money and, what's more, you're all going to stay right here free of charge as Fel's guests and mine, until you do. Come on, now, folks! The line forms on the right!"

IT WAS hard work inducing them to take the money. Fel finally accomplished it by declaring that unless they agreed to the proposal Jernigan's should be closed.

"I want to sign those notes too!" she insisted. "This is up to me as much as it is to you. Give me your pen, Carlee! Let's work double."

In spite of the courage she had shown throughout the morning Fel collapsed after climbing the stairs to Boss Jernigan's now vacant room, and threw herself sobbing on the bed. Carlee knelt down and kissed her.

"Buck up, sweetheart!" he said. "Remember you've got to go on again at four o'clock. You don't want to look like old Mother Fay, do you?"

She turned and nestled her face against his.

"You're all I've got, Carlee."

"I know, dearest! Same here!"

"And you'll not split the act?"

"Of course not! We'll stay right on and run the house and pay back everybody."

"And it will all be just the same as it is now?"

"Sure. Cheer up, darling!"

"Oh, Carlee! You make me so happy! I do love you so!"

She strained him to her. "And I you!"

(Continued on Page 108)

"Oh-h-Skippy!"

YOUNGSTERS know they've something good when they have two slices of bread with a thick layer of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter between. And they're not slow at noising it abroad.

There's double merit to this food for children. First of all, it's good for them. Wholesome, easily digested, nourishing and energy-giving. And of almost equal importance with children—they just love it. Not a bit of coaxing needed to get them to eat it—if it's Beech-Nut.

So mothers everywhere may well encourage this natural fondness for such a toothsome and healthful food. And remember—grown-ups enjoy it every bit as much as children do. It adds variety and flavor to many salads and cooked dishes.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is the well known brand. It has the advantage of an *easy-to-open top* not found with other kinds. No bother to open, and the top is readily replaced as a cover after serving. *A convenience feature worth remembering.*

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

JOHN BARRYMORE

•

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

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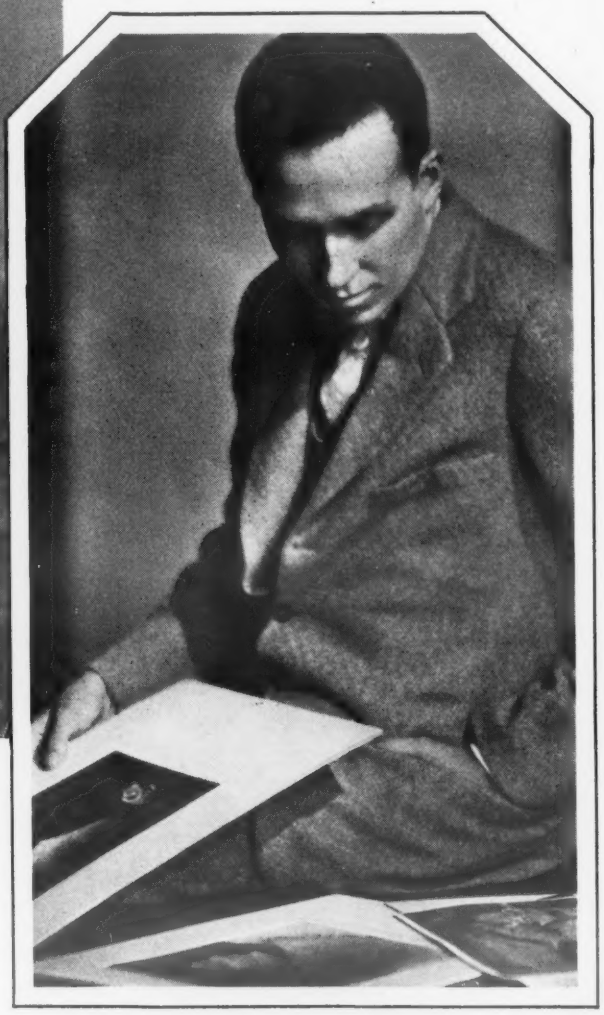
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

JOHN BARRYMORE

—because, being a member of the most distinguished theatrical family in America, he has been associated with the most beautiful women in the arts. Because in his choice of motion picture heroines he has set a new—and different—standard of feminine loveliness. Because he is himself the most romantic figure on the stage today.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

—because, he is the fourth Cornelius Vanderbilt in one of America's oldest and most distinguished families. Because he has struck out for himself and achieved an independent career, and as a journalist is familiar with people everywhere. Because he has driven across America twenty-three times and his hobby is remote places and interesting types.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

—because, as the most brilliant of America's younger novelists, he was the first to discover and portray an enchanting new type of American girl. Because, at the age of 23, he woke up to find himself famous as the author of *"This Side of Paradise."* Because no other man of his time writes so sympathetically, skilfully, and fascinatingly about women.

Three distinguished Judges choose the

TWELVE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

using Woodbury's Facial Soap

WHO are the *real* Woodbury beauties?

Hundreds of women have written us every year that they owe the fine, clear beauty of their skin to faithful use of this famous complexion soap. But we longed to meet them face to face!

At last we did it! We called on them—in big cities, in little villages, in the country—we called on Woodbury beauties in each of the forty-eight states.

Even we were amazed, astonished at the hundreds of lovely, attractive faces we saw. We asked for their photographs that their loveliness might be judged and published to the world!

But when we came to choose from literally heaps of the charming portraits they gave us we were bewildered. It was impossible to select the loveliest high school girl, the fairest sub-deb. And equally difficult to choose the most beautiful mother, the most fascinating wife.

So we asked three distinguished American men, known for their deep appreciation and knowledge of beauty, to choose for us. We asked Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., John Barrymore, and F. Scott Fitzgerald to select from among all these Woodbury beauties the loveliest of each type.

The judges are choosing. The twelve most beautiful Woodbury users will be published in a series—the loveliest debutante, the most radiant out-of-doors girl, the loveliest mother, the youngest grandmother—all will appear in these pages.

And all these beautiful women are keeping the fresh, clear texture of their skin by constant use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Watch for them each month. Who will be the first Woodbury beauty? She will be shown in March.

The Andrew Jergens Company

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Foot Saver Shoes

for Her who seeks Comfort in Smart Shoes

The perfect adventure for the modern woman is the discovery that supremely smart footwear can be as comfortable as even the ugliest so-called "comfort shoes." Only in Foot Saver Shoes can a woman find distinguished smartness and, at the same time, utter ease. This is because the Foot Saver *patented in-built construction* provides the continuous flexible support so essential to comfort. The foot is gently held in its own natural position, yet the shoe yields to its every movement. Without strain or pressure, fatigue and pain are banished — and feet and ankles find a new grace and beauty.

"FOOT INSURANCE FOR THE FUTURE"

Only when you have actually seen the new Foot Saver Creations can you appreciate their superiority and distinctive smartness. The easiest way to do this is to send the coupon below for the Foot Saver Style Portfolio.

The Foot Saver Shoe — Controls the Arch

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 412 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.
Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

L2-29

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co., Whitman, Mass.

(Continued from Page 106)

The clock struck two. "Gee!" he exclaimed. "It's time we got dressed and scoffed some lunch."

The death of Boss Jernigan caused a natural hiatus in Carlee's social career. Even had he had the opportunity to accept any invitation he would not have had the heart to desert Felicity at a time when she so much needed him. But for Carlee she would have to face the world alone. Her professional future as well as her heart's happiness lay with him. They had trouped together now for three years, doing both the big time and the small, the "white lights" and the "kerosene circuit," the "all-night burgs" and "the nine-o'clock towns," and during that time the bond of affection between them had grown constantly stronger. They had always been a "duo." She could not visualize a stage career without him. Sometime she was going to break into the "legit" and Carlee should write plays for her in which he would have a part himself. He was to be an author-actor-producer; she the star!

Wouldn't it be grand to see their names in electric lights?

T. CARLEE THARP
PRESENTS
FELICITY JERNIGAN
IN
TANBARK
WITH A NOTABLE CAST

Carlee's promise to the boss that he would look out for Fel had seemed hardly necessary, for he spent all his off time with her anyway. There were always possible improvements to be made in their routine, new patter to be invented, gags to be polished, or manipulations to be practiced.

He had always been her hero ever since they had traveled together in the old circus coach. That sometime he would want to marry her she had taken for granted. He loved her! Had he not told her so over and over again?

HER mother she could hardly remember at all, and though she had been devoted to her father she had been less dependent upon him than upon Carlee, with whom she had come to have a subtle understanding that at times seemed telepathic. He, although skeptical like most magics regarding so-called psychic phenomena, frequently could not help feeling that their complex code of mind-reading signals was in some way supplemented by an unknown but no less definite force.

Doc Pedersen, a cadaverous person with a Roquefort-cheese complexion and small luminous black eyes that gleamed out of hairless sockets, who made a business of delving into the occult, insisted that Felicity had definite psychic powers. He had often tried to persuade Jernigan to let him experiment with her a little, but the Great Marco had positively refused. Of course Fel was psychic, the boss agreed; didn't she do a mind reading act? Anyhow he made it clear to Doc that he was to keep his hands off the girl, and to Fel that she was on no account to go into his room alone. Doc had the entire first-floor front, his bed-alcove being partitioned off by curtains on which were embroidered zodiacal signs and astrological symbols. Except for Brother Blandy he saw little or nothing of the other lodgers. Retorts, vials and electrical machinery were everywhere about; and a strange odor hung over the place. A glass plate in the window read:

PROFESSOR PEDERSEN
HOURS
10–1
8–12 P.M.

Many negroes called there.

What with settling up Boss Jernigan's affairs, running the lodging house, and doing their three-a-day, Felicity had little time for grief, and when at midnight they took the Subway home after their performance she usually slept with her head on Carlee's shoulder all the way from the Bronx to Times Square. Mornings they did not get up until late and then had breakfast together in the sitting room, formerly Jernigan's bedroom.

They were very happy. Indeed, T. Carlee Tharp might never have gone back to Fifth Avenue and as Nero the Necromancer have been lost to the world of high society forever had it not been for the call of spring that floated through their windows one Sunday afternoon.

FEL had bought at a sale a new dark red crêpe de chine dress which she had never put on and was anxious to wear. In half-length sleeves, black stockings with red shoes, and a close-fitting hat to match she looked unusually fetching as she stood looking at herself in the mantel mirror.

"Gosh, you women!" exclaimed Carlee. He got up from where he was sitting, came over, and whirled her around. "I must say, you look all right to me. That's a peach of a dress!"

Fel flushed with pleasure.

She reached up and pulling down his head returned his kiss.

"Isn't it swell being together this way, Carlee?"

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world it is!" he answered heartily. "Come on! Let's parade the new regalia!"

It was one of those balmy days when the sunlight seems to reflect the tint of future grass and the west wind to bear with it the scent of coming apple blossoms. They crossed Broadway to Fifth Avenue and joined the parade of pleasure seekers strolling toward the Plaza, where tier on tier the giant buildings receded into the sky, like Titanic steps from the dark canyons of endeavor to the golden afterglows of success. The façades of the mansions along the thoroughfare were bathed in yellow overtones.

To Fel the people who dwelt behind those chiseled limestone fronts, marble pillars and flower-filled windows were infinitely to be envied. In contrast her own life with Carlee seemed poverty-stricken! She was so glad he had given up hanging around these rich folk! It would surely make him discontented in the long run.

"I wonder what it would be like to live in one of those swell dumps!" she remarked. "I wonder if they get any more out of it than the rest of us!"

The walk had reawakened in Carlee a vivid recollection of his late triumphs. He had been to parties in several of these very houses; knew the people; could go there again, if he felt like it!

"You bet they do!" he answered. "Don't fool yourself! Those people have a cinch. They've got theirs and they know what to do with it. They've absolutely everything life has to offer. I don't mean only material comforts, although swell cooking and motors and servants and all the hot water you want isn't to be sneezed at ——"

"AH, I KNEW MY CHILDREN WOULD MAKE GOOD!"

(Continued on Page 110)

All the machinery is on top

—you never see it.. never oil it..barely hear it!

ALL the machinery is on top . . . do you realize the importance of this simple statement? Do you know that this radically different design was chosen only after fifteen years of painstaking research in the laboratories of General Electric to guarantee the quietest, simplest, most efficient, and the most worry-proof arrangement?

The General Electric Refrigerator is one of the outstanding engineering achievements of recent years. All its mechanism is contained in a hermetically sealed steel casing, mounted on top of the refrigerator. There it is safe from dust and difficulties. It never needs oiling. And it operates so quietly that you can scarcely hear it.

As for its installation—that is a matter of minutes. There is no soldering, plumbing or wiring. You simply attach the cord—just as you would with an electric iron—to any convenience outlet, and turn on the switch.

Automatically, economically, this machinery which you never see gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It keeps your food always within the safety zone—well below the fifty degree danger point. It makes plenty of ice cubes for you . . . and uses surprisingly little current.

You will want complete specifications of all the models. You can get them by merely dropping us a card asking for our descriptive Booklet J-2.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND. OHIO

Bridge at Avignon built about the year 1180

HOW COULD IT BE BETTER?

COULD a grave vault have a better record than that of giving unfailing satisfaction over a quarter of a century?

Could a vault, to insure protection, have as its basic principle of construction anything better than an immutable law of Nature (the diving bell principle)?

Could there be a better material for a grave vault than metal, which is not porous?

Could higher quality, more rust-resisting material be used than 12 gauge Keystone Copper Steel or Armco Ingot Iron (both being specially processed for Clark) and Solid Copper?

Could there be greater care used in workmanship than as shown by the double-welding of seams, oxy-acetylene on the outside and electric on the inside, thus flowing the edges into solid metal, needing no putty or filler?

Could the integrity of manufacture be better demonstrated than by the submersion test of every Clark Vault under 5000 pounds of water?

Supreme quality alone has built the leadership of the Clark Grave Vault. Supreme quality alone is continuing it. That is why leading funeral directors recommend the Clark and give a 50-year guaranty with each one.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse,
Kansas City, Mo.

CLARK

GRAVE VAULT

This trade mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

(Continued from Page 108)

"Pretty soft," she commented.

"Oh, some day I'll make a killing. You know what clever gags I can write. There's a pile of money in a successful play. Look at Abie's Irish Rose! By the way did you ever hear from young Schmittlap again—the fellow you said came to see our act?"

"No; he was going away. Where's his house?"

"A couple of blocks north of here. You ought to remember it, you were at the party."

"I didn't know exactly where it was. Gus Bloomberg took me in a taxi. We went to the service entrance. I hardly saw a thing."

"There's the place, over on that corner. Did I dream I dined there? And sat beside a real queen?"

"I DIDN'T dream it. I've got fifty bucks," replied Fel. "Hello! Look at Gloria Swanson!"

They had reached the crossing just as a motor swung round the corner and stopped in front of the house. A young woman, who had evidently been waiting for it, descended the steps accompanied by an escort and followed by a manservant with a rug over his arm. The car was headed in the other direction and she did not look around as she got into it and drove off.

Fel did not stifle her admiration.

"Gee! That was a pretty girl!" she exclaimed.

The unexpected vision of Hilda had filled Carlee with excitement.

"Yes," he answered. "She made the queen look like thirty cents!"

Fel glanced at him, and noticed his change of color.

"Oh, you know her? Who is she?"

"That's Hilda Schmittlap."

"Well, she's a knockout! I never saw such lovely furs. What's she like—nice?"

"Yes, I guess so. I hardly know her."

Why he prevaricated thus he could not have explained. Neither did he refer to the fact that Hilda had asked him to visit her.

"Who was the tall guy with her?" asked Fel. "He was rather good-looking too. Foreigner?"

"That," said Carlee with mock impressiveness, "was His Serene Highness, Prince Eberhardt von Hohenstadt."

"Hot diggity dog!"

"That's what. But he can't help his title. He's all right."

"What's he over here for?"

"To marry an American girl with money, I suppose. They say he's land-poor—got half a dozen estates each as big as a county and nothing to keep 'em up with. They think an awful lot of mere land over there. If he wants to be a prince he has to find somebody to foot the bills."

"He don't have to. There's plenty of busted noblemen in vaudeville."

"That's so too. These Schmittlaps have a place down on Long Island," he continued. "Its name is Woodlea, but Miss Schmittlap calls it Money Sunk."

"Well, looks like they've got it to sink," remarked Felicity.

"THEY sure have. Oodles and oodles—and then some," he rejoined with attempted indifference. Yet he knew that in an instant everything had been changed for him; that in spite of his half-formed resolution to stick to his old life he could not give up this new world into which he had made so successful an entrance so long as the door remained open to him, with Hilda beckoning him to come back.

That evening, as luck would have it, when he stopped at the Colophon for his mail, he found a dinner invitation from Mr. Vincent Pepperill.

Mr. Pepperill's decision to give a dinner was the result of his meeting with Carlee Tharp, which had reawakened the most powerful emotional experience of his life.

When he had received Carlee's acceptance he had begun to worry as to what on earth he and the boy would find to talk about. Tharp had not proved a highly communicative person on their first meeting. And these young men about town wanted women—girls. He decided to ask that pretty Miss Schmittlap. It would pay the family off and save him a call. So he had asked Emily Brice-Brewster to make a fourth, and, before he realized it he had ten—Diana and Lloyd Maitland; Sheila Kayne, who was Diana's younger unmarried sister; little Pellet, the novelist, and his special friends Prof. Michael Radek and Dr. Paul Sorel, of the Rockefeller Institute—a nice dinner of the smart-intellectual type.

THEY had all reacted upon one another like billiard balls. It was one of those rare occasions when the balls actually bounced off the cushions and caromed and spun and clicked until at times the old lawyer could hardly follow them. So different from his usual conventional, rather dull parties! The conversation had begun at the salad after Mr. Pepperill's fifth glass of Irroy '14 and had lasted until twelve; and although there were two tables laid out for bridge nobody had played. Even Emily.

"Howdy do, Tharp? Glad to see you. You know my cousin, Mrs. Brice-Brewster, I believe. And Miss Schmittlap of course."

The meeting between Hilda and Carlee had been totally unexpected and they did not attempt to conceal their pleasure.

"They'd make a stunning pair," thought Mr. Pepperill, lifting his wine glass—as slender and fragile as himself—and smiling at them from the head of the table.

"To the illusions of youth. May you never lose them," he said.

It was Mr. Pepperill's chief illusion that he believed himself to have none.

"Love's young dream I suppose you mean, and all that sort of thing?" replied Sheila Kayne, who having been out five years posed as a jaded cynic. "Love stopped dreaming long before the war. Now he uses an adding machine!"

"Perish the day when young men shall no longer dream dreams and old men see visions," fervently interposed young Mr. Pellet, who, having been once elevated by a suburban newspaper critic to the "front rank of American novelists," was still happily unaware that those so distinguished would girdle the globe.

Carlee looked at Hilda. Her eyes were brightly defiant.

"No!" she challenged, raising her glass in turn. "Let's drink to reality—and the courage to face it."

"REALITY!" came in a rumble from the lower end of the table where Professor Radek was sitting beside Mrs. Brice-Brewster. It was clear that the volcanic Mike was about to erupt, for the same red glow that on such occasions appears against the cloud hanging over Vesuvius was reflected above his own crater. "Reality! What is it? Nobody knows what reality is!" he thundered in the tones of a Bulgarian cavalry officer.

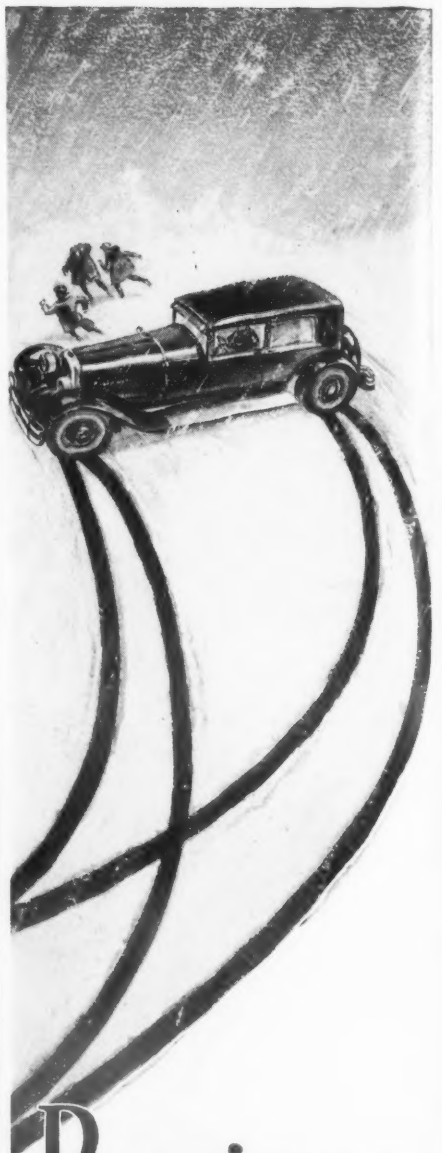
"Nobody!" agreed Doctor Sorel. "We know no more about it than the ancients. In metaphysics nothing has changed," he went on. "But in the realm of physics everything has changed. To the Victorian scientist what we call matter was a definite thing subject to certain unalterable laws. Now, matter has been found to be more mysterious than mind. Much more vague and subject to laws much less certainly known."

"Absolutely true," said Radek. "The atom as a stable and immutable entity has been abandoned."

"Poor little thing," sighed Cousin Emily. "All by its little lonesome. And how did that happen?"

"Through the discovery," explained the professor, "that the atom is a central nucleus of hydrogen surrounded by a whirling circle of negative electrons, so small that relatively they are as distant from it as the earth is from the moon; in fact an atom is made up almost entirely of empty space. A sufficiently small body can pass through it—a radio particle for instance—without

(Continued on Page 113)



Precious *young lives in the balance*

And the best of brakes are helpless—on ice—or snow—for *wet rubber* slips.

You need the steel friction of WEED Chains between your tires and treacherous roads.

Any garage or filling station attendant will be glad to put on your WEED Chains. WEED Chains add the *traction* so necessary to safety.

Buy a set of WEED Chains today. Keep them in your car, ready for use when roads are slippery and driving is dangerous.

You can purchase WEED Tire Chains at any service station or garage. Be sure to ask for genuine WEED Chains—they have *red* connecting hooks.

ACCO

WEED CHAINS ***Steel Grip***

It brings Youth and Beauty to your hands

WHEN a woman is getting ready for the opera—for a dance—a formal dinner party—how she rejoices if her hands and arms are beautiful! For never are they seen to such advantage as then; their whiteness enhanced by jewels, their lovely living texture outshining the satin and silk of her costume. Keep your hands exquisite for these occasions with Jergens Lotion! Use Jergens Lotion every time you have had your hands in water, rubbing it gently and deeply into your skin, giving especial attention to wrists, knuckles, and finger-tips. It is wonderful for overcoming the roughness and harshness caused by winter weather. It keeps your skin soft, milk-white—lovely with freshness and youth.

This fragrant healing preparation has instant power to soften your skin

It has a wonderful effect on a skin that is the least bit harsh or rough or dry.

First, an instant feeling of coolness and comfort. The parched tissues relax, your skin becomes smooth and supple, pleasant to the touch. Gradually, as you accustom yourself to the regular use of Jergens Lotion, you notice a great improvement in the whole texture of your skin. It grows constantly finer and whiter.

You may have despaired of ever having smooth, white hands; now you wonder that you ever allowed yourself to neglect your hands—for they are beautiful!

Two powerful skin restoratives, used in medicine for generations, blended with other healing ingredients in Jergens Lotion, give it this special quality of softening and whitening the skin. Women everywhere are saying that no matter how hard they use their hands, they are able to keep them in exquisite condition with Jergens Lotion.

Get a bottle of this wonderful preparation today! Sold at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

F R E E

A new trial bottle · A beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3003 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3003 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

JERGENS LOTION

Made by the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap

CONFESSIONS OF A COMFORTABLE BABY

THE strangest thing has happened—they've stopped walking the floor with me! And that's not all. It's nearly a month since I've heard any songs, late at night. The man who sang them to me had such a nice voice, too . . .

Still, things might be worse. Much, much worse. Just about the time the singing and floor-walking stopped, a silver lining happened along! The Rock-a-bye Man's wife gave me a perfectly delightful surprise. It was at the end of the Bath Ceremony, one day . . . . I was clean and dry, when suddenly something soft and soothing drifted over me! She *called it* powder, *but I wasn't sure, for it wasn't like any I'd ever known. Then she told me . . . somehow, fascinating woman though she is, she'd been using the* wrong *kind, before! Now* this . . .

It's so cool and fine, I simply can't tell you! The Rock-a-bye Man's wife dusts it gently over me, and tells me now *I won't get chafed and cross . . . as if I would! And she laughs and talks in the oddest way. She seems happy. Goodness knows, I am!*

And now the Chief Chemist has a word to say. . .

Most of you mothers would be surprised, I believe, to learn how greatly baby powders differ. If you looked at Johnson's Baby Powder under a microscope, you would see that it is made up of tiny, soft flakes. Now look at a baby powder made with cheaper talc. You see sharp, *needle*-like particles! Not what you want next your baby's tender skin!

Here's a test you can make right at home: Rub a little of Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger—then do the same with the other powder. Feel the difference? And don't forget, your baby would feel that difference even *more* plainly.

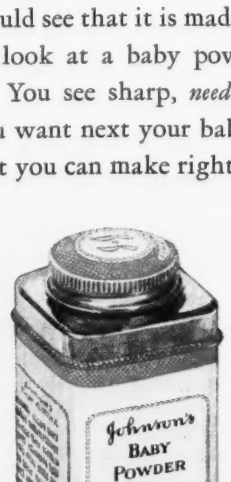
Another important point—Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no* stearate of zinc.

Write for free sample and booklet

We will gladly send you a generous sample package of Johnson's Baby Powder. With it we will include an interesting Baby Booklet. This is a free service to mothers and expectant mothers. Mail the coupon today!

JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Manufacturers of Adhesive Plasters and Surgical Dressings



Johnson's Baby Powder

(*FREE SAMPLE — SEND THIS COUPON*)

(*Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.*)

(Please send me—free of charge—a sample of Johnson's Baby Powder, and a copy of your Baby Booklet. L.H.J.-2-29)

(*Name*_____)

(*Address*_____)

(*City*_____ *State*_____)

(Continued from Page 110)

hitting any of the matter composing it. A unit of matter is little more than an electromagnetic field."

Carlee had taken a couple of walnuts from the plate in the center of the table and was rolling them to and fro from one hand to the other.

"HERE you are, ladies and gentlemen!" he called out. "Here's the nucleus and here's the electron." He rolled the electron until it apparently disappeared beneath his palm. He raised his hand and it had vanished. "Little adventurer," he whispered coyly, "come back, won't you?" Then he lifted his other hand. Where there had been one before there now were two.

"Let's see you do that again," begged Hilda. "I bet you I can tell where it is."

"You couldn't in a month," Carlee replied. "It's just an illusion. A little trick I learned when I was a boy."

He repeated the experiment half a dozen times, but nobody could locate the walnut.

"Which merely proves," commented Doctor Sorel, "that we perceive what we expect to perceive. We interpret our sense impressions in accordance with our usual experience. Our minds jump to conclusions."

Mr. Pepperill was delighted at the way his lions were performing. Their tiny roars were infinitely better than the ordinary small talk.

"In other words, 'The hand is quicker than the eye'?" he ventured.

Doctor Sorel protested.

"Oh, no! The hand merely deceives the brain by starting it on the wrong track. It suggests and the brain accepts."

"I stand corrected," acknowledged his host. "How about coffee in the library?"

"I'll take you uptown," whispered Hilda to Carlee when the party broke up. "I've an illusion I want to talk to you some more."

"Won't you wait a moment, Tharp?" asked Mr. Pepperill. "I'd like to show you that picture of your grandmother."

THEY were the last remaining guests. Mr. Pepperill crossed the room to an old-fashioned escritoire, pulled out a small drawer and removed a leather case containing a miniature.

"What a lovely face!" exclaimed Hilda. "Whose is it?"

"She was a lovely girl," assented her host. "That is Mr. Tharp's grandmother, Jane Carlee, painted in 1879. She lived just around the corner from here on Fifth Avenue."

"He looks like her, I think," said Hilda, glancing from Carlee to the portrait.

Mr. Pepperill watched the youth hand the girl into her motor and climb in after her. He realized that he knew no more about him than he had before. The dinner had accomplished nothing. Just a lot of talk about illusions. He wondered if there was anything in it—really. He looked about the big red room and at the brightly burning fire. He had had the logs, the lights, the friends, and he was still lonely—a lonely disillusioned old man. He poured out a thimbleful of brandy and tossed it off. The miniature still lay on the table beneath the lamp. Mr. Pepperill took it up and gazed at it a long time.

Carlee no sooner found himself speeding up Fifth Avenue on the back seat of the motor with Hilda than he lost all the confidence he had displayed while rolling walnuts on Mr. Pepperill's dinner table. According to the *mores* of the movies it was an occasion demanding gallantry. He would have given anything to be gallant. Yet the intimacy of their physical juxtaposition deprived him of all his aplomb. He could think of nothing whatever to say to her.

Yet he felt that he had to say something or lose her good opinion forever. If he could only take her hand firmly and lift it to his lips! Or—possibly—slip his arm about her shoulders! It was unthinkable. The best he could do after a silence of several blocks was a perfunctory:

"I—I wonder if you're an illusion, too, Miss Schmittlap."

"I don't feel like one in the least. You can call me Hilda, if you like."

Her continued willingness to go more than halfway with him increased his embarrassment, since he did not know what she expected of him.

"That's—awfully—nice of you, Hilda," he stammered.

"But I think you're an awfully nice man," she returned.

He surrendered to banality. "I think you're the most wonderful person I've ever met!" he said fervently.

"Oh, come, Carlee," she laughed. "This is so sudden."

"YES, I do," he insisted. "You're so clever and educated besides being so beautiful; honestly, the loveliest girl I've ever seen. I bet you're the kindest person in the world."

"I try to be a good sport. I'll make you a confession. Just now you're my pet illusion. It's quite exciting. Do you realize that I don't know a single thing about you except that you're some sort of a writer and that you are the grandson of a beautiful and distinguished lady whom our host was evidently crazy about? Not a thing. You've never told me where you went to college, or what teams you played on, or what parts you took in the club shows, or how you fell in love with your first actress, or what you've written, or given me any of the priceless information I'm generally told the first time I meet a man."

"That's easy. I never went to college," interjected Carlee with a galvanic effort to set himself on the right path.

"Oh, don't tell me now!" she cried, lifting her hand in protest. "I don't care who you are. I don't want to know anything about you except what I can find out for myself. That's the whole fun of it. You're my *jeune homme inconnu*. I call you my Man of Mystery. I want to keep you so for a while. If I knew who you were all the glamour might go."

"I'm afraid it would!" he rejoined with relief.

If she didn't want to know any more about him, he should worry. Could it be that the beautiful, rich, brilliant Hilda Schmittlap had really fallen for him? The flickering lights blurred as they swept past. He felt for her hand and she did not draw it away. His heart seemed enormous and fluttering. In his own vernacular, he was panicked.

"How—would you like to go somewhere?" he faltered. "And dance?"

"I'd like it very much," she said.

CARLEE did not get home until after three, an hour at which even Jernigan's was sunk in slumber. He had left Hilda at the Château Schmittlap with the excuse that a walk would do him good, and after seeing her into the house had thrown the chauffeur off the scent by turning up the Avenue. Her kiss in the marble hallway outside the library once consecrated to Charles II had dazed him. Yet without such a kiss, he confessed, the evening would have been incomplete. Incidentally, it would have been impossible without the salary check for two hundred dollars luckily received that morning from Gus Bloomberg's office.

By the time they had left the Club Anatole the proceeds had been reduced by forty dollars, and thereafter had dwindled rapidly, until now represented by a crumpled five and a few disreputable ones. Hilda might have been a Broadway favorite herself the way she seemed to know all

"MY LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER somehow collided with me in the doorway when I was holding a pan of boiling hot starch. Her face was horribly burned. She kept screaming with the pain. I didn't know what to do. When the doctor finally arrived he applied Unguentine. It stopped Mildred's crying immediately.

"For weeks she wore a muslin mask lined with Unguentine and when this was removed, night and morning, layers of skin came with it—but Mildred never cried. We were all very pessimistic.

"Now we know she is going to have as good a complexion as any girl, not a scar anywhere except under her hair at one side where the Unguentine did not get."

Spare them such pain!

WHAT if your own child were burned? Could you soothe her, stop the horrible pain? Or would you have to hold her screaming in your arms while you waited for the doctor—and Unguentine?

Unguentine is the standard antiseptic, surgical dressing used for burns in eight out of ten hospitals. It stops pain almost instantly.

Soothes pain, prevents scarring

It prevents the infection which threatens with even the most insignificant kitchen burn. It hastens normal healing. And almost invariably *leaves no scar*. Use it for all cuts, and scratches and bruises as well. Spread it on liberally. For serious burns apply on gauze and bandage lightly.

Buy Unguentine today. Keep a tube always ready in the bathroom. Keep *extra* tubes in the danger zones: kitchen, office or shop, auto kit and club locker. At all druggists'—50¢. Send for free household manual, "What To Do," for little ailments, accidents and real emergencies, by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

* * *

UNGUENTINE IS PART of the standard equipment on all fire trucks in many large cities all over the United States. One fire chief writes, "We answered the alarm—the fire was at the home of one of my neighbors . . . the burns suffered by the lady of the house were very bad. I got Unguentine from a truck and personally spread it on the burns. Now they are healing, smoothly, completely."

Found in familiar Japan Tea—a wonderful health-building element

Several common ailments, it is now believed by scientists, can be helped by this familiar and delicious tea

FOR years its sparkling delicacy of flavor, has made it a favorite. Now, suddenly, a welcome piece of news!

Scientists have found a wonderful health-giving property in simple Japan green tea: a precious food element, which is entirely lacking in most foods.

Just because our three meals a day often give us too little of this one all-important element, Vitamin C, countless people are now believed to be suffering from a number of minor maladies.

"It now appears," writes an eminent American scientist, "that this condition is rather common. Certain symptoms may be looked for in those who habitually take too little Vitamin C. These symptoms are: *loss of energy, a muddy complexion, fleeting pains often mistaken for rheumatism.*"

In how many ways loss of energy can take the sparkle out of life. Low vitality may bring with it fatigue, sleeplessness, a finicky appetite, nervousness, lethargy.

And how many there are who shrink from looking in the mirror—whose skins are sallow and muddy! How many others who are afflicted from time to time with so-called rheumatic pains in the joints and limbs!

For those who suffer from these ailments, there is now a simple precaution; good old Japan green tea is today known to bring us an abundance of precious Vitamin C—a safeguard against those troubles.

Only a few foods, aside from Japan green tea, spinach and a small number of fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. The Japan tea we buy at the grocery store is rich in it.

In familiar Japan green tea, scientists have found a wonderful health-giving property—an abundance of precious Vitamin C

An easy safeguard

If you feel "run-down," if your skin is sallow, if you are troubled with so-called rheumatic pains, try this plan: Drink delicious cups of Japan green tea *regularly* at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon. Profit by its rich store of Vitamin C. In a few weeks you will probably feel and look more vigorous, more vitally alive. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

As you probably know, Japan green tea is one of the most popular kinds of tea in the country. It comes in several grades—in packages under various brand names and in bulk. Grocers have it or can get it. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Bldg., Chicago.

the cabaret proprietors and orchestra leaders by their nicknames.

"Do you want to keep your chauffeur up?" he asked at two o'clock. "We can always get a taxi."

"That's all right," she explained. "Pierre doesn't do any day work. He's my night shift. He doesn't mind how late he sits up. He likes it."

Whether this was true or not Pierre was always standing just outside the door ready to guide them to the car. He seemed to know exactly where to take them. All she had to say was, "Go to Barney's"—or "Bernie's"—or "Chico's"—or "Mori's"—or "the Parody," or "the Chez Florence," and presently they were there.

BEYOND the adventure of being together they had no other except one. At the Hoot Owl, a newly opened dance hall in Greenwich Village, they had hardly entered before Hilda, with but a single glance at the half dozen couples upon the floor, drew Carlee to the door. He had only time to see that one of the men seemed rather drunk.

"What's the matter? Don't you like the looks of the place?" asked Carlee, since this was nothing novel in their experience.

"It isn't that," she explained as they got back into the motor. "It's just that I didn't want to meet that precious young brother of mine. One never knows who he's going to be with and it would cramp his style."

"And not yours?"

"I've nothing to worry about. But Brother Eric is always getting into one sort of scrape or another. Just now that Gamba woman is suing him for breach of promise."

"I don't remember him. Was he at the party?"

"Yes, but not much in evidence. He was out back hanging around the dressing rooms. He's all right—just irresponsible. Drinks more than is good for little boys. As soon as he was of age he cut loose from the family and took an apartment for himself. Of course he has a lot of little gold diggers hanging around him, but they won't get anything."

So instead of taking a chance on cramping Brother Eric's style they had gone across to the Black and Tan Club, and thence to the Purple Monkey, and at last back to the Schmittlap residence, where the watchman on the corner considerately wandered away until their leave taking should have taken place. But Hilda had had no intention of having it occur in public, for as soon as Carlee had unlatched the front door she stepped inside the hall leaving him to follow with the key. He was tremulous with the excitement of being alone with her there at such an hour. Frankly he wanted to seize her face in his hands and consume her lips with kisses. But it wouldn't do. No, not at all. And yet she did not bid him good night.

"HILDA!" he began. His voice was thick, his pulse was bounding, the upper part of his chest seemed ready to blow up.

"Well?"

"Gee, I'd like to kiss you!" he burst out, shocked at his own temerity.

From beneath her lowered lids she gave him a look wistful, bantering, desirous.

"Why don't you?" she asked.

He had hurried westward across the shrouded avenues in a storm of emotions. Was that what they did on Fifth Avenue? Or did she—did she really love him? Why shouldn't she? She had kissed him as if she did—a long, long kiss. His mind endeavored to resurrect historic instances where princesses had stooped to plowboys. But, he protested, he wasn't a plowboy; he was a Carlee. Fel had never kissed him like that. He didn't think Fel would have, somehow. Gee! Ten minutes ago he had been crushing a fifty-million-dollar beauty in his arms and now he was trying to unlock the battered basement door of Jernigan's with a rusty key!

On the door of Fel's room was pinned a penciled sign: "Wake me up when you come in. F." He gently turned the knob. The line of light from the gas jet in the hall outside fell across her black bobbed curls leaving her face in shadow. Why had she wanted him to wake her up? No use doing so now. A good kid. But it was of Hilda that he dreamed throughout the night.

When he awoke it was noon and Gus Bloomberg was smoking a cigar in the sitting room, talking with Fel, who was still in her blue kimono.

"Hello," Gus greeted him jovially. "How's the male half of the act?"

"Hello yourself. Why the matinée?" retorted Carlee lighting the alcohol lamp.

"Tell him, Gus," cried Fel excitedly.

Mr. Bloomberg's fat face assumed an expression of complacence.

"Listen," he replied with an air of beneficence. "I can book The Mysterious Romeros forty weeks solid. Not in front of the yellow lights either, real big time. Now do you give the little girl a hand on that?"

"Gosh, Carlee. Isn't it a wow. Am I the fireman's child or aren't I?"

Fel danced about waving her arms.

"Well. Aren't you going to say anything, Carlee?"

It was a magnificent booking. At any other moment it would have aroused his enthusiasm. But the suggestion of going back on the circuit just as he had resumed his friendship with Hilda, of having to leave New York, of relinquishing that other world the satisfactions of which he craved and to which he felt himself so well adapted, filled him with resentment. It would be throwing away the opportunity of his life.

"IT'S a good break," he admitted. "But honest, Gus, I don't think I want any more time just now. I'd like to lay off for a few weeks."

"Don't want any time," cried Fel blankly. "When you have a chance to cop a booking like that?"

"I simply said I don't want to work any more just now. I'm tired out. Besides there's not enough in it. I've got to make some real money. We can put on our act whenever we want to. But Gus can only give us three hundred ——"

"Three fifty!"

"Three fifty then—that's only a little over a grand a month. That's not enough. We owe Gus five. He'd much better let me stay over on Fifth Avenue working my own racket. I might make a grand a week, or even more."

"Oh, Carlee." Fel was almost in tears. "You don't know whether you can make it or not."

"Yes, I can. It hasn't flopped yet."

"You're making a big mistake, Carlee," said Gus. "You want to hit 'em hard when they're staggering. You can do 'em up in packages if you go on now."

Carlee busied himself with the lamp. His spree with Hilda had left him nervously excited and irritable. He had a date to have tea with her that afternoon.

"Of course we'll work together yet, but there's no sense throwing money away, and I might make sixty grand in as many weeks. I owe it to the creditors. Why not try Fel as a single, Gus?"

"But I can't do a single, Carlee." I don't think I could work alone. Anyway, it wouldn't be the same. When you're out there with me ——"

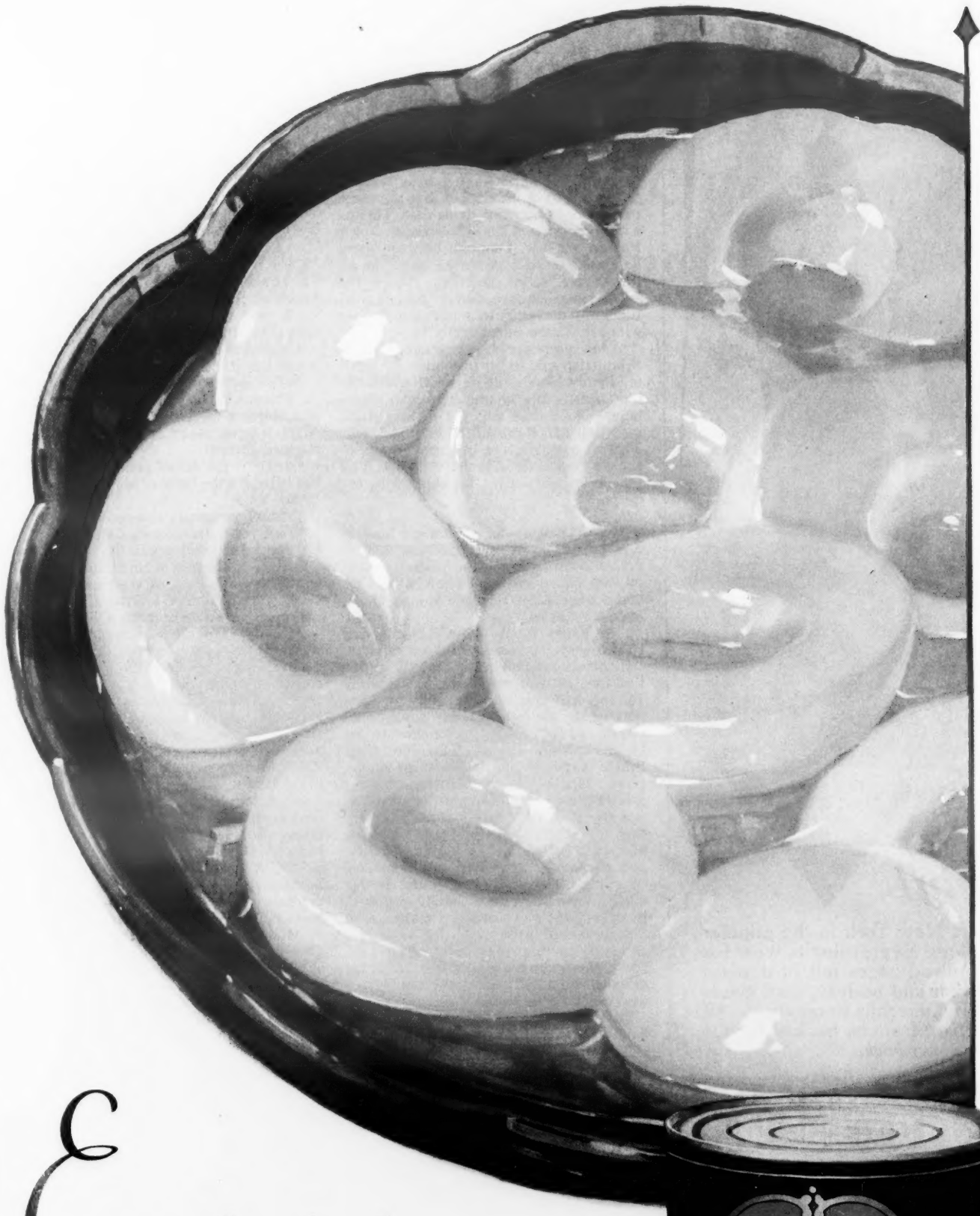
"Why not? You've always wanted to. Anyhow it's enough for you to do to take care of the house."

"He thinks a woman's place is the home," murmured Gus. "If he's so high hat I better take the air."

"Wait a sec', Gus. I'll go with you," said Fel.

SO AFTER a brief interlude Carlee went back to the world of Fifth Avenue—and to Hilda—under cover of the subterfuge that to keep one promise he must break another; and for a time it seemed as though his course were justified. Fortune smiled upon him. At the end of the first week he had won eleven hundred dollars,

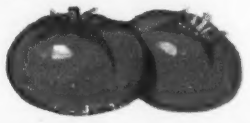
(Continued on Page 116)



Just serve a few of these —to keep your menus bright and tasty!

It's no secret—this chasing the "appetite blues"! It's variety that makes the family like your meals—and how DEL MONTE can help you, day after day.

What could be better, for instance, than sweet, luscious, tree-ripened peaches, in their own rich syrup? The pick of California's crop! Both sliced and halved. And so easy to serve—in scores of different ways.



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And that's just a start! DEL MONTE Vegetables are as fine in flavor, as uniformly good as DEL MONTE Fruits. Here are the quality tomatoes you've always wanted—firm and perfect. Fully ripened on the vine to give them flavor—then hand-picked and hand-packed. All meat and juice without a bit of waste.

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And don't forget pumpkin! Especially if the family likes pie. DEL MONTE Pumpkin calls for no trouble—no preliminary preparation! It's cooked as carefully as you would cook it yourself—even in consistency, rich in natural flavor. Makes pumpkin pie time last all year long.

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(Continued from Page 114)

out of which he paid another dividend to the creditors, tried to placate Fel with a dress like the one in the second act of Ina Claire's new play and, it must be admitted, spent most of the balance on flowers, theater tickets and supper parties for Hilda. The apothegm that to be lucky at cards is to be unlucky in love appeared to have no application in his case. He was a welcome guest at the Schmittlaps'. Zelda Paxton and Mr. Pepperill between them had unconsciously conferred upon him an impeccable social position. Since the Washington Square dinner nobody had thought it necessary to inquire any further who Mr. Tharp might really be.

"He's really perfectly charming!" Mrs. Schmittlap said to her husband. "Except for Prince Eberhardt he seems much the most aristocratic young man who comes here. Blood does tell, you know. Hilda says that Mr. Pepperill told her that Mr. Tharp's grandmother belonged to one of the very oldest families in New York. You remember what a hit he made with the queen."

EVEN Jarmon—for butlers can have illusions even if valets are said to have none—even Jarmon, who prided himself on knowing a gentleman when he saw one, had conferred the accolade of knighthood upon Sir Carlee.

"'E 'as wot I calls 'class,'" he confided to Stanwyck, his pansy-faced second man. "Hit sticks hout all hover 'im! 'E 'as distinction, as you may say." Certainly Jarmon had ample opportunity to form an opinion, for hardly a day passed that Carlee did not at one time or another put in an appearance. Without him their bridge parties would have seemed incomplete. His social career, interrupted for a brief period by his stepfather's demise, was renewed. Carlee did not play for very high stakes himself, preferring quick sales and small profits, but he played steadily; and frequently he varied the monotony by going to the Colophon or the Bridge Club where there were usually games in progress. He was a brilliant player, with a natural card sense which had been perfected by his years of training, and he generally won by virtue of his superior faculty of recollection and deduction. During the next few days he hardly laid eyes on Fel.

Hans Schluderbach waylaid him in the hall toward the end of the week.

"Listen, Carlee. I don't want to butt in, but is there anything wrong between you and Fel?"

"Not on your life, comic."

"Then she's taking the boss' death awful hard."

"Well, he was her own father."

"I know, but this is different. I have an idea she's upset about your splitting the act."

Carlee turned on him.

"Dammit! I haven't split it! If she told you that she —— Well, I'm just taking the chance to cop some easy money. You've no kick, comic. I'll have paid you everything the boss owed you by the Fourth of July."

"I AIN'T kickin'," answered Hans. "It's Fel I'm thinking of. She ain't happy. I don't like the way she looks. If she's not feeling well, why not send her to a regular doctor?"

"A *regular* doctor?"

"Yeh; 'stead of Pedersen."

"What d'you mean 'instead of Pedersen'? She's not going to Pedersen. She's all right."

"Is she? I don't know anything about it," replied the clown. "I see her going in there sometimes. Don't let her know I told you. The boss had no use for Doc—told him in my hearing to lay off her." He whistled for his dog. "Come along, Spider!"

Carlee spoke to Fel that evening while dressing for dinner. She received his admonition with cold disdain. He was going somewhere on Park Avenue and was late. Perhaps he was unnecessarily dictatorial.

"Thanks. I can look out for myself. It's my own business who I go with."

"No use getting upstage about it. I didn't mean to insult you."

"I don't ask who your friends are."

"You can, if you like. I'm not ashamed of them."

"Mine are as good as yours!"

"Maybe they are, and maybe they're not."

"Quit riding me, can't you?"

"Lay off, Fel. Don't be that way."

THEIR argument which bid fair to become a quarrel was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Is you there, Miss Jernigan? I got somethin' fo' you."

Consuelo stood outside holding a pasteboard box in both arms.

Fel's expression changed.

"Flowers!" she cried, grabbing the box and starting to remove the string under which was thrust an envelope. Then she stopped abruptly.

Carlee in the act of going out, his tall hat tilted on the back of his head, paused by the table.

"Aren't you going to open them?"

"Not yet," she answered airily.

"All right! Suit yourself!"

The door banged behind him and the clatter of his footsteps died away upon the stairs. Fel stood staring at the box. She made no move to open it.

At two o'clock the next morning Carlee was still playing bridge at the Château Schmittlap in the same dimly lighted card room into which Hilda had once lured him. Once or twice when his eye had caught hers she had smiled encouragingly, although what lay behind the smile remained an enigma. They were partners against Zelda Paxton, now an established friend of the Schmittlaps, and Prince Eberhardt, a tall, serious-minded young Saxon with a fresh complexion and a high-bridged bony nose, who, save for his more strongly marked features, somewhat resembled Eric. At three other tables sat Mrs. Schmittlap, Mrs. Brice-Brewster, two nondescript ladies, and four miscellaneous gentlemen supplied at one time or another by Miss Paxton. The air was heavy with smoke and permeated with an acrid odor of whisky. Carlee after the opening lead spread his hand face upward on the table, showing an automatic grand slam.

"Damn!" said Zelda good-naturedly, reaching for the score. "I hope you and Hilda have left me enough to pay for a taxi." She made a rapid calculation. "And doubled—four hundred and sixty-eight—plus the last rubber—and make it eighteen. Is that right?"

CARLEE, looking over her shoulder, nodded and Zelda took a roll of bills from her gold-mesh bag and began counting them off. Prince Eberhardt fumbled in his breast pocket.

"Please. May I borrow your fountain pen?" he said to Carlee, and under the electric light his thin long face looked white. "If Miss Paxton will pay Miss Schmittlap, I will give you my check." He reached for the glass of whisky and water at his elbow. Zelda got up.

"We'll have our revenge tomorrow night," she remarked. "Me for the slats. Are you nearly through, Cora?"

"I am through," replied the lady thus addressed. "I'm lucky to have my pearls. Count Fortuny won eight hundred and fifty dollars."

Carlee and Hilda strolled to the head of the staircase at the foot of which Stanwych was slumbering in a gilt armchair.

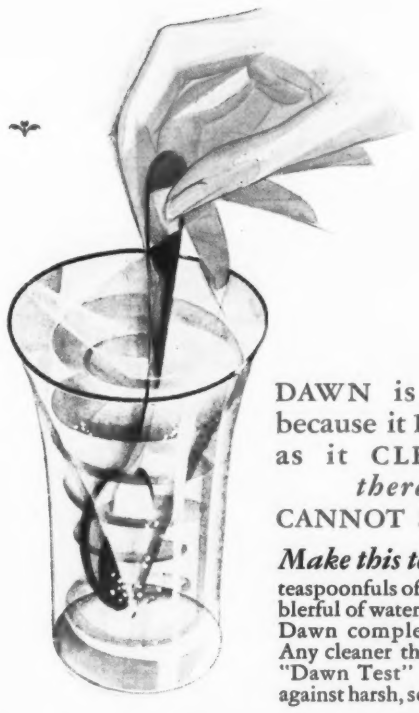
"It would be quieter in the library," she suggested. "The smoke has made my head ache a little."

Although the day had been warm a wood fire smouldered in the great fireplace beneath the mantelpiece bearing the royal escutcheon of the House of Stewart.

"You look uncommonly well in that high-backed chair. Perhaps you had a cavalier for an ancestor," she said.

(Continued on Page 118)

A *great change* in bathrooms and kitchens *—a great change in cleansers, too*



EVERYWHERE—polished porcelain, tinted tiles, gleaming enamel. The practical has become beautiful. And, naturally, a great change in cleansers, too, for the lustre of these fine surfaces must be preserved. So Dawn is here. A new and *different* kind of cleanser *—different because it dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch.*

DAWN is different because it DISSOLVES as it CLEANS . . . *therefore* CANNOT SCRATCH!

Make this test . . . Put two teaspoonfuls of Dawn in a tumblerful of water. Stir. Note that Dawn completely dissolves. Any cleaner that can pass this "Dawn Test" is safe—proof against harsh, scratching action.

2 cans for 25¢

One for the bathroom
One for the kitchen

USE Dawn on the kitchen sink. In a twinkling the dishwashy film is gone—a sun-like sparkle greets you. After Junior's supper-time scrub, sprinkle a little Dawn on the washbowl, whisk around with your hand, and there is its glistening beauty back again.

And bathtub "rings" and things like that—Dawn quickly magics them away. Simply moisten the surface—sprinkle on Dawn—rub—rinse—that's all. So easy to use—so gentle—so thorough! And so *safe* for fine fixtures!

Just try Dawn. After that, you'll praise it to the neighborhood. Your dealer has it, of course.

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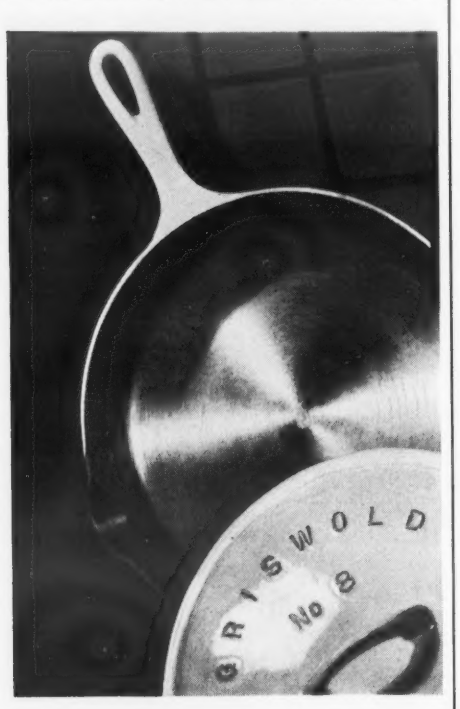


For that vastly important world of the kitchen—women who make appearance the basis of selection will delight in having a Griswold "Chinalike" Skillet around — with its self-basting cover. With this cover on, the whole utensil looks like lustrous pale blue china. Or like jade green china. Or yellow china —or even a lively red china! It is the Griswold Cast Iron Skillet and Cover that is known so well—enameled. So smooth that it is a pleasure just to touch it.

And when the kitchen-world takes on the goodly smells and activities of dinner—women whose greater interest is in how this skillet cooks, and if its cover really bastes—find that they do, perfectly. This is because the enameling that is all over the sides and bottom of the skillet, and over the top of the cover—doesn't alter in any way the perfect iron cooking surface that for long has made Griswold Cast Iron Skillets famous.

Here, in this Griswold "Chinalike" Skillet and its Cover, is the same cast iron distinction of cooking meats richly. Of basting them inevitably (drip-rings for this basting are in the cover). Of cooking dinners so good that there is contentment every time the Skillet and Cover are used.

The "Chinalike" finish stays smooth as glass. It won't chip or crack with ordinary care. It is eminently practical as well as so beautiful—and washes as easily as any china.

Ask to see Griswold "Chinalike" Cast Iron Skillets and Covers in turquoise blue, jade green, canary yellow, and mandarin red. At practically any kitchen-equipment place. Prices are $1.50 to $4.75 including the cover.

GRISWOLD

GRISWOLD

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 116)

"Would it make any difference to you if I had?"

"Not a particle. One of your greatest charms is that I don't know a thing about you. My affection is wholly disinterested."

"Would you—for purposes of discussion—marry me without knowing anything more?"

"The way Elsa married Lohengrin? Certainly I would—for purposes of discussion!"

"Do you think you could refrain from wanting to know more?"

"Absolutely—at any rate until romance palled and I needed something else to keep me interested—for purposes of discussion."

Carlee laughed grimly.

"I bet you wouldn't marry a man you knew nothing about."

"I would—if I loved him."

His eyes sought hers and she looked away.

"Listen, Hilda," he said. "I don't know much about women, but how is a man going to know if a girl loves him?"

Hilda studied the coils from her cigarette.

"If she knows herself, he ought to have no trouble in finding out."

"Would she let him kiss her if she didn't?"

Hilda burst out laughing. "What nonsense we're talking! Kissing is nothing but an illusion."

"A very pleasant one."

"It's an illusion of my brother Eric's. I can't imagine why he's so dippy on chorus girls. He thinks that every little stage moron he meets for the first time is perfectly wonderful. He raves about each one as if he'd never seen a girl before. He only got back from Miami yesterday and he's picked up somebody already—a girl named Jernigan ——"

CARLEE turned sick. The air in the room seemed to choke him. Fel a chorus girl! Fel a little stage moron! Was that the way this young bounder of a Schmittlap regarded her? Just another on his staff of fluffs! Well, he'd have a hard time getting anywhere with Fel.

Hilda looked at him curiously.

"There may be some decent ones, but I've seen something of theatrical people and most of those girls are nothing but little strumpets. They're as much to blame as the men. Eric met this one here at the queen's party. You remember—a dog barked at her and you carried it out. I think you said you'd met her."

"Yes," said Carlee as he scrunched out his cigarette. "She's one of the nice ones, one of the nicest girls I know!"

"I'm very sorry," answered Hilda ironically. "I've no doubt she's a pattern of all the virtues. You can be sure of one thing, anyhow—she's too good for Eric."

The guests were coming down the stairs. Mrs. Schmittlap stuck her head into the library.

"Come and say good-by, darling. Good night, count. Good night, Cora dear."

"Shall I see you tomorrow," he asked.

Her smile had never seemed more provocative, her eyes more enticing, as she gave him her hand and in a voice meant for him alone said "Yes."

A tall figure was waiting at the foot of the steps—Prince Eberhardt. "Do you object to have me walk with you a few steps, Mr. Tharp?" he asked apologetically. "The truth is that I haf no money in the bank to meet the check I gave you. I must ask you to look upon it as a note."

He spoke with embarrassment, holding his face averted.

"That's all right," replied Carlee. "Don't think of it."

"Thanks so much."

The Prince turned and grasped Carlee's hand gratefully.

"But I may not be able to pay you for a long time."

"MAKES no difference. Take all the time you want." Then struck by a look in the boy's face he said: "By the way, if it would be of any convenience—can't I lend you a hundred?"

The prince drew himself up.

"Thank you, no," he replied haughtily. "A von Hohenstadt does not take money." He covered his face with his white-gloved hands. "*Ach, lieber Gott.* Why do I ever play. Think of mine father." Then he began to sob, babbling incoherently in his mother tongue.

Carlee put his arm about him.

"Buck up!" he said cheerily, slipping his roll into the prince's pocket. "You're all right! While you have a white shirt you need never know want, so long as you keep your hands off the cards. Now forget it. Go and take a sleep."

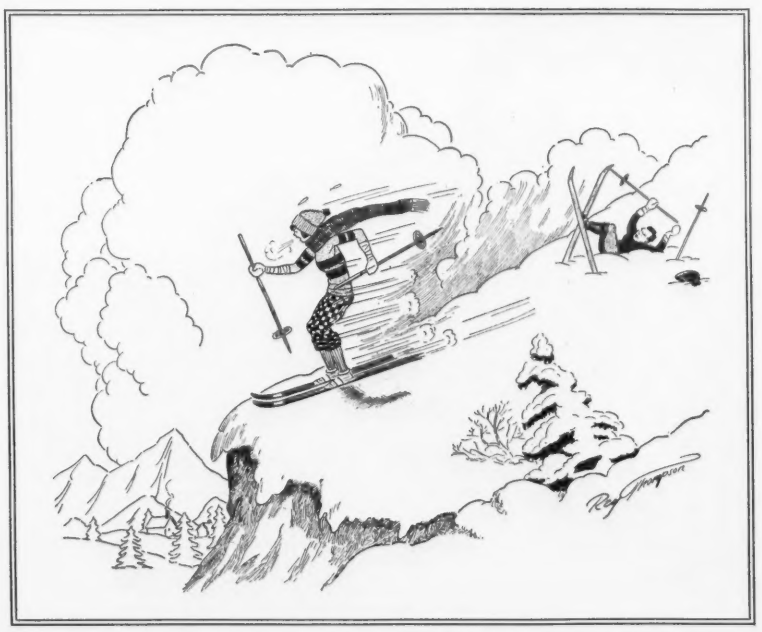
A taxi drew up at that moment and Carlee shoved his new friend into it.

"Where to?" he asked. "I'll run you home."

The darkness of the cab concealed his grin when Prince Eberhardt murmured an address only one block nearer Fifth Avenue than his own.

Ten minutes later Carlee, having deposited his serene highness in front of a shabby brownstone boarding house in West Forty-seventh Street, drove around the corner to Jernigan's. So he was not the only adventurer! The story was too good to keep. He dashed up the four flights and threw open Fel's door. He'd wake her up no matter how late it was. Then his breath stopped short. Her bed was empty.

(To be Continued)



FAIR SKI-JUMPER: "QUICK, JACK! WHAT DO I DO NOW?"

when winter
POLISHES
your face!

THERE is malice in a cold winter wind. Though it brings a glow to your cheek and a sparkle to your eye, it robs your complexion of loveliness. Sets a gloss upon your nose. *Polishes* your face to an unbecoming shine. Leaves it puckered, harsh, glistening.

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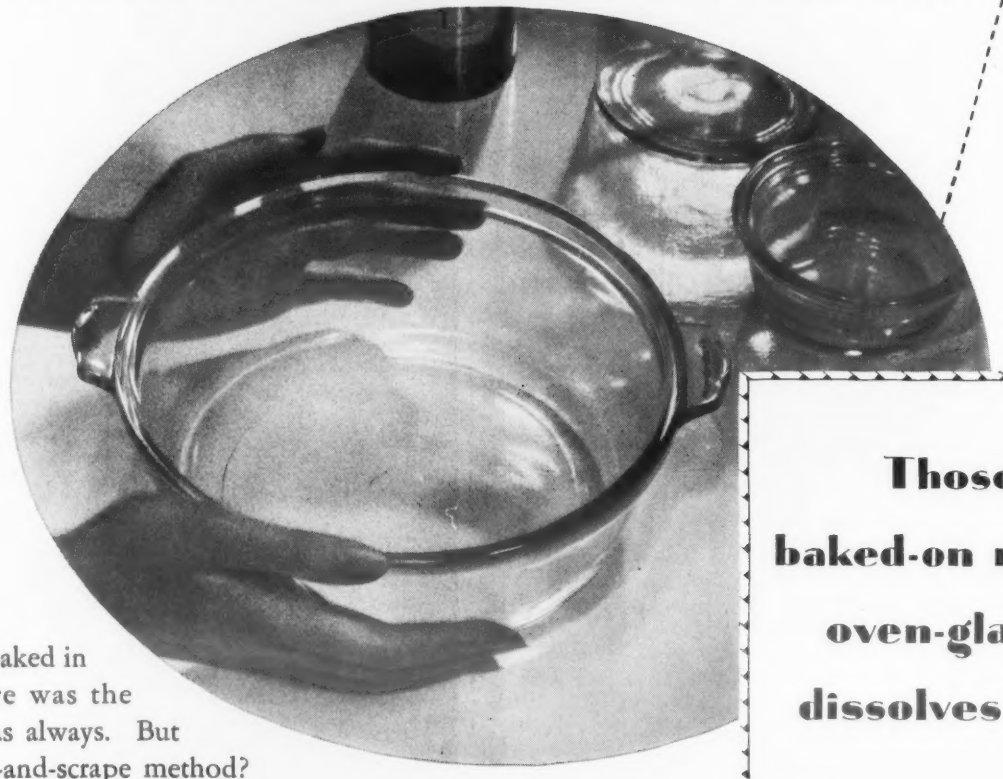
Drāno . . .

makes light of still another used-to-be toilsome task!



Those brown, baked-on rings on your oven-glass · Drāno dissolves them away

LAST NIGHT, spaghetti was baked in this casserole. And there was the brown, baked-on ring—same as always. But was it cleaned by the old, rub-and-scrape method? *Indeed not.*

Modern housekeepers use modern methods. Drāno did the scraping and the scrubbing—melted the ring away.

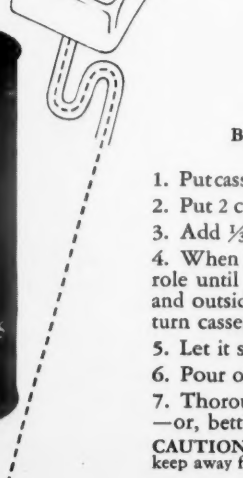
That's Drāno for you.

It goes to work with a will—dissolves away accumulations of grease, vegetable and animal matter. Makes no difference where it finds them, either. That's why Drāno cleans and opens drains—keeps them free-flowing. That's why it's so wonderful for the labor-less cleaning of oven-glass and roaster—skillet and broiler-pan.

This booklet will help you

You'll be glad to know about the many "hard-to-do" household tasks that Drāno makes easy. Our new booklet, "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning," tells all about them. You will want to write for your copy.

And, just to try it out, use Drāno on the burned-on casserole ring. The complete directions are printed here. At all dealers. The Drackett Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



To remove the burned-on food from casserole

INSIDE ONLY

1. Put two (2) cupfuls of water in the bottom of casserole
2. Add ¼ can of Drāno
3. When Drāno has dissolved, add enough water to cover area to be cleaned
4. Let it soak three or four hours or overnight
5. Pour off solution into the sink
6. Rinse the casserole—then wash with hot soap-suds—or, better still, with Dawn

BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE

1. Put casserole in dish-pan (any kind but aluminum)
2. Put 2 cupfuls of water in the bottom of casserole
3. Add ⅓ can of Drāno
4. When Drāno has dissolved, add water to casserole until overflow is high enough to cover inside and outside to be cleaned—if crust is on the top, turn casserole upside down
5. Let it soak three or four hours or overnight
6. Pour off solution into the sink
7. Thoroughly rinse, then wash with hot soap-suds—or, better still, with Dawn

CAUTION—Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing.

DO YOU KNOW that porcelain and enamel can now be cleaned without danger of deadly scratching and dullness? With Dawn!—the new, finer cleanser that dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

. . . keeps them free-flowing

25¢ a can

Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States

35¢ in Canada

CHAPPING
weathers the skin

Chapped hands look years older!

—but Hinds Cream smooths them to petal softness again

HANDS red and chapped? Then smooth in Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Its softening touch banishes chapping—immediately. Makes your hands soft, lovably smooth and white once more. And keeps them so!

And it isn't just chapping that reddens the hands and makes them look old. It's dishwater, terribly hard on hands—careless drying of the hands before going out into the cold—dusting—a dozen and one things weather the hands. And it's weathering that ages—not the years.

See for yourself

To show you what weathering does to the skin, take a mirror to a bright window. Compare the skin of your face with the skin of your shoulders. Quite a difference, isn't there? The skin of your shoulders has been protected from exposure. It is smooth, and soft, and young. Protect your face and it will stay young too.

The same thing holds true for your hands. They're busily occupied from morning 'til night. To keep them young, you must protect them from the harsh effects of work, sports and exposure. You can do it easily—with Hinds Cream. Smooth it in at the first sign of roughness, dryness or chapping. It'll make them petal-soft again.

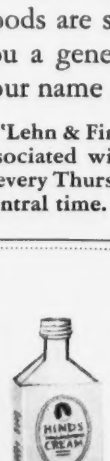
Keep Hinds Cream in several places—it's always handy then when you need it. Keep it in the kitchen—on the bathroom shelf—on your dressing table. And then use it often. It'll keep your hands so soft, so smooth, so altogether lovely, they'll never have a chance to chap and roughen.

HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

You'll find Hinds Cream wherever toilet goods are sold. If you wish, we'll gladly mail you a generous sample bottle. Just send us your name and address on the coupon below.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 8:00 p. m., Eastern time; 7:00 p. m., Central time.

© L. & F., Inc., 1929



Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. 29, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, the protecting cream for the skin.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

.....

This coupon not good after February, 1930

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, 8

Women and World Peace

(Continued from Page 11)

call this conference in the near future and at a time when either the Pan-American Union is sponsoring one or more of the many professional or scientific conferences which it is its policy to encourage, or when the State Department is holding an official convention on subjects of inter-American affairs. The coincidence of dates will insure the largest possible attendance for the General Federation's conference.

There are thirty-one member clubs of the General Federation now in the Western Hemisphere, outside of the United States proper and the Territory of Alaska. There are three in Hawaii, three in the Panama Canal Zone, two in Porto Rico, three in the Argentine, ten in Canada, one in Mexico, two in Peru, one in Uruguay, and six in the West Indies. We are counting much upon these member clubs in the organization of the projected conferences. In addition, officers of the General Federation have a large number of personal contacts which are of great value in building the conference personnel with effective consideration for the *permanent objective* of this initial conference. The counsel and help of the many able women attached to the diplomatic circles of Washington are sought also for the plans and conduct of the project.

At every stage in the progress of conference plans there will be kept alert the basic thought that the project is an *initial* move to create permanent agencies for *continuous* friendly intercourse among thoughtful women of the Western Hemisphere; that this *permanence* of friendly intercourse can be assured only by bringing member clubs of the women citizenry of Western Hemisphere countries into the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Care will be taken, therefore, to keep the projected conference sharply distinct in the public mind from conventions held to discuss and act upon specialized subjects—such as, disarmament, arbitration, international traffic in narcotics, or any other question of international policy. "To know each other" is the goal of the conference among Western Hemisphere women; to create and extend throughout this half globe of ours the nerve centers that will thrill to the human interests and activities of the homes and communities in all the Americas.

Overcoming Language Barriers

DURING the proposed conference, which will initiate the movement to bring about this extended organization of member clubs in the Americas, the exchangeable social and cultural commodities now available will be the chief subject of discussion—the national music, the modes of recreation, the educational standards, the literature and art, the ideals of homemaking, standards of community service and justice, and so forth. Out of the conference must come the definite plans for building up in the Americas the General Federation units through which alone there can be assured the *continuous* intercommunication and friendly intercourse that now exists among the General Federation's 14,000 member clubs.

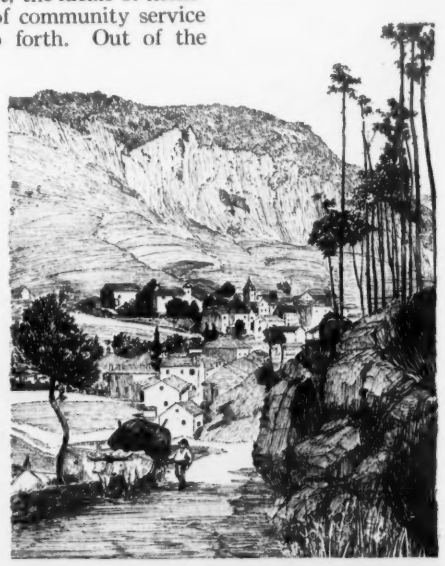
We recognize the language barriers as a serious obstacle to the establishment of such permanent social and cultural reciprocity as we contemplate. But there are for this organization, as there are for other organizations holding international conferences, means of reducing the language obstacle to surmountable proportions. The General Federation proposes, however, to make a special contribution to international understanding by urging its thousands of study clubs, and the thousands more that have study divisions, to make use of the university and college extension courses and instructors in the modern languages. This movement would center logically at the outset on the languages current in the Latin-American countries.

For International Fellowship

THE General Federation's second move during the next two years to bring homemaking women into a sympathetic acquaintance will parallel the effort to extend the organization units over the Western Hemisphere. Thousands of member clubs of the General Federation are active in the maintenance and control of local community libraries and thousands maintain constant and thoughtful contact with the local school systems. Through the coördinated activity of the Department of International Relations and the Department of Education, the member clubs will be urged to see that among the books purchased for the libraries each year there are judicious selections from the wealth of authoritative and vivid literature reflecting the home and community life of Western Hemisphere nations.

A third feature of the General Federation's International Relationship Program is the decision to undertake a carefully planned and wisely counseled campaign to further the Junior Year Abroad Movement. The women of the 14,000 clubs belonging to the General Federation are, in large part, homemakers who have sons and daughters in or going to college. The same is true of the existing member clubs in the sixteen foreign countries. The projected drive to build up member clubs of the woman citizenry in each country will be directed toward the women homemakers who have the same interest in this movement, designed to develop in the coming generation of leaders, a deep-rooted and broad-minded international understanding.

During the first months of this administration, Mrs. Ben Hooper, of Wisconsin, and Mrs. Amy Robbins Ware, of Minnesota, the chairman and vice chairman of the General Federation's International Relations Department, have been engaged in giving the Committee on the Cause and Cure of War the coöperation pledged by the General Federation for the conference just closed in Washington. The ability and enthusiasm displayed in these coöperative efforts are convincing evidence of the splendid results that will come from the application of the abilities of both of these women to the General Federation's new contribution to international fellowship.



CHOOSE your ROUGE SHADES this NEW fascinating way . . .

forget all about "Matching Your Skin" and select shades to Match Your Costume . . .

CATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not one shade to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge *seem* to come from within the skin. Compare usual rouge, and you will notice that it seems to be placed *upon* the skin. The difference is really startling.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, stockings, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel frocks was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Now, Wondrous New Beauty With the Rouge of Which All Shades Match the Skin

Remember, skin tone is no longer a limitation. Now you can *live up* to the most glowing red gown, and yourself scintillate, sparkle because the all-important color harmony of complexion with dress has been achieved. For all shades of red, use Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are a golden flame with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade; since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

Perhaps you'll find the *greatest* fascination lies in *blending* one or more shades of Princess Pat Rouge *upon your skin* . . . Vivid, for instance, with a little touch of Nite to give marvelous, pearly iridescence under artificial light. Or Squaw, with a touch of English Tint to produce an original personal hue. Or Squaw with a touch of Nite—violet-shaded, mysterious, compelling. Here is individuality plus; for whatever your requirements to bring out utmost beauty, Princess Pat Rouge shades are adequate.

But be sure your next rouge purchase gives you Princess Pat. For only then can you forget skin matching limitations and select shades for beauty alone. You'll find Princess Pat *everywhere.*

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Besides rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Princess Pat famous almond base powder and five other beauty aids. Also Beauty Booklet containing artful secrets of make-up and valuable information on skin care.

Get This Week-End Set—

SPECIAL

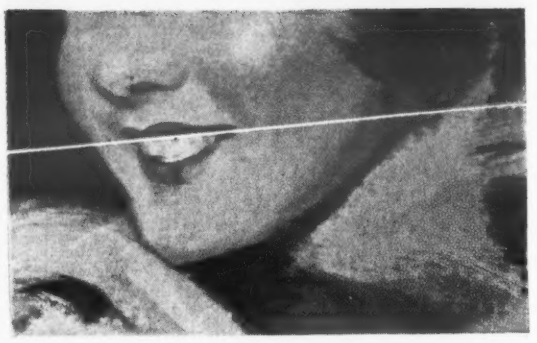
PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-822, Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

3 minutes twice a day for teeth . . . that is ample to protect the beauty of your smile



But you should use modern methods—and guard The Danger Line

TODAY, practically every woman knows that to preserve youthfulness and charm, it is health that must be guarded. So they pay strict attention to details of diet, of exercise and (as they believe) to mouth hygiene.

Unfortunately, the old-fashioned method of brushing the teeth with a "good cleansing dentifrice" has been proved inadequate. That is why so many people suffer from tooth decay and gum irritation in spite of faithful care. Think of it! To lose beauty and perhaps health, not through neglect, but because of erroneous, old-fashioned practices.

This is the danger

The trouble is that while ordinary brushing is fully effective *as far as it goes*, it does not go far enough. For no tooth-brush can reach into all the pits on the grinding surface of your teeth, or between your teeth along The Danger Line—the tiny V-shaped crevices where teeth and gums meet. As a result food particles collect there. They ferment. Acids are formed. Unless these acids are neutralized, they cause decay or dangerous gum infections such as pyorrhea.

Since mere brushing alone cannot protect you fully, your dentifrice *must* by containing a trustworthy antacid.

Squibb's brings this protection

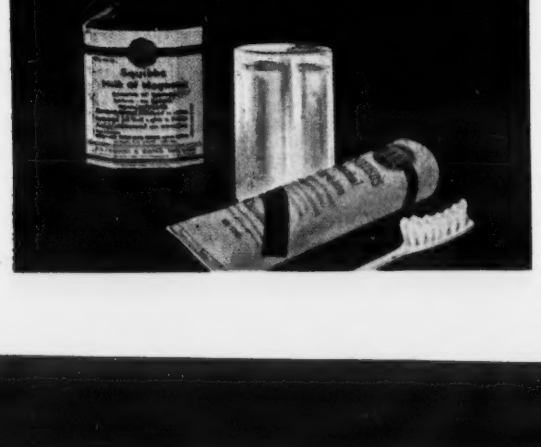
Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, long recognized as a safe, effective antacid. When you use it, it not only neutralizes the acids at The Danger Line, but enough remains there to protect your teeth and gums against acids for a considerable time after use.

Why should you be content to entrust your teeth and health to a dentifrice less certain to give full protection? The use of Squibb's Dental Cream for three minutes twice a day is ample to guard your health and beauty against the dangers of tooth decay and gum irritations. As an additional precaution, visit your dentist twice a year.

You'll find Squibb's Dental Cream mild and delicately flavored. Children delight in it. Get a tube today. Use it on the gums with a soft brush. It will keep them in healthy condition. It contains no grit, astringents or abrasives. Nothing that can hurt the most delicate tissues—only the finest cleansing ingredients and Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. At druggists'—40 cents a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York.

Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

Your physician, your dentist and your druggist will tell you that Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is the finest you can buy. It is pure and pleasant to take because it has no earthy taste. Its unsurpassed antacid qualities and mild laxative action make it also truly valuable in promoting proper alimentation.

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

THE interests of the Sub-Deb Department are becoming so many and so varied that it is simply impossible to cover them all on a single page. And so that is why we have hit upon the idea of offering you each month an additional small booklet, folder or set of directions when we need more room to tell you about some particular subject. Gradually we hope to gather together quite a wide variety of these little supplementary folders, covering all sorts of subjects interesting to the sub-deb, and to keep them on hand, so that you can always write in for those which appeal to you at any time, regardless of whether you ask for a new folder referred to in that number of the JOURNAL or one offered several months before. And of course we hope you will tell us of any new subjects you would like to see on the page and in these booklets. More and more of you are writing us about what interests you, and this seems an excellent opportunity for us to thank each and every girl who has done this for the real help she has given us. So keep on writing whenever you have an idea you would like to share with us. We love the friendly, enthusiastic, gay little letters that pile up on the Sub-Deb Editor's desk around the first of the month, when each new JOURNAL comes out.

—MARGUERITE ASPINWALL.

Valentines and Confetti

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY offers a chance not to be missed for some sort of party in costume, and probably at once the prettiest and jolliest of the various types of fancy-dress entertaining which come flocking to one's mind is a Confetti Dance. It requires little planning and preparation beforehand.

Bags, made of eighteen-inch squares of bright-colored tulle, filled with confetti and tied with gay, gauzy bows, are handed to each feminine guest on her arrival, and with it several small spools of the long ribbon confetti. The boys are given oblong envelopes of red, orange, purple and blue glazed paper, filled with confetti.

The hall or living room, where the dance is to be held, is festooned with streamers of varihued confetti, and high up against the ceiling are bobbing and bumping toy balloons of all colors, each trailing a long paper ribbon to within easy reach of the smallest girl present.

The first event, before the dancing begins, is to tie all the guests' hands behind their backs and stick between their lips a match, the tip of which has been dipped in glue. The contest is to see who can capture the greatest number of balloons, using the sticky match end to get a firm grip on the trailing paper ribbon, and by turning until you are wrapped like a cocoon in the paper folds, to bring down your capture. You must then disengage the match from the paper without using your hands, redip the tip of the stick in a big pot of glue standing conveniently ready on table or mantel, and start out—still wrapped in your first paper cocoon—to bag a second trophy. A prize of a big heart-shaped box of candies can be awarded the boy or girl who proves the most successful trapper of balloons. This stunt is much more difficult of performance than it sounds, for it is so easy to break the paper streamers unless you are very careful.

The second event is a lassoing contest, in which everybody tries to wrap an end of the ribbon confetti about the neck, arm or shoulders of some other guest in a single skillful throw. Prizes for each successful contestant should be some amusing trifle, such as a tiny cowboy doll or a jointed toy steer whose head and feet can be moved into humorous attitudes.

General dancing starts with a grand march about the hall to show off costumes before a committee of three judges chosen by drawing lots. Prizes can be offered for the cleverest, the most amusing and the most beautiful costumes, and approval of the decisions rendered will undoubtedly be celebrated by a snowstorm of confetti from the tulle bags and envelopes.

Supper is served buffet fashion, and afterward still another competition—this time of dance steps improvised on the spur of the moment—is in order, as a final, hilarious wind-up of the evening.

Sports Scarfs From Abroad

LAST month, in answer to a number of requests, we told you how to make those graceful hand-painted chiffon kerchiefs for the evening, and this month we have a whole sheaf of enchanting, brand-new ideas for you on the subject of sports scarfs.

The very lovely and unusual ones shown on this page were sent us from Biarritz, one of Europe's gayest and most fashionable seaside playgrounds, especially for the Sub-Deb page. Isn't the idea of a little embroidered sailboat on a blue ocean a delightful motif for a sports scarf? The scarf itself is of white wool, edged with yellow and blue, and has the embroidered medallion set at one end—the end that hangs down in front when you fling the other dashingly over your shoulder. The second scarf is of white Angora with insets of blue and red crêpe de chine and has a design embroidered likewise in red and blue. Bands of the red and blue finish both ends, but there is no side border.

The new sports scarfs.

It is quite a simple matter to make either of these scarfs—or a variety of similar designs—in several equally attractive ways. The little medallions on the ends can be embroidered, or you can paint the design on silk, using the same kind of fabric paint you used for the chiffon triangles last month. All sorts of interesting transfer patterns can be obtained in the shops. Still another, and perhaps more novel, method is to cut your medallion from one of the charming new printed silks, which have all kinds of intriguing designs this season. Half or even a quarter of a yard will decorate several scarfs. Chintz and cretonne also come in gayly figured patterns. The idea is to cut out a figure or a group of figures in the design, baste it on the scarf, turn the edges under neatly to keep them from fraying, and secure in place with buttonhole stitches. If you choose chintz or cretonne, the buttonholing should be done in a contrasting yarn; if silk is your choice, a heavy floss can be used.

We saw one very unusual cretonne pattern of a knight in full armor, on horseback, with lance poised, which would make a striking scarf for the girl who loves romantic fiction.

We have seen some very attractive Japanese crêpes with all kinds of funny little foreign scenes which would go charmingly on a sports scarf. Then there are printed silks with cunning animal figures—green cats with yellow eyes chasing tiny green mice with red tails. A strip of these cats binding the ends and sides of the scarf would make a most amusing border. With the present vogue for animal jewelry, such a scarf would almost certainly start a fashion which all your girl chums would insist upon imitating. You can also rejuvenate some of your old scarfs with these medallions and borders and make them do duty for still another season; they will be very smart and up-to-date too.

Look about in the shops and see what designs you can find that appeal to you. Then talk to some of the girls in your little crowd—they will probably be eager to get together for a scarf-making bee. (Didn't our great-grandmothers have quilting bees?) You can each bring the particular silk or chintz you happen to fancy, and have enough for your own scarfs, as well as extra pieces to trade with your fellow scarf makers.

The Triangle Vogue

TRIANGLES are immensely popular just now; and so if you want to give a decidedly modern note to your room, your table or your wardrobe, you will not overlook the possibilities of this new fad.

Most of the interesting modernistic furniture is based on the triangle instead of the square or curve; costume jewelry shows a tendency toward the triangle; some of the smartest imported sports scarfs are composed of two big triangles joined to a fitted neck line; toilet articles for your dressing table now come either in triangle shape or with jagged triangular designs that are quite fascinating—unless one is ultraconservative and sees beauty only in old, familiar things. Even the dressing table itself is often built in triangle fashion, with oddly shaped drawers to hold small accessories, such as handkerchiefs, gloves, ribbons, scarfs, and the like.

The newest colored glassware for lunch or tea table sparkles in sharply pointed shapes, like summer lightning zigzagging across the clouds, and glass shades for side lights are curious, though quite enchanting, triangular shields.

If you want to make a new cretonne cover for day bed or lounge, look at some of the gay, colorful designs being shown now that are just a heterogeneous scattering of very long, sharply pointed triangles. Then there are small, medium and large triangular cushions which can, of course, be covered with any color, material and design you choose, but which are tremendously smart and *different* piled up on the window seat or tucked cozily into your favorite deep chair.

Several of these cushions in gay colors, triangular book ends for your desk shelf, a little triangle-shaped workbox for your bedside table, and one of the new, utterly delicious triangle perfume trays for your bureau top or dressing table, with a tall, triangular colored-glass atomizer on it, will brighten and modernize a room at small expense and with very satisfying results.

Sports or school frock with crocheted trimmings.

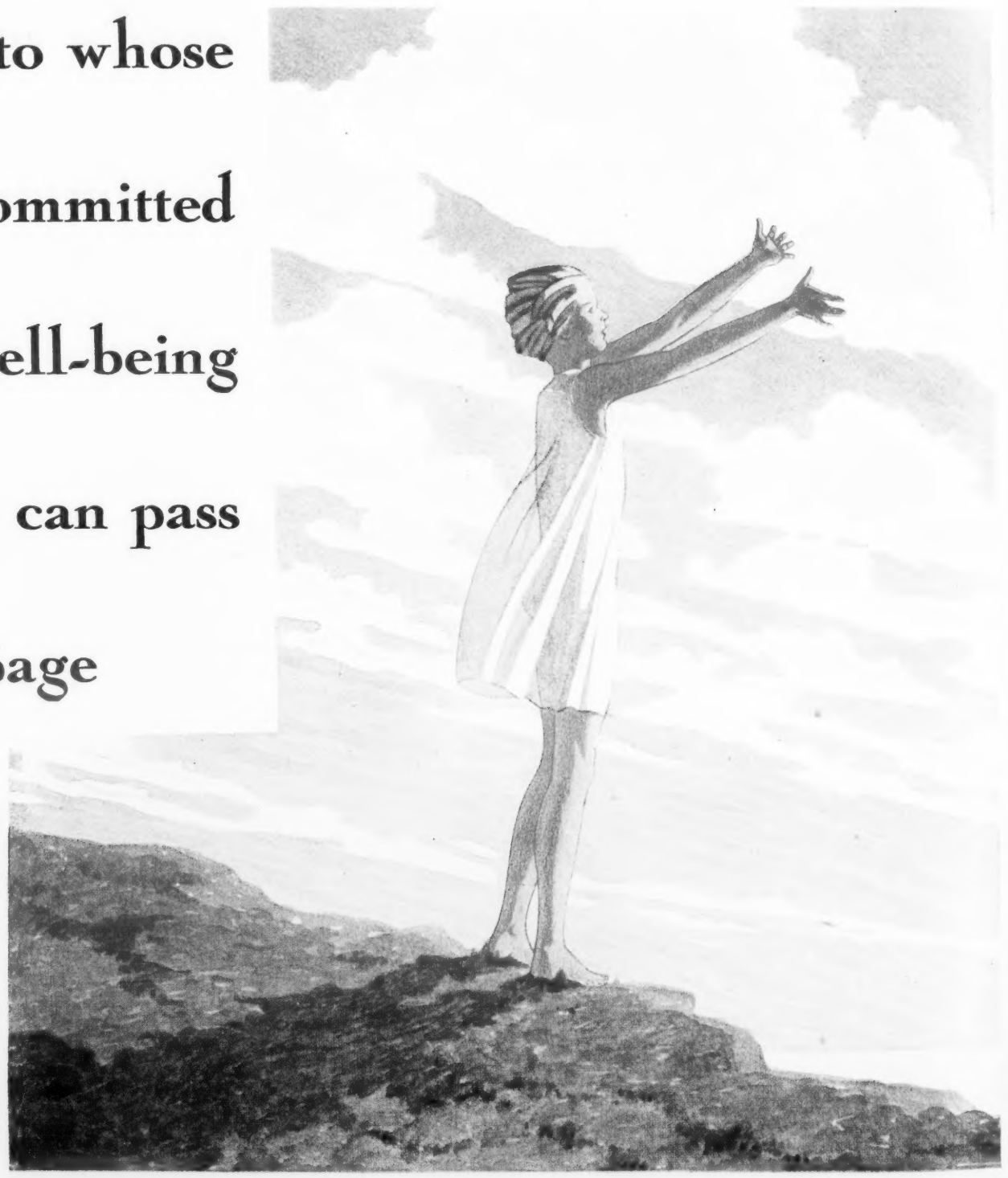
Crocheted Smartness

THIS jaunty little washable-flannel sports frock with its crocheted neckband, hemline, waistband and cuffs is just the thing for the new school dress you will be wanting about this time of the year. Later, in the spring, you can use the same design in light-colored or white flannel with contrasting yarn bands and be equally pleased with the result.

The dress requires only about four yards of washable flannel and six balls of yarn, and so this is one of those hard-to-find occasions when you can combine a really smart effect with small expense.

(Continued on Page 126)

We sincerely believe that no woman to whose care has been committed the health and well-being of a CHILD . . can pass over this page



SUNLIGHT—*giver of Health . . . In those rays that come hurtling down to us from the sun, millions of miles away, scientists have discovered the source for a* vitamin *which is essential to the building of sturdy bones, sound teeth, strength and vigor for your children. They have named it Vitamin D—the sunlight vitamin . . .*

This is no ordinary advertisement. In fact, it is one of the most extraordinary advertisements that you may ever have read.

It has to do with one of the most important single discoveries that have come out of scientific laboratories within the last decade. With the mysterious but *vital* bone-building, growth-regulating element that comes to us in *sunlight.*

Now it has been proved that a delicious natural food product contains the famous Vitamin D which has been featured so dramatically in the pages of medical and scientific journals and women's magazines.

The product is Cocomalt. Thousands of women with children know of Cocomalt as a delicious, healthful, balanced food—rich in proteins, carbohydrates and mineral salts—which adds 70% more nourishment to milk.

Now thousands and thousands more women will know of Cocomalt as the food which brings to their children this vital sunlight vitamin . . .

What is this sunlight vitamin? • No one knows exactly. Scientists can only tell us what it *does.* Produced by the rays of the sun which are absorbed in our bodies, it combines in some mysterious way with the food we eat to make us strong and vigorous.

Specifically, Vitamin D helps put the needed lime into young bones, develop sound teeth, prevent rickets (soft bones, bowed legs), and assure the steady, symmetrical growth of the whole bone structure.

It is this discovery of Vitamin D and of the vital part it plays in health that established the vogue for sunlight bathing which has swept Europe and America—styled children's bathing suits so that every possible inch of their little bodies may be exposed to the rays of the sun—and led to the invention of varied kinds of sun lamps to create *artificial* sunlight.

Also, curiously enough, scientists have discovered that this same vitamin, contained in cod liver oil, is the real reason why that sturdy, old medicine has been so successful.

Vitamin D contained in Cocomalt • • • But cod liver oil is a *medicine.* And this precious sunlight vitamin should, without question, be a part of the *natural* food in every child's diet.

For not all children can spend their summers at the beach. And, of course, there are the long winter months when the sun's rays are less intense and when children have to spend so much more time indoors.

So the makers of Cocomalt went to famous scientific authorities. After long and intensive experiments, these authorities definitely have proved that Cocomalt contains Vitamin D—in the necessary quantities to build sturdy bones and sound teeth, strength and vigor for your children.

This sunlight Vitamin in no way affects the taste, flavor or goodness of Cocomalt. Yet Vitamin D is *there.*

A delicious drink that children love • Make no mistake. Cocomalt is not a medicine. It is a nourishing, easily digestible, natural *food* with a delicious chocolate taste. Mixed with milk, it combines in scientific proportions nourishing elements ideally suited to children.

Children love it. And mothers everywhere have found that Cocomalt is an easy way to get children to take the milk they need.

Now, with Vitamin D—this sunlight vitamin that builds bones and sound teeth and strength and vigor—Cocomalt becomes more than ever an *essential* food that every child should have.

* * *

SERVE HOT OR COLD • Cocomalt is a delicious drink that may be served either hot or cold. As a hot drink it is a particularly happy suggestion for breakfast or after school, these cold wintry days when children need its nourishing warmth . . .

You can get Cocomalt from your grocer in various sized cans, including the popular half-pound size at 25 cents (30¢ west of the Mississippi). If your grocer cannot supply you, take advantage of the sample offer.

R. B. DAVIS COMPANY • Hoboken, N. J.

Makers of Davis Baking Powder

A GENEROUS SAMPLE AND BOOKLET • Send 10 cents (to cover the cost of mailing) and we will forward you a generous sample can of Cocomalt —together with a fascinating booklet entitled "Children of the Sun". This booklet was prepared for the R. B. Davis Company, by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

R. B. Davis Company
Hoboken, New Jersey

Enclosed find 10 cents. Send me booklet and sample of Cocomalt mentioned above.

NAME_____

STREET (or RFD)_____

CITY_____

COUNTY_____ STATE_____

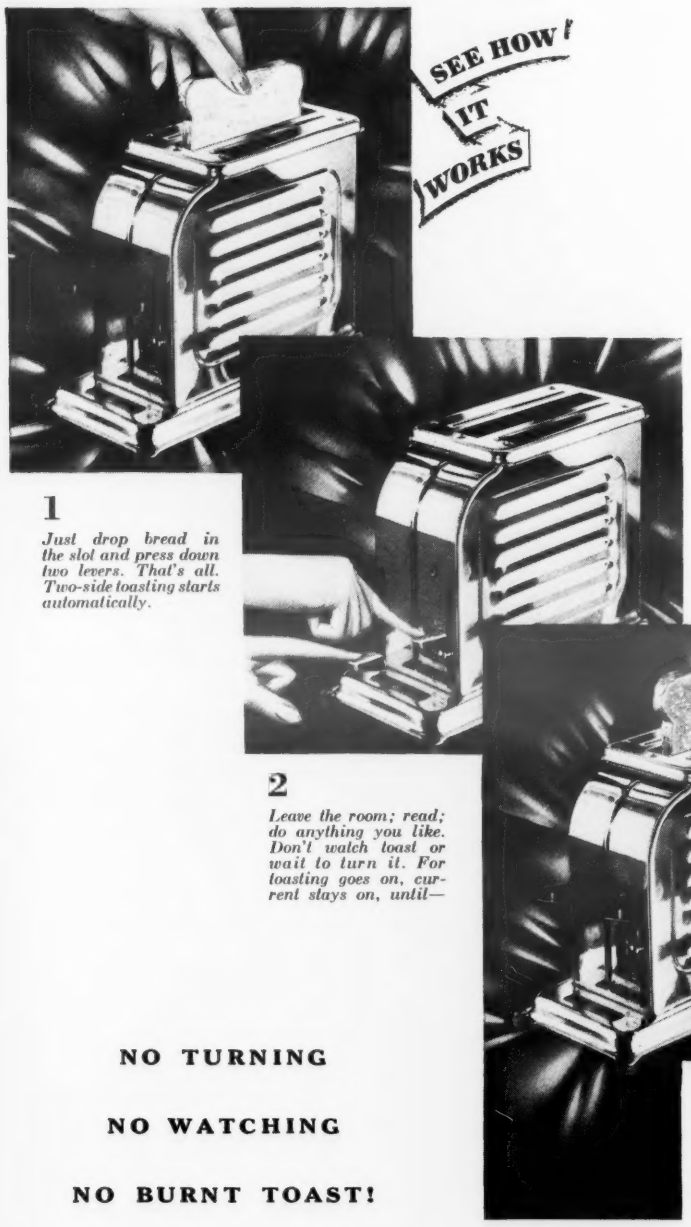
Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

It's Called the

TOASTMASTER

—And It's the World's ONLY *Completely Automatic Toaster!*



1
Just drop bread in the slot and press down two levers. That's all. Two-side toasting starts automatically.

2
Leave the room; read; do anything you like. Don't watch toast or wait to turn it. For toasting goes on, current stays on, until—

3
Pop! and it's done. Perfectly toasted, both sides at once—and current cuts off automatically.

NO TURNING

NO WATCHING

NO BURNT TOAST!

You don't watch it or think about it. You read, go out of the room, answer the phone; do anything you like, leave it as long as you want; and never burn toast, never get anything short of *perfect toast.*

No other toaster does what the Toastmaster does. Protected under U. S. Patent, there is no other toaster "like" it. And it is a revelation in speedy toasting. Please remember this.

No Turning,
No Burning

All you do is put in a slice of bread, set a lever for the exact shade of toast you want—*and forget it.*

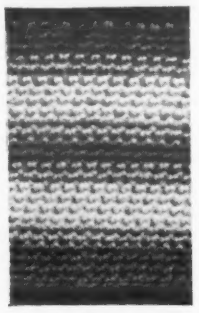
In a few seconds, there's a *POP!*—and a piece of toast, just as you ordered, is *automatically discharged* from the machine and the current *automatically* turned off.

It toasts both sides at once. Thus giving you the superlative in toast. Moist and tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside—with all the flavor sealed in. It has supplanted all other less-modern toasters, last two years, in thousands of homes.

See one work and you'll own one. Buy no toaster before you see the automatic Toastmaster. And thus save future regret. On sale and demonstration everywhere, in the United States and Canada. Waters-Genter Company, 213 N. Second Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER



Design for crocheted belt.

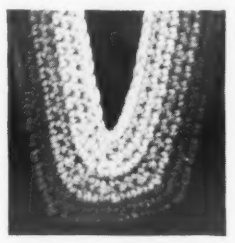
(Continued from Page 123)

The crocheting is really jolly to do, too, and not at all difficult. The skirt is a plain one, either gathered at the top on an elastic or fitted with small half-inch darts all the way round into a band of flannel. The overblouse can be cut from any good jumper pattern which has a V neck line like the illustration here. Turn the edges at the neck, sleeves, bottom of waist and skirt into the narrowest possible hem, and hem by hand. This makes a narrow ridge to crochet over. Using a No. 2 steel crochet hook, crochet right into the material, piercing the stitches at intervals of about a quarter of an inch, or a little less, apart. The neck should be crocheted rather tightly to fit well, and the crocheting around the bottom of the skirt should be very smooth and as even as possible.

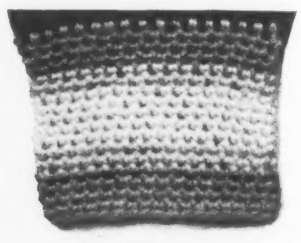
Three shades of the same color yarn are used. For instance, light, medium and dark blue are stunning with a dark blue flannel frock. The loops for the buttons are made by crocheting a double strand of light yarn into the neckband, and the buttons are sewed on with yarn.

Press well when finished.

If you are interested in making the little dress, directions for crocheting and for the proper combining of your colored yarns will be sent you on receipt of a self-addressed and stamped envelope. Write to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



Details of neck line.



Crocheted-cuff design.

A New Step-In From Paris

THE young girl from fourteen to eighteen will be sure to want one of the charming new French step-ins, which are made of pale yellow crêpe de chine printed in faint pink and blue flowers. Plain crêpe de chine bands finish the top and form the shoulder straps. There are fine plaits at each side to give plenty of room, and the top opens about six inches down the front, being fastened with loops and tiny pearl buttons.

Of course any flowered or figured crêpe de chine or washable silk can be used, if you prefer pink, flesh or pale blue for colored underthings. Even a delicate, springlike green ground would be charming with a tiny flowered design.

You Too Can Earn for Pretty Clothes

Marjorie was "the most popular girl" at the party.

MARJORIE BARRETT! What a darling dress!" the girls all exclaimed admiringly.

And the boys ——

They didn't say much, but how they crowded around happy Marjorie!

And you'd have admired her too—a slim, brown-haired girl in a leaf-green georgette dress with dainty flowers at the waist and shoulder.

For she seemed to be everywhere—the radiant center of every group.

Then, after the party was over, Marjorie sat down at her own little desk at home and wrote me this happy and enthusiastic letter:

Dear Club Manager: **I've just come back from the nicest party that ever was. Right now as I write you, I'm still wearing the lovely green georgette dress that I bought with Girls' Club dollars. You remember I joined The Club only three weeks ago. Think what I'd have missed if I hadn't joined.**

Marjorie Barrett, Ind.

The most popular girl at the party—is there any girl who hasn't secretly longed for that thrilling title? And you can't deny that a delightful dress helps along.

So many other girls have glad stories too. Marion Kessler writes:

At school, never a day passes but what a dime, or a quarter, or more is needed for a party assessment, a new piece of music, films for snapshot day, and so on. Then, too, I'm always needing pretty new clothes. The Girls' Club has already brought me $20.00 for clothes, school expenses and good times, and the girls have been admiring my dandy brief case, won as a prize.

I'm sure you'd like to join the same Club that Marjorie Barrett and Marion Kessler joined—our Girls' Club, where you can earn money for the gay little things a girl wants all the time, and prizes for schooltime and playtime too. Alice Phipps doesn't mind rainy days now, since she has won a cheerful red raincoat and silk umbrella to match. Lois Bell finds her handy little typewriter an incentive to letter writing.

We're Waiting for You!

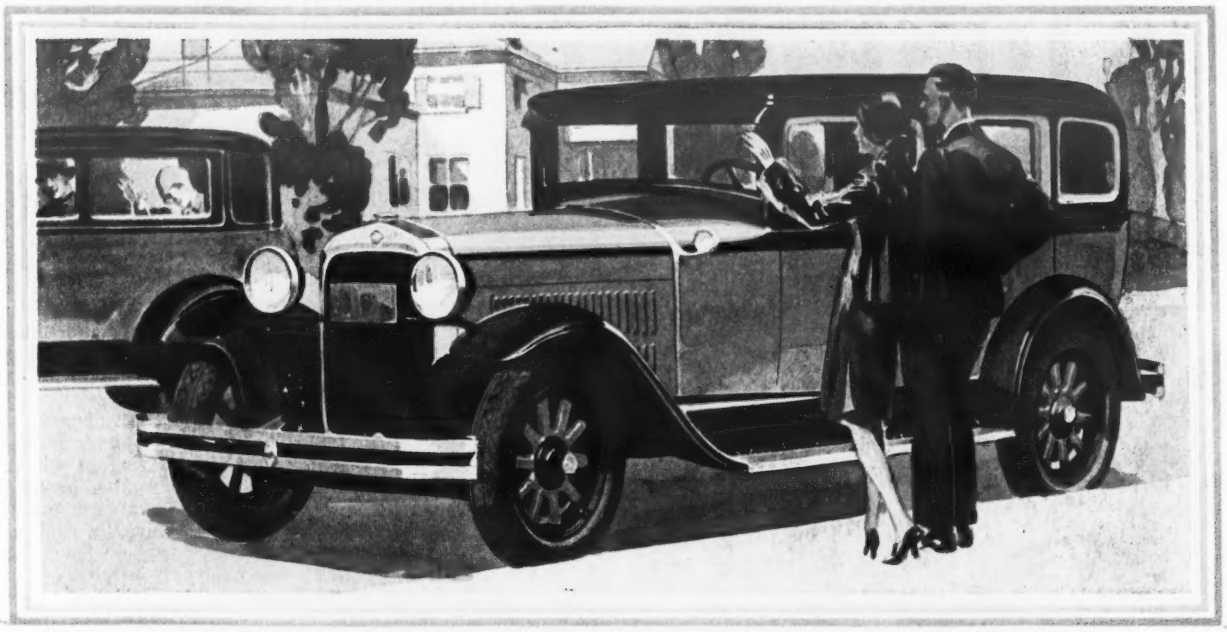
WE'D like to share our happy earning and our companionship with *you*, for our membership isn't limited. You can join any time.

Do it now—while you're thinking about it! Your pencil, a postcard and a stamp are the only things necessary. Just write this: "I'd like to join The Girls' Club." And my answer giving the details will come hustling to you in a few days. Please give your age. There are, of course, no expenses or obligations.

Address:

Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
923 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



ESSEX
THE CHALLENGER

$695 and up at factory

Challenging the Interest of Every Woman in *Quality*, *Comfort* and *Style* . . . and meeting that interest with economy and value . . . . . .

The qualities responsible for the wide Essex preference among women—Appearance, Comfort, Convenience and Safety—are those which stand most brilliantly enhanced in the 76 improvements of Essex the Challenger.

Bodies are more beautiful, longer, wider. Rear seats are ample for three adults. Four hydraulic shock absorbers add to riding ease and insure roadability under the higher speeds provided by Essex the Challenger.

Essex double action four-wheel brakes are effective at the lightest touch. Their efficiency is not affected by water, mud, etc.

In operation every convenience is provided. For instance, a button on the dash starts the motor. Another dash-button records the amount of fuel and oil you have. Electro-lock saves soiling gloves on greasy floor locks.

In finish and upholstery Essex the Challenger is sure to delight you. Just try a ride —and remember the price.

Among the 76 New Improvements

24% Greater Power.
Over 70 Miles an Hour.
60 Miles an Hour All Day.
Four Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.
Double Action 4-wheel brakes.
New Carburation — Greater Economy — Larger, Wider, Roomier Bodies.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DO THIS TONIGHT

and your cold will feel better in the morning

INHALATION: In a teacup full of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember, rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.

NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger, apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose and to the outer edges. Rubbing Mentholatum over the entire outside of the nose is very helpful. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.

GET RID of your cold by quick, prompt action. Know the 3 stages of your cold—and how Mentholatum relieves each stage. You can beat your cold, if you use this common sense treatment tonight.

In the FIRST STAGE your nose lining is dry, irritated, and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness. They also help to stop the sneezing that throws countless germs into the air.

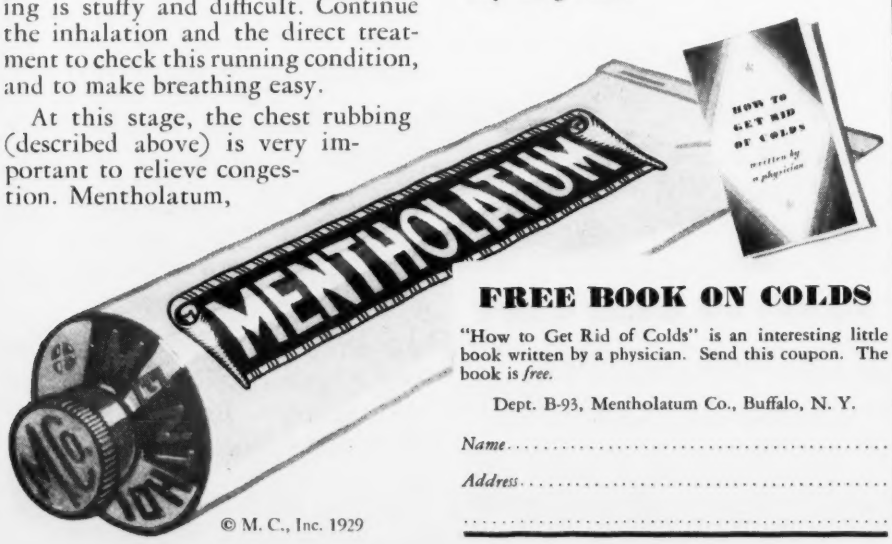
In the SECOND STAGE your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum, unlike harsh ointments, is safe on the most tender skin. Clean and pure, it will not stain clothing or bed linen.

In the THIRD STAGE the heavy, puslike discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edges of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

(This important story is more completely told in the booklet "*How to Get Rid of Colds*." Send the coupon below for a *free* copy.)

Give your cold the proper Mentholatum treatment tonight. Get a handy tube or jar of Mentholatum at any drug store.



© M. C., Inc. 1929

FREE BOOK ON COLDS

"How to Get Rid of Colds" is an interesting little book written by a physician. Send this coupon. The book is *free*.

Dept. B-93, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Skippy and Barrelhead

(Continued from Page 23)

who's tellin' the truth." He advanced on Hecky with blazing eyes. "Did ya tell Sooky I said he couldn't play second base? DID YA?"

"Miss Larkin! Miss Larkin!" yelled Hecky, backing toward the door.

"I guess ya know now who's a back slitter!" warned Skippy, returning to the side of his friend.

"C'n you imagine!" Sooky gasped.

"WELL, I suppose ya heard I got promoted," said Skippy, edging toward his father, who was engrossed in the paper.

"So you told me at the station and at supper," reassured Mr. Skinner. "That's fine!"

"Yep! Got promoted!" repeated Skippy, tracing the carving on the arm of the rocker.

"Well, that's certainly very fine," the father agreed wearily.

"If I got left back, I'd of caught it, I betcha. But promoted—huh, what's that! Workin' the way I do, 'n' nobody cares!" averred Skippy. "Oh, but other fathers do. I just wisht you'd see how Barrelhead's father took it. Why, Barrelhead's pockets were full o' money. Yes, sir! Full!"

"Well, because you've been promoted and you're so good, I'm going to give you this." Mr. Skinner placed a brand-new half dollar in his son's hand.

"Gee! Fifty cents!" exclaimed Skippy. "Just when I need it most. I can't wait for tomorrow. Pop, what time do you get up?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Will ya call me then, huh, papa? Will ya, at seven, call me?" pleaded Skippy.

"Sure; but why so early?"

"Didn't I tell ya? Oh, gee! Wait till ya hear it! Mr. Prince is going to take us all down to the city, so we can be measured for baseball uneeforms."

"Who's going to pay for these uniforms?" asked his father.

"Mr. Prince. Yes, sir, out of his own pocket."

"H'm," Mr. Skinner reflected. "Well, you'd better get to bed if you want to get up at seven. Now run along. Good night."

"Good night!" answered Skippy and ascended the stairs, laughing at his own imitation of a bandy-legged man.

WHEN Skippy awoke the sun's slanting rays were pouring through the window. Alarmed, he sprang out of bed and ran to his father's room. "Pop! Pop!" he cried. "Have you gone, pop?"

"Huh? What's 'at?"

"Nothin', pop, it's all right. I just thought ya forgot to call me," replied Skippy. The parlor clock was tinkling six; sleepless, Skippy roamed around his room, wondering how to pass the time. His eye lit on his bean shooter sticking out of a pocket. Seizing it, with the generous amount of pebbles he carried for just such emergencies, he went to the open window and sprayed the back fence at will. A ricochet clinked a bottle in the long grass. Then a window raised next door.

"What do you think this is—Fourth of July?" The voice of the neighbor seemed to echo throughout the town.

Skippy, about to flip again, stood frozen, hardly daring to breathe. He heard the sash of his father's window raised and his father's inquiry, "What's happened?"

"Oh, I just thought I heard those cats in back. Certainly a lovely day."

"Beautiful!" yawned Mr. Skinner. "Certainly done a lot for your garden, this weather."

"Well, guess you're right," returned the other, "if I do say it myself. Suppose you'll be goin' down on the 8:10."

"Uh-huh. See you in the smoker." And the window closed.

Things like this continually sent the neighbors up in Skippy's estimation. Hiding the bean shooter, he contented himself by browsing over the open pages of Treasure Island.

This book Skippy had read many times before, but he preferred reading it again to starting another. He felt that no book could hold him like Treasure Island. It was the only book he had ever read, and he was satisfied with it. Besides, another story might prove to be a disappointment. Here he knew what to expect, consequently he never read anything else. Tiring of the printed page after a few minutes, however, he attempted to read backward; but the story became so utterly senseless that he turned to the author's picture on the frontispiece and regarded it with disgust.

Restless, he moved around noisily. When this failed to wake up the household he repaired to the bathroom and gargled until everybody found sleep impossible. At the sound of his father's yawn he knocked at the door.

"SEVEN-THIRTY, papa; better not be late for work."

"How do you know it's seven-thirty?" answered his father.

"I heard the roosters crow hours ago."

To his great delight, Skippy heard his mother moving around down in the kitchen. Without waiting another second he hopped the banisters, leaving his father to shift for himself. As he prepared to leave the house after a hasty breakfast, he met his father descending the stairs.

Incredible though it was, Skippy could ponder over it no longer. With all the speed he could muster he burst toward the station. As he neared this shouts met his ears. The platform was lined with friends.

"Hurry! Hurry!" they screamed.

"What's keepin' ya?" yelled Sooky.

"I knew ya'd oversleep," called Ray.

"Well, we're all here, I take notice," said Skippy. "What time is it?"

"Ten minutes after seven—or is it eight?" Somerset answered.

"Well, fellers, how about a little game of tag?" suggested Skippy, tagging Ray.

The fact that the station was half crowded with commuters gave the game an added touch of color. Squirming and shouting, Skippy came within an inch of being tagged. He only saved himself by jostling a man, sending him headlong off the platform.

"Look here, young man, that's enough!" Skippy looked up into the face of his father. "Look at that suit! Why, it isn't even eight o'clock. What time did this man say he'd be here?"

"He says we should be in time for the 9:45," replied Skippy. "We didn't come none too soon because —— Hey! Who told you to come?"

Mr. Skinner turned and beheld a small boy, hat in hand, gazing wistfully into Skippy's face.

"PLEASE, Mr. Skippy, c'n I have a word with you," said Hecky, with a glance at the father, "alone?"

Smiling, Mr. Skinner kissed Skippy and sauntered over to his neighbor, engrossed in a seed catalogue.

"Wasn't ya told ya couldn't play on the team?" glowered Skippy.

"Then ya won't take me to the city?"

"No, we won't take ya to the city," mimicked Skippy.

"Maybe if I told ya the drag I got"—putting his hand to his mouth, Hecky ended in a whisper—"with the cops!"

"The cops better not start nothin' with this gang," cautioned the leader, returning to the assembled team. Hecky looked on from a distance.

When the station was finally clear Skippy suggested, "Listen, fellers. Soon

(Continued on Page 131)

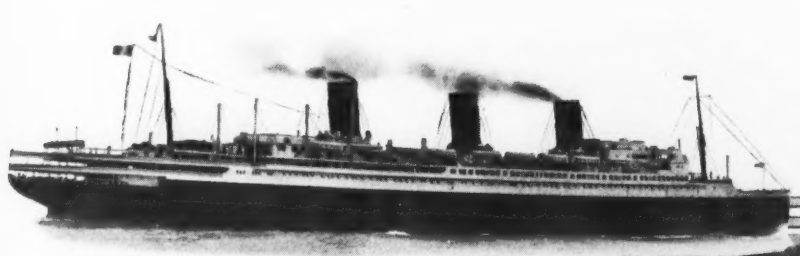
PALM trees, glittering shop windows, sunshine and an azure sea . . . what could be the Riviera without them? Yet society at Cannes is scarcely complete without the presence of that delightful English woman, Lady Ursula Hetherington*. Her beauty is radiant as the dawn. ⚜ ⚜ Lady Ursula's dressing-room holds one precious product that unlocks partly the secret of her perfect skin. It is a delicate toilet soap, Yardley's Old English Lavender—so pure, so fragrant, so stimulating that for three half-centuries it has been used exclusively by the finest English families. ⚜ ⚜ Yardley's sheer Face Powder, Lady Ursula employs to protect her complexion from weather of every kind—fragrant as the soap, with the cool perfume of lavender blossoms. Yet these are but two of the famous Yardley products. England's best, they are obtainable anywhere in America. Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap. "The Luxury Soap of the World," box of three cakes $1, or 35c the cake; Face Powder, $1; Compact, $1.25; Talc, 50c; Sachet Tablets, 25c; Shampoo, 15c the cartridge; Bath Salts, $1; Dusting Powder, $1.50; Old English Lavender, in sprinkler bottles, from $12 to $1. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at 40th Street, New York; Toronto and Paris. **Out of deference to our clientele we have refrained from using actual names.*

Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

Established 1770

On the S. S. Ile de France

"the Ritz afloat"



The magnificent S. S. Ile de France. *"Horlick's" is a regular item of diet on this, the most celebrated of all modern steamships, with its* clientèle de luxe

Aladdin's Lamp, Little Red Riding Hood and other fairy characters have been amusingly "batiked" in wood by French artists on the walls of the children's restaurant of the S. S. Ile de France, *shown above*

Horlick's Malted Milk is served in the famous children's restaurant

THE world's most modern and luxurious steamship—whose artist-designers have paid special attention to the needs of children!

Flagship of a line celebrated for its cuisine—whose chef specifies "Horlick's" for the children's menu!

"Horlick's"—because it has been commended by physicians for nearly half a century. Because mothers, whose children are accustomed to the best, request it.

What "Horlick's" gives

Horlick's Malted Milk gives your child a delicious, highly concentrated food in the most digestible form known.

Its energy value is 2½ times that of lean beef, about 3 times that of eggs, 6 times that of potatoes.

It is a *complete* food. It contains all the nourishment of rich, full-cream milk *plus* that of malted grains. Carbohydrates, proteins, minerals, vitamins—preserved by the exclusive Horlick process.

And so easily are these food elements digested in "Horlick's" that they are assimilated almost at once. The action of the malt enzymes also helps to digest other foods, especially starches.

"Horlick's" is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

It is easy to see why "Horlick's" is so good for your children!

If they are underweight

If your children are nervous, irritable, lacking in appetite . . . give them "Horlick's" (natural or chocolate flavor) to build them up.

Energy, sound sleep, keen appetites usually return when underweight conditions are corrected.

Schools, mothers everywhere, report gratifying gains.

But do not confuse "Horlick's" with similar preparations which have appeared on the market. Only "Horlick's" is the original malted milk.

Only "Horlick's" has been used and endorsed by physicians and hospitals for almost 50 years.

"Horlick's" is made under sanitary conditions that meet the most exacting requirements of the medical profession. The milk is from dairies under Horlick control, subjected to rigid inspection. The choice grains are malted in Horlick's *own* malt house by our special process. Every care you would take to protect your own children, Horlick has taken.

If you have been confused by conflicting claims, we urge you to *ask your doctor.*

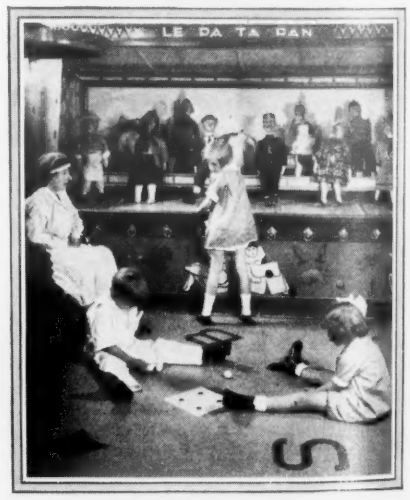
A generous sample FREE

Why not start your children now on Horlick's Malted Milk? If they are underweight, to build them up. If of normal weight, for reserve energy. They love its delicious flavor.

Let us send you a generous sample to start with. Your choice of flavors, natural or chocolate. Just clip the coupon and mail it.

Or, go to your dealer and buy a package today. Insist on "Horlick's," the original and genuine.

A nourishing and delicious table drink for adults. Induces sound sleep if taken hot before retiring. An ideal food beverage for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, the aged and infirm. Horlick's Malted Milk Lunch Tablets afford relief in seasickness



The playrooms of the S. S. Ile de France. *Here* Le Pa Ta Pan *and the* Guignol *theatre, patterned after those which delight little French children of the aristocracy, amuse the tiny guests. Adjoining is the children's diet kitchen, where the nursery governess prepares generous glasses of "Horlick's" for lunches*

FREE SAMPLE

Horlick's Malted Milk Corp.
Dept. A-16, Racine, Wis.

This coupon is good for one sample of either Horlick's Malted Milk (natural) or Horlick's Chocolate Malted Milk.

The Speedy Mixer for quickly mixing a delicious Malted Milk in a glass will also be mailed to you if you enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover postage.

Check sample wanted ☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name.....

Address.....

(If you live in Canada, address 2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)

THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK

ASK for Horlick's The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

HORLICK'S

*Pyrex Nursing Bottles

Won't break in boiling water

Won't break in cooling

DOCTORS URGE the use of Pyrex Nursing Bottles because of their absolute safety in boiling and in quick changes from hot to cold water.

They say that regularity in feeding is so important that this boil-proof bottle is a real step toward higher infant health standards.

Follow the advice doctors are giving all over the country.

Do not run the risk of upsetting your baby's schedule by having his bottle break just as his feeding is ready.

6-sided—Pyrex Nursing Bottles cannot slip from your hand or from baby's. There are no sharp angles on the inside of the bottle, which is rounded off broadly and is very easy to clean.

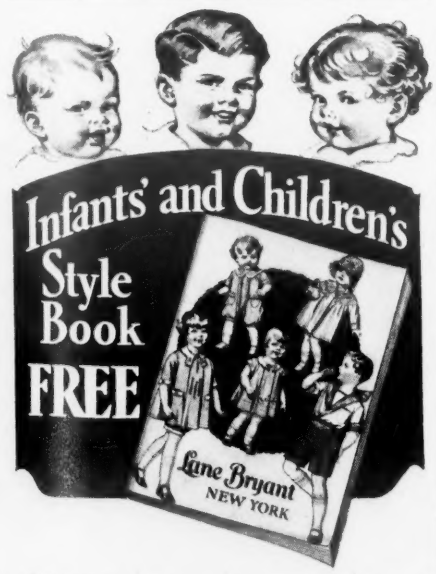
Flat-Bottomed—they stand firmly.

Ounces and half-ounces are plainly marked.

The two shapes that baby specialists approve—narrow neck and wide mouth—both in 8-ounce size.

Get enough Pyrex Nursing Bottles for a full day's feeding from your druggist. They are made by the makers of Pyrex ovenware. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

* T. M. "Pyrex" Reg. U. S. Patent Office



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(Continued from Page 128)

as Mr. Prince comes we want to bust out 'n' cheer."

"You betcha!" came the hearty chorus.

"The first one who sees him comin' only has to tip me off, 'n' I'll count three, and then we'll let her rip. But remember, not until I count three."

"Three cheers for Mr. Prince! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted Hecky.

They turned and to their utter dismay beheld Mr. Prince approaching but a few yards away. "Good-morning, Honeydales. Everybody here?" asked Mr. Prince, testing the point of a small horizontal mustache.

"Yes, sir!" they replied in chorus.

"AH! I SEE you all brought lunches. That's right. Only I wouldn't eat now, boys."

"No, sir!"

"I brought some circulars along because I knew the Honeydales would want to give them out on the train. We want to have a good crowd at the Honeydale games."

Skippy felt a steady pull at his sleeve. "Please, Mr. Skippy, c'n I go—c'n I, huh, after? C'n I play second base, after?" pleaded Hecky.

"No, ya can't go, 'n' ya can't play second base!" howled Skippy, using a forefinger to emphasize the point.

"Not even never?" asked Hecky.

"NO!" Skippy's answer gave no room for hope.

"Huh, who wants to be on your rotten ole team!" jeered Hecky.

As the train pulled into the station the team pushed and shoved to get on board, and the air was filled with shouts and catcalls. Hecky watched them scramble to their seats and saw them line the windows. He stood and faced them while the train slowly passed; with fingers to his nose, his eyes followed the tracks until the smoke died in the distance. Even then, as the little shoulders shook, Hecky thought he was laughing.

IN THE most prominent window of the Boynton home a glass picture of Niagara Falls hung by a brass chain. Subscription salesmen, seeing this, assumed that they could sell the inmates anything.

The library table was consequently littered with every scientific magazine imaginable; and Barrelhead pored over these night and day. Whenever a new magazine arrived he tore the wrapper and flapped the pages to the advertisements. His eyes glistened on cuts of pistols, dribble glasses, nose blowers and soup-plate tippers. Fingering through the pages he paused aghast before a dazzling announcement: "Know the Universe! Cause your friends to gasp at your knowledge of the Planets! Fathom the unknown! Act now!"

Barrelhead's fingers trembled as he clipped the dotted line; with wavering fingers he followed the instructions to the letter. His confidence returned as he inscribed the envelope, after dropping in fifty cents in stamps. In a surge of talent he addressed it in the flourishing hand that was the envy of all young Morrisville.

For the following week, with the exception of meal and school hours, young Boynton lived in the post office. He would sidle up to the window and ask, "Now just what do ya suppose keeps that package I sent for?"

As Skippy entered the post office Barrelhead greeted him with frantic flappings. "It didn't come! Three days already, an' it didn't come!"

"You don't mean it!" sympathized Skippy. "Fancy that! Three days!" Then in a menacing tone, "Ya know what I'd do, don't cha? I'd just sit down 'n' write, 'My father's a policeman!' Yes, sir, a policeman! Oh, I'd just sing out."

"Hey you!" interrupted the voice from behind the cage. "Take that chatter outside till I sort this new bunch of mail!"

As the postmaster shuffled the letters to a monotone of youthful laments from a darkened corner of the room he spotted a long package. "Thank goodness!" he sighed and sent it skidding through the window into the arms of Barrelhead.

It was already dusk, and supper was waiting. And so they parted only after Barrelhead had crossed and recrossed himself in a solemn oath not to look through the telescope until after supper.

Still chewing the last bites of their suppers, the friends met again, ready at last to fathom the mystery of endless space. As Barrelhead prepared to level the telescope at the heavens he was pinned by Skippy's grip on the instrument. "Not here!" frowned Skippy. "Up on the roof, where it's nearer."

WITHOUT waiting for an argument Skippy hastened to the corner of the house and shinnied up the lightning rod with such an air of decision that his partner was forced to follow suit. In their feverish excitement the pair soon reached the ridge of the roof. When they were safely astraddle, Barrelhead took a deep breath and leveled the telescope flush with the moon. Skippy had expected to see Barrelhead topple off the house with surprise and he grew uneasy at the stillness of his friend. He was unable to control his curiosity any longer. "What seems to be going on up there?" he asked.

"Half a dollar for this ole thing!" was the unhappy response. "Why, it's littler, or I need glasses or something."

"Let me look." Skippy jerked the treasure from his friend's hand.

"Oh! Ah! My! I wouldn't of b'lieved it! No, sir!" marveled Skippy, rocking from side to side. "But now with my own eyes I see it." His eyes burrowed through the tube. "Oh, boy! That's a moon what is a moon!"

"Give us it!" cried Barrelhead, seizing the telescope and pressing a bulging orb in the smaller end.

Skippy was about to make a plunge for the spyglass, but he lost his balance for a moment and wabbled unsteadily. With beating heart he remembered that he was on the roof and contented himself with secondhand information.

"DO YA see any people or houses or somethin'?" inquired Skippy breathlessly.

"Nope! Not one little man," was the disappointing answer.

"It'd be just our luck to have 'em all live on the other side," moaned Skippy.

After changing to the other eye, Barrelhead was reasonably certain that there was no life discernible. Reluctantly he passed the glass to the rear.

The telescope changed hands many times during the next hour, but the moon continued to be the moon and nothing else. For some time they aimed at the stars to discover one that had five points. Failing in this, they became convinced that the only real stars were on the American flag. They turned the glass on each other, but every thing seemed to blur. Presently they lost interest.

"WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WHEN YOU GROW UP?" "NOTHING"

(Continued on Page 133)

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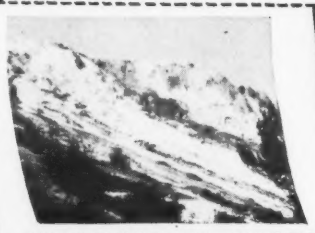

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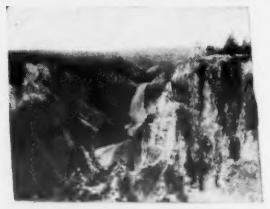

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(Continued from Page 131)

Silhouetted against the moon, two little figures straddled the ridge of the Boynton house. They sat for some time without a move, while lights began to disappear one by one in the surrounding houses. The silence was broken only by the distant baying of a dog and the soft swaying of the tree tops.

"Don't it seem funny when you look around from up here?" said Skippy, breaking the silence. "I never knew we were getting so many buildings up before. Don't they make ya think of a lot of ribs, sort of skeletons, like?"

"How can they be skeletons when they're only just bein' built?" argued Barrelhead. "If they were dying, then I'd say they was skeletons."

"Well, I don't know—they seem like skeletons to me," continued Skippy.

"THAT reminds me," said Barrelhead, looking at the ground, "I betcha if ya fell off here y'd die."

"Die! Killed, ya mean!" corrected Skippy, shuddering at the possibility. He continued in a more relishing voice, "I know a man who dropped off a house so hard his eyes dropped out, and not one little bone that didn't get breaked! No, sir! Not one little bone! Believe me, if I gotta go, let it be drownin'!"

"What's the matter with chloroform?" demanded Barrelhead, with the air of a mother whose child has been slighted.

"Yeh, chloroform—that's good too," assented Skippy. He paused, then falteringly decided that it was time for him to depart. "Listen, Barrelhead," he suggested, "ya shoot down the cellar and fetch up a ladder, while I mind the telescope."

"I got a better idea—ya go down."

"I'd go down in a minute, only I'm not quick like you. Gee, when I think of how you kin race—just like a streak of tickled lightnin'! Not because you're here, Barrelhead, but I always said there ain't a man in this town what could beat ya in a race."

"Ya ain't no slouch yaself, Skip. Besides, ya told the fellers different, 'cause I know, an' I ain't mentionin' no names."

"Well, I was just jealous then."

The night became darker, and lights in the houses vanished at more frequent intervals. Skippy was the first to speak.

"How did we ever get up here?" he trembled. "Do ya th-think we'll get down?"

"I'm too scared to try."

"It's your house. I thought you knew all that before we come up," said Skippy. "Remember I ain't Santy Claus."

"OH, GEE, I ripped me pants!" exclaimed Barrelhead.

"Well, as long as ya got that, it won't hurt to slide down and rest ya heels in the gutter. What's a couple o' splinters?"

"Yeh, a lot you care whether I take half the roof with me, an' get bristles where I oughta have pants."

"Are you insured, Barrelhead?"

"No-o."

"Tst! Tst! That's too bad. No insurance at all?"

"We got fire insurance," offered Barrelhead.

"A swell chance your old man'd have walkin' into a fire-insurance company carryin' a skeleton under his arm."

"Are yo-yo-you insured?" asked Barrelhead, gritting his teeth to steady his quivering lips.

"You betcha! Up to me eye teeth."

"Then that's all right, then. You don't have to worry about slidin' down to the gutter."

"No, it's got to be off me own house. Other houses don't count, the insurance man says. Gee, if this was my house," said Skippy, "I'd take the chance in a minute."

"It-it's awful fa-far to the gutter, though."

"That! Huh, you'll do that in no time. Come on! What, are ya nailed? Ready! Onea and a onea makes a twoa, and a onea and a twoa makes ——"

"Don't r-rush me!"

"What else is there to do?" argued Skippy. "It's your house, ain't it? A fine guest ya makin' outa me."

"Sup-supposin' I miss the gutter," chattered Barrelhead.

"Well, then I'll know it won't work, an' I'll have to stick aroun' until mornin'. No sense of two of us goin'. Somebody ought to be left to talk about it."

"Gee, I wisht I never seen the darn ad 'Know the Universe'!"

"'Fathom the unknown,'" Skippy prompted.

"D-d-don't," pleaded Barrelhead.

Two tiny figures hugged the ridge of the house. They sat motionless, silhouetted against the moon. Neither dared to speak as they gazed terror-stricken into endless space. The faint yipping of a dog sounded in the distance; then all was silence again. Each felt the roof rise slowly beneath him. Afraid to stir, they clutched the ridge as the house soared to the proportions of the Washington Monument. Skippy opened his mouth to speak, but his tongue stuffed it. Only a wheezing sound came from some unknown region of his throat; it sounded far away, as though somebody in another world were using him for a horn.

SKIPPY gulped and pulled himself together. "I-if we was to drop offa here—mind ya I ain't sayin' we will—but just supposin', though, I wonder if us'd have a double funeral?"

"Wh-what?"

"I-I think"—Skippy began to find his voice—"I think the choir'd hold out for two funerals, 'cause then they'd be more sure o' gettin' ten cents offa each of us. That's the pay for corpse singin'."

Barrelhead's spirits snapped as he beheld the vision of a long satin box. His sensitive nostrils were already filled with the odor of funeral lilies. Inhaling his breath in a treble gasp, he blurted a shout that split the stillness of the night: "Papa! Papa! Help! Papa!"

A window sash shot up in the lighted library, and the head of the startled father leaned out, vainly trying to locate the repeated calls for help. Almost frantic, he called to the adjoining bushes, "Where are you? Where? Where?"

"On the roof, papa. On the roof."

"The roof! Great guns!" exclaimed the parent, and he leaned way out and peered up into the darkness. "How did you get up there?"

"I—I was out walkin'."

"Don't move until I get a ladder."

While the boys held their breath in frightful suspense the two prongs of a ladder appeared over the gutter of the roof. A moment later Mr. Boynton's head popped up between them.

"Now catch this rope when I throw it and put the loop around the chimney," he ordered. "Then grab it very tightly and slowly come down to the ladder. There's nothing to worry about. Just do it by letting yourself down easy. Take your time; and whatever you do, don't slide. It's very, very easy." For the first time he noticed the other figure straddling the roof. "Who's that up there with you?"

"It's me," said Skippy.

"WHO'S 'me'?" asked Mr. Boynton.

"Skippy," said Barrelhead.

"H'm! I might have known," muttered Mr. Boynton.

When Barrelhead reached the ground, still clutching the telescope, his father swished it from his hand. He brought it across the frayed pants with such a resounding crunch that Skippy missed the six remaining rungs of the ladder and tumbled to the ground with a bump.

"Didn't I tell you to keep that boy out of here? Didn't I?"

Skippy scrambled to his feet and crashed pell-mell through the bushes. Repeated whackings and shrieking in his wake gave impetus to a whizzing figure, swerving toward the only other light in town.

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GINGERBREAD BANANA SHORTCAKE

Sift together 1¾ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon soda. Cream 3 tablespoons shortening and ½ cup sugar. Add 1 beaten egg and ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Add dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Lastly, add ½ cup boiling water. Bake in shallow pan in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. While slightly warm cover with sliced bananas and pile with whipped cream.

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Gypsy Trail

(Continued from Page 15)

what happens, you needn't worry. You can always pay the ——"

She saw only a whirling dusk. He said, "Look here, you come inside." His arm was hard under hers. "Can you make it? Want me to carry you?"

Her lips were clumsy. "No, thank you," she said, walking. "I'm quite—all right."

She was sitting alone in the patchwork shelter of boards and canvas. She wiped her eyes, tucked up her hair, straightened her hat. He said, coming in, "I've put your horse in the shade." He laid her purse and papers on the table. "You've had a touch of sun; better just lie here and rest. I'll be outside." But she saw a pigskin bag open on a bench, an expensive bag, the kind Dick often had. This man had money. He had money, and he was going. "Oh, please! Don't go."

She hated her tone when she heard it. To be feminine in business would be to resemble the woman who slipped the money into her stocking. He was looking at her with surprise. She said, dignified, "I would like to tell you about the land I'm selling."

SHE couldn't go on to the Limited now, she hadn't the strength. She couldn't go on in any direction; there was only this one chance, here in this shack on the desert. "Just tell me what you think of that for alfalfa," she said, laying a photograph on the table. She knew it was alfalfa, because that word was written on the back. "That's Greengrove Farms alfalfa," she said with confidence. "We cut ten tons to the acre."

He leaned on the other side of the table now, looking at the picture. "M'm, pretty good alfalfa. What else you got there?"

Her attention was passionately upon him; she saw that he was at once impulsive and cool-headed, he would make his own decisions. There was accustomed authority in his shoulders, in the movements of his strong hands. She must not try to force his decisions; he would resent that. He was interested in Greengrove Farms. She watched his interest as though it were a tiny flame on which her life depended; she fed it, timidly, craftily, with words, with suggestions, with a photograph, a pamphlet. She watched it flicker, grow, dwindle, and go out. "Well, but I've looked into a lot of these land propositions, and none of 'em's suited me. I'll put my money into something else. Look here, you ought to be resting."

His honest eyes looked at her anxiously from lids wrinkled by the sun. She was afraid that he would pity her; she could not bear pity now, she hadn't the strength to bear it. She smiled, "But I'm resting!" He had wanted land, and he had the money to buy it. His mind would harden against her if she tried to argue, to persuade. She gathered up the pictures and put them aside, laid on the pile the folder he hadn't seen. "Well, of course I can't sell you the land if you don't want it. Anyway, you oughtn't to buy any land you haven't seen."

SHE couldn't do any more. If he let it go at that, this was the end. She must get into the buggy and go—where? If she couldn't sell land to him, she couldn't sell it to anybody.

It was true that she couldn't bear this strain very long. Just one minute more. One minute at a time, feeling the movements of his mind as though it were her own, making him see flowing water, green fields, thriving farms, cities growing. It isn't saving that puts a man on the shady side of the street when he's old, it's sensible investing; he said that himself. It was the thought she had given him, he putting it in words. He decided, "Wouldn't do any harm, I guess, to look at that land."

Because she couldn't bear any more, she was bold. "When you see it, if the land suited you, would you buy it? Have you the money ready to pay for it?"

He said, "Yes, I can handle twenty acres, on time."

"When can you go to see it?"

"Any day suits me."

The map rattled in her hands. Blindly she put her finger on it. "This is a very good piece. Let me reserve it till you see it." How much dared she ask? "I don't want it to be sold before we get there. I could hold it for—twenty dollars."

"AN OPTION, you mean?" That was a business word; a little confused, she nodded. "All right, so long's I get the money back if I don't buy."

He laid the gold piece on the table.

Trying to write the receipt legibly, she struggled with the pencil's willfulness. His name was Anderson; initials, J. C. "This desert sun's nothing to fool with," he told her gravely. She must not reveal her eagerness; she folded the map, spoke, gathered up the photographs, while the gold lay there. The beautiful gold was smooth and heavy in her hand at last.

She didn't think any more. She had a vague dream of the road, the heat, the rippling false water that was not there, a dream that ended in a haze around the liveryman's face. "Charge it," she tried to say distinctly. She walked into the hotel lobby where many electric fans whirred before blocks of ice. In the deserted dining room she ate cold meats, drank milk. She laid the gold piece on the check the waiter brought, and when the change came she got somehow to her room. This was stolen money unless she could sell that piece of land, but she couldn't think any more; she fell on the bed and slept.

Everyone has the experience of a profound reshaping of personality. It cannot be told; words are symbols, and there is no symbol, no simile, for the human spirit. Phrases remind us of a common knowledge; "times that try men's souls." Yet it is not so much that the soul is tested, tempered—it becomes in some essential sense a different soul. The man who returns from war is not the man who went. No middle-aged woman is essentially the girl who once wore her name and her young face.

THE strange thing was that her appearance had not changed. The eyes she knew looked at her from the mirror, the soft lines of cheek and chin were there. She felt weak, but new, remade, and growing stronger. "You will make that sale," she said, like a threat to herself. She powdered her nose, adjusted her hat and descended to the lobby of marble floor and columns, leather chairs and palms, for promoters had built the hotel for rich investors enticed to this desert place. She went eagerly, with excitement, to meet a stranger in greasy overalls and a Mexican hat. When she did not see him a blow struck her; she gasped, and her hands were cold.

He got out of a leather chair and said, "Good morning, miss." A tailored suit made him formidable, the soft felt hat in his hand intimidated her. She felt slender, weak.

"I want to say, miss, I've been thinking this thing over, and I don't want to start on any basis that isn't square. I've about come to the conclusion that I don't want farm land. So if you'd rather not spend money showing it, why that's all right with me. I'll just take back the deposit, and no hard feelings, I hope, on either side."

"Of course not." Only sixteen dollars and ten cents left of his money. "No hard feelings at all." She smiled, rallying. "Of course, Mr. Anderson, you shouldn't buy against your own judgment. It was your good judgment I was counting on."

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ENTHUSIASTS the country over have been telling us for 34 years how delightful 3-in-One is when used as a shampoo. Their persistence and sincerity finally induced us to tell all our friends about it so that you too might experience the delights of this new hair treatment.

Apply 3-in-One as illustrated above. Afterwards you will be amazed at the fluffy cleanliness of your hair, the velvety feel of your scalp, and the absence of dandruff.

After a few applications of 3-in-One, you will also find that the remarkable penetrating and nourishing properties of the oil are producing a noticeable improvement in the health of your hair and scalp. Dryness and splitting of the hair disappear along with embarrassing dandruff.

3-in-One is all oil, pure and of highest quality. It cannot injure the scalp or hair in any way. Contains no acid, no alcohol, no adulterant—just pure oil.

These healthy haired people tell you what they think of 3-in-One as a shampoo

While away on an automobile trip I gave my two children a real shampoo, using 3-in-One oil and a common liquid soap. The dust, dirt, dandruff disappeared. The hair was left soft and silky; the scalp sweet and clean. The natural waves and curls were more beautiful than ever.

Branch Chappelow
University City, Mo.

My hair is bobbed, with a permanent wave. A 3-in-One shampoo not only cleansed my hair and scalp of all dirt and dandruff, but left the hair delightfully fluffy and lustrous without in any way injuring my "permanent." I am using 3-in-One as a shampoo regularly now.

Nancy E. Farrish
St. Louis, Mo.

The bottle or Handy Can of 3-in-One which you have can furnish you your first 3-in-One shampoo. If you are out, any good store will supply you.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 132 HS. William St., New York

FREE: *Generous sample will be sent free to anyone really interested in this use, or to any of 3-in-One's good friends.*

M609

Dorothy Gordon

Nationally Famous for Young Peoples' Concerts
Author of "Sing it Yourself"

"Up in the New Hampshire woods I found that neglect of my hair had caused a bad case of dandruff. I had tried several remedies without success. I decided to try 3-in-One. It was a very simple matter to apply the oil directly to the scalp with the fine spout of the handy can. I rubbed the oil in thoroughly, then washed the hair with an ordinary soap. To my great amazement and greater joy my hair after drying came out soft and fluffy with a lovely wave."

Dorothy Gordon

"Well, I suppose you're right; a fellow can't judge without seeing the land. But ——"

She must not interrupt him; she let him hesitate. She said carelessly, "It's just as you like; I'm not doing anything else myself. Of course you're not obliged to buy, whether we look at the land or not."

He didn't, he said, want to put her to unnecessary expense. She said, "That's all right, even if you don't buy. Paying expenses is part of a salesman's job, and we wouldn't be selling land if we didn't make money at it."

"Guess that's right, at that." He was amused. "All right, then, if you say so."

SHE bought one round-trip ticket, one for one way only. There were six dollars of his money left. If she couldn't sell him land, she must tell him why she had taken the money, what Dick had done. She would have to. She couldn't do it. She must stop thinking about that.

The seat in the narrow train was so small that his arm pressed against hers. He apologized; he was pretty big, he guessed. Most drillers were big. He laughed because she had thought he watched the mill at Halfway; he was a driller, at the Limited. "Halfway's an old man's job." Starting out for a vacation he'd found the old man sick and sent him off to Fresno in his hired automobile. "I only held down Halfway for him ten days or so. Nothing special to do with a vacation, anyhow, and a job like that means a lot when a man's old and has to work." Yes, he was kind.

She must keep him talking, not about the land. When they reached the tract there would be a man there to help her, to—the phrase was, "close the sale." That was a mysterious feat far too difficult for her. Now, shutting away from her consciousness the heat, the train's jerking, the sand that came in from the glaring desert to grit in her teeth, to cake her lips and settle between her fingers, forgetting these things and herself, she knew only this man's thoughts.

"Thing I like about you," he said, "you're honest. Most of these real-estate salesmen are Get-rich-quick Wallingfords."

"Well, the thing to think about in buying land is the land, isn't it?" His mind had that Middle-Western quality too.

SHE had never seen Greengrove Farms, but she had not doubted a value so convincingly advertised. Some of her faith in Dick had remained attached to this land he had tried to sell. Now she began to be fearful. The train was slowly leaving the green fields. The last tree disappeared. He sighed in discomfort. She saw no houses, no sign of life or hope to which she could direct his thoughts. He was silent, and the train stopped by the unpainted box that was their station.

There were a few discouraged buildings—saloons, a general store, a post office. A straight road went into the blinding distance and sudden whirls of dust rose from it, spun a little way, died. "How many automobiles there are!" she exclaimed, to divert his attention from these reminders of the desert. There were indeed three automobiles, and one of them bore a large canvas sign: "Greengrove Farms. Water, wealth, joy, health. Easy payments."

The man who stepped from it had a confidently ingratiating manner. When he shook hands his small eyes steadied and his look was consciously honest. "My name's Reynolds; glad to meet you." His glance at her had curiosity in it; he knew that she was Dick's deserted wife. She told herself that she didn't care; nothing mattered but this sale. Mr. Reynolds would close it for her; that was his business, and he took charge competently.

She could not guess the distance they went, but the town was not in sight when they reached Greengrove Farms. An ornate plaster arch beside the road bore that name. Behind it stood a small stucco office. There was nothing else, nothing but the miles of flat land, the brittle dead grass in which the wind made a crackling sound, and a distant smother of dust rising like thick smoke. "That's where our men are building roads," Mr. Reynolds said; he told how many miles of roads. He talked rapidly, gesticulating, speaking of thousands, of millions of dollars, of bank buildings, schools, churches, tons of alfalfa, of fortunes to be made in raising beans. The dead land lay there under the sun. She saw an attentive expression on the face that meant more to her than anything else in the world, and beneath the attentiveness an amused disdain.

She could do nothing now; she knew nothing about the mysteries of business. Mr. Reynolds said, "Now, Mr. Anderson, there are four things to consider in buying land." He checked them impressively on his fingers. "Land, water, climate, markets. Our land ——" She wanted to say, "But he isn't listening!" Mr. Reynolds talked on.

THEY saw a well. "What do you think of that?" Mr. Reynolds did not wait for an answer; he told them what to think. They left the well and drove on, across the dead grass, in the dust and heat. "Now here's the piece you want, Mr. Andrews; I'll tell you why you ——" She ventured to interrupt, "Mr. Anderson reserved twenty acres that ——" Mr. Reynolds said, "Yes, yes, that's all right," brushing aside the interruption.

She had always been told that she could not understand business. She tried to believe that Mr. Reynolds did. She tried to be hopeful when energetically he took a paper and a fountain pen from his pocket. "Now you just sign here, Andrews—Anderson, and you'll never regret it. This is the biggest ——" She listened, hardly breathing, watching that swift attack. But Mr. Anderson, retreating by inches from it, did not sign.

The automobile bumped onward, stopped, went on again. An hour was gone; two hours. Mr. Reynolds' cheerfulness was false. He repeated arguments, checked off again water, soil, climate, transportation; sweating, he bored into the earth with a soil auger—"Ever see richer subsoil than that?"—he swore there was no alkali, no need of drainage; he spoke of terms, very small payments—you could make the payments out of the land. Mr. Anderson listened sometimes. She had no more hope.

HE HAD said she was honest; he would believe what she must tell him. Every moment brought nearer the telling, and his pity; she couldn't get away. "My husband ——" She must tell that to a stranger. "I didn't have any money ——" She needn't say that Dick had taken even the rings, the watch he had given her. She wiped her cold hands on her gritty handkerchief; she smiled mechanically. They would not send her to jail, they would let her get a job; she would work hard, eat very little, pay back the twenty dollars, pay the whole hotel bill Dick had left. It was the telling she dreaded.

Mr. Anderson spoke. "Stop a minute." He turned. "This is the road to the oil fields." Invisible in the brown grass at the automobile's wheels, the faint twin

(Continued on Page 138)

Distingué!

One must, indeed, borrow from the boulevards the exact word to describe this stunning chair

One of the four Beautiful Streit Slumber Chairs specially priced during the month of February. Back and seat of Velour in soft tones of brown, green and rose, with "rose of dawn" Mohair used for arms and trimmings. Including stool, $102.00.

MOST UNUSUAL OFFER
—and for February only!

For just twenty-eight days! You can get this lovely Cogswell model of the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair at extraordinarily low prices. The Streit dealer will show it to you, in these four attractive upholstery combinations:—

1 (Described and illustrated above.)

2 Back and seat of Tapestry in tan, blue, gold and henna, with arms and seat of henna Mohair. Including stool, $99.60.

3 Back and seat of Moquette—black background with design in green, rose and orchid—soft green Mohair arms and trim. Including stool, $97.80.

4 Back and seat of tan Velour, with design in walnut, orchid and rose—arms and trim of antique walnut Velvet. Including stool, $88.30.

(All prices slightly higher west of the Rockies)

Look for this nameplate on every chair.

This man strives for comfort by trying to make his body fit his chair.

Notice how seat and back tilt as one to form a comfortable pocket for the work-weary body.

SMART? Yes, but something *more* than smart! Beautiful? Without doubt—but even "beautiful" seems just a bit inadequate—doesn't it?

For the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair is so hospitably *inviting* for all its patrician air—so charmingly *at home* in the cozy, modern living-room for all its old-world aristocracy—so gloriously comfortable for all its *chic*—in a word—*Distingué!*

Specially priced during February

Of all the lovely period models that we have produced, this new Cogswell design is, perhaps, our favorite. We have put into it selected solid walnut of exceptional mellowness in grain and color—four different upholstery fabrics, richly harmonious—design authentic in detail and of flawless proportion—the usual prideful craftsmanship that is Streit.

We feel sure that you, too, will approve our favorite. And so we are making so many of this particular model that we are able to offer it at a price almost as attractive as the chair itself!

For the twenty-eight days of February only, this de luxe Streit Cogswell is offered at these very special prices: $88.30—$97.80—$99.60—$102.00, depending upon the upholstery you select!

And then, too, the famous Streit comfort

You know, of course, that the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair is *unique* in that it's a man's chair, too. For, just as its beauty appeals to you, so its almost unbelievably relaxful luxury will appeal to the men of your household!

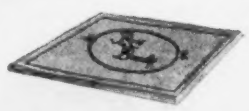
In all the world, there is no other chair like it.

Free Slip-covers, too

A good shop in your town is displaying the four Beautiful Streit Slumber Chairs described here. So lovely to look at, so easy to buy at the very special February prices. And remember, each purchaser of a Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair receives—*with our compliments*—a set of Slip-covers, smartly tailored and in harmonious colors. You will certainly want to take advantage of this exceptional opportunity.

The C. F. Streit Manufacturing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. *Since 1871, makers of fine upholstered furniture.*

Send for your copy of this book, which shows photographic views of the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair in a variety of tasteful living-rooms.



The Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair

Under the Baker label we pack the best cocoa it is possible to make, and sell it at a fair profit. To pay more is extravagance. To pay less is false economy. Its quality has been standard for one hundred & fifty years.

BAKER'S COCOA

¶ *These Authorities say Baker's Cocoa is Best:*

78% Professional Nurses
79% Home Demonstration Agents
82% Domestic Science Teachers
67% Hospital Dieticians and Stewards
63% School Lunch Room Managers
75% Hotel Stewards
87% Editors of Women's Magazines

DRINK COCOA OFTEN
FOR nourishment
FOR enjoyment

Makes Life Sweeter

Do you ever over-indulge at the table? Of course! Smoke too much? Sometimes! But the system can soon be made serene and sweet again with Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Americans live well. We can't always avoid indiscretions. Who, indeed, would want to be so careful? But there is a simple precaution that will check all hyperacidity—Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Use the friendly aid of this perfect anti-acid whenever you even suspect acidosis. See how soon it will tranquilize a sour stomach; or counteract the nicotine from excessive smoking; or end a bilious spell. Get the genuine *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia that physicians employ in prescriptions and endorse for general use.

It has many important uses, and is a delightful product to take.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

(Continued from Page 136)

tracks appeared at a little distance behind, at the same little distance in front. "Takes eyes to follow a desert road."

Mr. Reynolds laughed scorn at desert roads. "San Joaquin, now, has roads. Look at this one we're coming to. Now what you want's a farm on a good road. We'll get out here." They walked away, Mr. Reynolds checking four points on his fingers. Dust blew upon them from another Greengroves automobile rushing down the white road. When the dust-smother settled she saw Mr. Anderson looking thoughtfully at the cracked, dry ground; he was not listening. He walked slowly toward her, and behind him Mr. Reynolds signaled to her with a sly eyelid. She didn't understand. The automobile rushed toward the plaster arch. Mr. Reynolds hurried them into the office.

THERE were sheaves of grains and grasses in the corners, maps on the walls. Mr. Anderson stood looking at a map. "If I was taking any, Reynolds, that's the only piece I'd buy." Reynolds poured out words. "A buy you'll never regret!" The paper and the fountain pen were out again. "Sit right down here!"

He took the offered chair. He took the pen. He signed the paper. They were counting the money—gold, bills, stacks of silver on the desk. She felt too much to be aware of any feeling at all.

"You'll never regret it," Mr. Reynolds repeated, holding out his hand.

"Well, no. I don't usually regret what I do." Urged to look around all he liked, Mr. Anderson went out.

It was difficult to get air enough for her lungs, but she thanked Mr. Reynolds, laughing, almost crying a little in her gratitude, when he said, "Well, I put that one over for you, all right!" She would get six hundred dollars now, and as much next year, if Anderson made a second payment. "If he does!" and he repeated that sly movement of the eyelid, not quite a wink; a look suggesting complicity.

She was bewildered. "Why, isn't it good land?"

He laughed. "You mean to say you don't know hardpan when you see it?"

She didn't know what hardpan was, but she knew what he meant. "But I—but if that land isn't any good ——"

Mr. Reynolds was alarmed. "Now see here, wait a minute. Don't you get any ——"

"But it's swindling him!" she cried. "I won't—I can't—I ——"

"Wait a minute, can't you? You don't know what you're talking about." Mr. Reynolds stood over her. "Nobody's swindling him. We've got a hundred thousand acres of land here; any fool knows it can't all be good. We never said it was. I showed him plenty of good land; he won't look at it. No, nothing'll suit him but this piece. Well, does he expect me to knock my own proposition? This is business, it isn't a pink tea party. Don't you sit there and say it's ——" His energy softened. "You just didn't understand, that's all. I see, I see."

"No," she said. "I—no, I didn't ——"

"Well, that's all right, that's all right. We'll forget it. You just pocket that nice little commission I made you, and don't think any more about it."

SHE was overpowered. Men understood these things, and old habit made her tell herself that no doubt, in some mysterious way, it was all right. Anyway, she couldn't do anything about it.

Suddenly she stood up; she confronted Mr. Reynolds.

Why couldn't she do anything about it? Dick was gone. She could do anything she wanted to do. She needn't think about Dick any more, she needn't think about anybody. She was alone. Alone! Nobody's likes, dislikes, wishes, opinions, had any power over her. I can do as I please! I can! Mr. Reynolds' face was there, and gladly she struck the smile from it, "I won't do it!"

He was not quite quick enough to seize her arm; she was out of the office. She was hurrying toward Mr. Anderson, who stood by a pump, drinking from a tin cup. "Don't buy that land!" she cried joyously. "You mustn't buy it, it isn't good land, it's hardpan land!"

Standing there, she began to shiver. Need she have done this? Just when she was safe. She had wanted to do it, but now she was shivering with terror.

"HARDPAN land, you say?" She nodded, swallowing, trying to control her trembling. He went on, "Why, yes, I know that. That's all right. I look at it this way: That road to the oil fields goes on through Pacheco Pass clean to the coast; it's the only way through from here. And right on my piece it hits that other road, main road up through the whole interior valley to San Francisco. Now I've got a notion that these automobiles have come to stay. If that's true, in time they'll be all over the place, and that'll make a lot of changes. I figure that when all this land's under cultivation there's bound to be a town right there, where those roads meet. Doesn't make any difference where they map out a town, if I'm right the town'll be where the automobiles put it. Hardpan doesn't make any difference. It's tough farming, but it's all right for town lots.

"So," he said, "don't you worry about that. I'm satisfied. I've got a hunch I'll be sitting pretty one of these days." He stole a look at her. She was all right now. He said, "If you want some more good prospects for sales in the oil fields, I can sure give you some. Good many of my friends'll be glad to take my word that this is good land over here, and I can tell 'em that when you say a thing, it's so."

She was going back to the oil fields. Tired, silent, she sat relaxed to the train's jolting. "Tired?" Mr. Anderson asked. There was a new note in his voice, sympathetic, personal. The rough sleeve against her sleeve was aware of the contact. And she was aware of him, no longer as the man to whom she must sell land. She was aware of him as handsome and young, interesting, ambitious; she liked him, she might like him very much. She could trust him.

She was so tired that trusting him appealed to her like rest. One could rely upon a man like this, and be taken care of, be safe.

HE CLEARED his throat. "There's a pretty good picture show in town, just opened up. I don't know if you care for pictures."

"Some of them are good, I think." There was neither encouragement nor rebuff in that.

After a moment he said, "I hope you'll take this as I mean it. I like you. If you'd let me come in sometimes, Saturday nights—maybe we could take in the show, or something like that, and talk, and sort of get acquainted better—I'd take it as an honor, if you'd let me."

No. No! It might all begin again—the caring, the deferring, because she cared, to another's opinions and preferences, the giving away of the power of free decision, the control of her life, that was now in her own hands. No, never that, any more.

She said, matter-of-fact, "Why, of course I'll always be glad to see you. I like you too." This was not what he wanted, but it was all she would give.

He went with her to the hotel. In the lobby, among the leather chairs and whirring fans, she shook his hand. "Good night, Mr. Anderson. I'm glad you found what you want in Greengrove Farms, and thank you a lot for offering to recommend the land to your friends. I'll probably see you at the Limited in a day or two."

She nodded to the clerk in passing. "Good night. Oh, and would you have my bill made out? I don't like it to run too long." She went on, slowly up the marble stairs, gladly down the corridor to her own room, where she was alone.

Linda Whitney had begun to be the woman she is today.

The magic of modern skill . . . in lovely Underthings

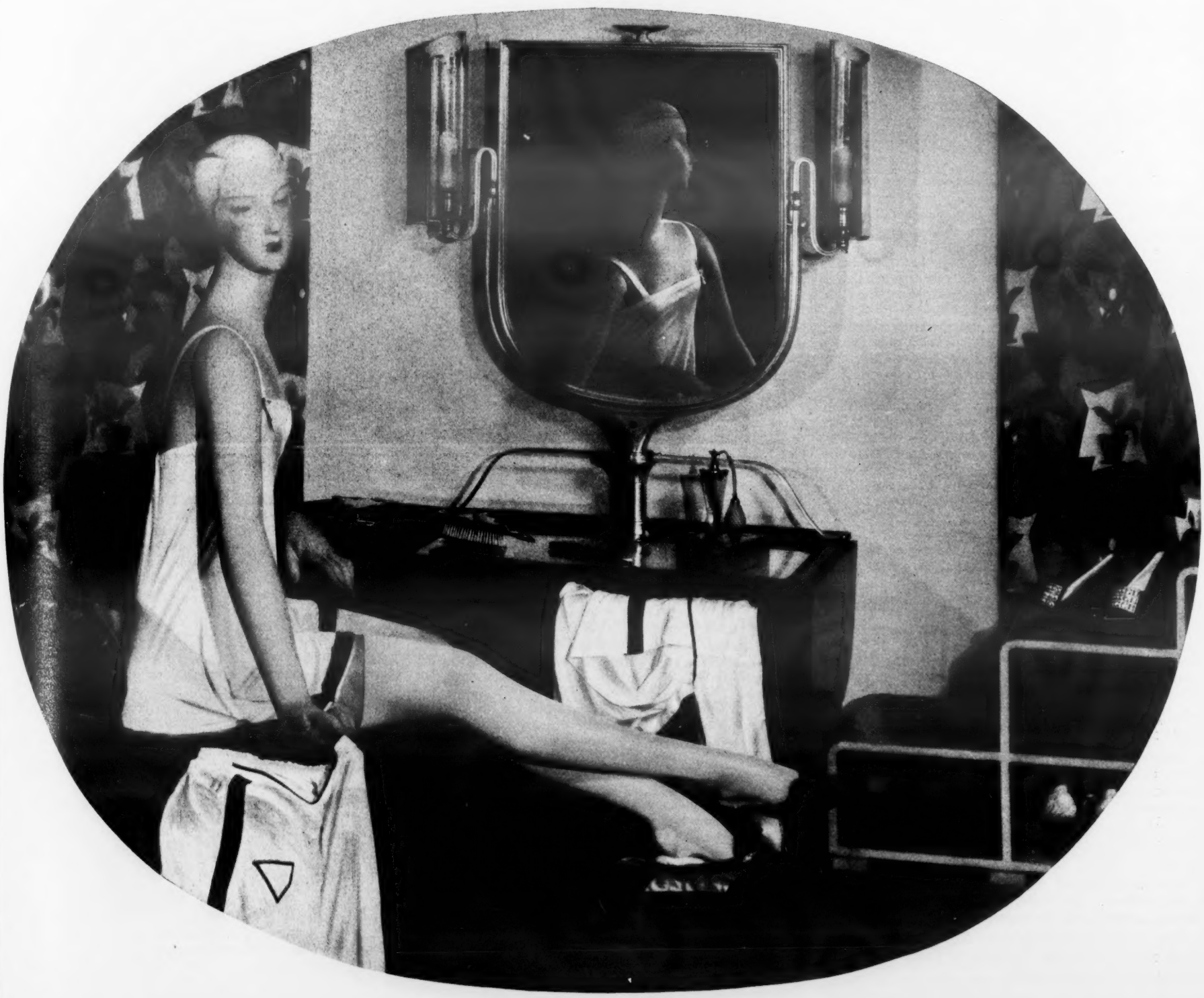
THE new rayon underthings are here – slim, modern garments that are smoothly soft of texture, exquisitely lovely to look at – and yet amazingly resistant to wear and tear.

For rayon, newest of the textiles, is entirely distinct from the older textiles in its qualities and advantages. And rayon fabrics combine beauty of appearance with durability in a way never possible before. Now you need not choose between the charm of daintiness and the good sense of economy. Now you may buy the sheerest of garments confident that they will give sturdy service – neither lose their color and luster, nor, when they are white, grow yellow in the tubbing.

You will find the clever one-piece garments which are so simple to launder and to pack . . . two-piece sets that include the new Patou shorts, athletic shorts, and lace-trimmed panties, for evening wear, with low-backed brassieres. You will find nightgowns, trimmed with fine bindings and new laces. Pyjamas, too, in striking modernistic design . . .

Ask to see these modern underthings – and prove for yourself that rayon as it is used today offers in expertly fashioned garments not only a new beauty, but a surprising new strength as well. Rayon Institute of America, Incorporated, 250 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

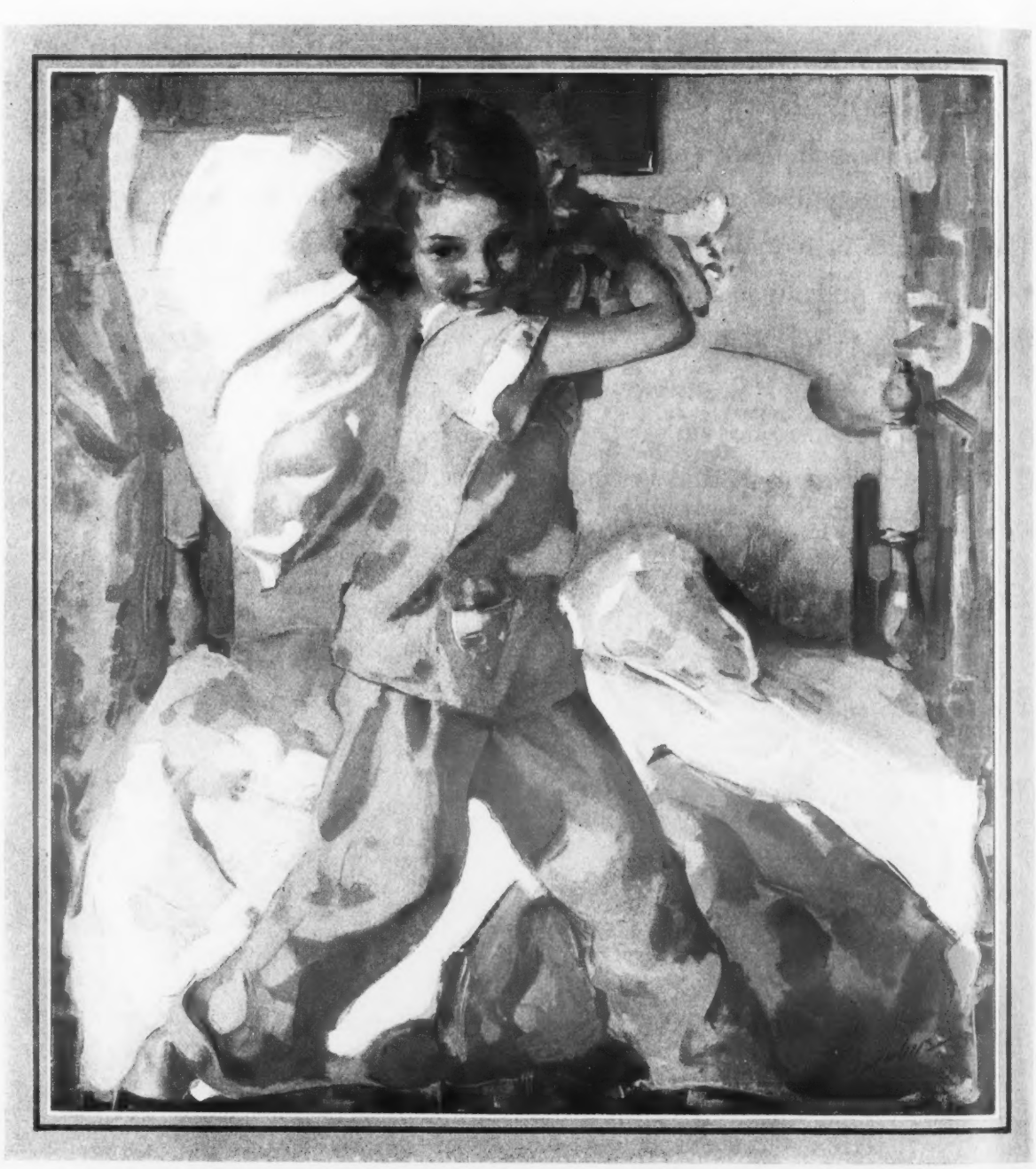
R A Y O N



Bubbling love of fun! How mothers harness it to *guide their youngsters*

Michael Vincent O'Shea, Professor of Education at the University of Wisconsin, and author of "First Steps in Child Training" and other authoritative books

"Make a game of important habits and children respond readily," says Professor O'Shea



TAKE any day for any mother. By the time her youngster's tucked in bed (or supposed to be!) she's made as many decisions as the president of a corporation.

And what a delicate balance she must strike! Not to be too "easy"—but not to forget children's love of fun. To help her, there are new, better ways of guidance, approved by psychologists.

"Make a game of important habits and children respond readily," says Professor Michael Vincent O'Shea, world-famous psychologist. "By connecting child guidance directly with the child's natural wishes we stand the best chance of making satisfactory progress."

One of the first problems is at the breakfast table. Mothers are anxious to see their children start off with a bowlful of *hot, cooked* cereal tucked away inside them. Nation-wide tests in the schools have shown the importance of this habit. Eating hot cereal in the morning often determines children's success, at work and play. That is why this rule now hangs in more than 70,000 classrooms:

"*Every boy and girl needs a* hot *cereal breakfast*"

And because no mother wants her child at a disadvantage, many take the joy out of the morning by saying, "Cereal is so *good* for you!" If they said that about candy the same thing would probably happen. The child decides that his cereal—Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever it is—is the last thing on earth he wants to eat.

Then begins coaxing and cajoling. And all the while thousands of other mothers are getting results in a far pleasanter way!

That way is an ingenious plan—a children's club, called the H. C. B. Club—devised to help mothers bridge this difficulty. This Club arouses youngsters' enthusiasm for their hot cereal breakfast. It appeals to them with big colored wall charts, gold stars, badges and other attractive material. All of it free.

Eating Cream of Wheat is just part of a fine game at first. But soon spoons fly and every bit of *hot, cooked* cereal disappears!

Put an end to coaxing your children by making them members of this fascinating club. Mail the coupon at the right now.

Recommended by authorities for 32 years

Reasons why specialists have long considered Cream of Wheat an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal:

1. *Because it is so rich in energy.*
2. *Because with every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy to digest.*
3. *Because its creamy goodness is so easily varied by adding prunes, figs or dates while cooking.*

Give your children the chance to do their best. Start them off in the morning with Cream of Wheat.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY, *Dept. B-33, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club.

Child's Name.....
First Name *Last Name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

FREE—*this plan that works wonders*

A plan that arouses your children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast eaten regularly. A youngster's club with badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts. They work it out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children with a letter addressed to them personally and a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to Dept. B-33, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

© 1929, C. of W. Co.

The Best Health Insurance for Children

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D.

Illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli

THE Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Foundation of Chicago used to issue a poster showing a forlorn little boy standing outside of an open-air classroom and saying, as he looked up at the teacher: "Say, Mister, how sick do I have to be to get in there?" It certainly is a curious thing that with all our knowledge of the value of fresh air, we keep it out of our houses and schools as much as we possibly can, and then when our children show by their lack of vitality, loss of weight and other symptoms of undernourishment that they are air hungry, we consider them candidates for open-air classes or schools and pride ourselves upon the remarkable improvement in health that comes to them as a result of this out-of-door life. Nowhere in the entire field of medicine or of public health do I know of anything so inconsistent. Here we have at hand, in the most abundant quantity, the greatest health-building factor and we ignore and neglect it until, in dire need, we plan some expensive way that may bring it to a few of our children.

Air, sunshine and water are necessary for life. We can manage to live for a considerable time without sunshine or water, but we cannot live for more than a few moments without air. I am speaking now of simple existence. But what about the abounding vitality or even of the normal health that is the right of childhood? For air does more than give us simply the breath of life. In proper amounts, both in our lungs and outside of our bodies, it balances nutrition, lessens the possibility of contracting contagious diseases, prevents diseases of the respiratory tract and makes for health in the fullest measure. If we are to have healthy children, fresh air—both day and night, in the home and at school, to breathe and to bathe in—is the cheapest and incomparably the best form of health insurance ever known.

Take the matter of the common cold. Some years ago I made a two-year study of open-window ventilation versus closed-window, mechanically ventilated, types of classrooms in their respective effects upon the occurrence of common colds and the more severe types of respiratory diseases. This study, which was planned with scientific safeguards and made with the coöperation of the New York State Commission on Ventilation, showed that the rate of absence from school due to bronchitis and pneumonia among the children attending these classes was 40 per cent greater in the mechanically ventilated type of classroom, at a temperature of 68° F., than it was among the children in the classrooms ventilated by open windows and kept at the same temperature. And even more striking was the result shown among the children who had common colds. For in the mechanically ventilated closed-window classrooms the number of children who suffered with such colds was 98 per cent higher than in the classrooms ventilated by open windows. This study has been corroborated by many others made since, notably by the studies made in some of the schools in Syracuse, New York, by T. J. Duffield, secretary of the New York State Commission on Ventilation. Children who attend open-air classrooms show an improved rate of progress in their studies, have better appetites and improved nutrition and "colds" are banished. There are, of course, the questions of temperature and moisture of the air to be considered. Overdamp air and overheated air are alike harmful, but with the proper conditions of humidity and temperature the fresh out-of-door air has not only a life-giving but a health-giving quality that is lacking in air that has been re-breathed, and that is permeated with the exudations given off by bodies herded in a closed space.

Closed-Window Diseases

FOOD alone will not provide the proper and needed nourishment for health and growth in childhood. We must have proper food for our children and we must give them every opportunity of living in the sunshine, but these two vitally important health builders will fail if depended upon alone. Air baths and sun baths go together, but the exposure of children's bodies to the health-giving rays of the sun can bring its virtues for only a limited time of each day. There is no limit to the time when fresh air is essential for health and normal growth. Oxygen, first in the lungs and then carried in the blood stream throughout the body, furnishes the most important and essential element for proper nutrition of all our organs and tissues. A child whose breathing is interfered with because the nasal passages are blocked by adenoid growths or enlarged tonsils will be undernourished no matter how well we feed him or how many sun baths he has. Undernourishment in children is an intricate condition. No one disabling cause is responsible for all cases. But whatever the primary cause may be, we can be sure that our children will not gain properly nor be well nourished if they are deprived of their daily quota of fresh air.

We have also abundant proof of the value of fresh air in the prevention of the spread of the contagious diseases so common during childhood. Germs thrive in close, badly ventilated rooms, particularly in the absence of sunlight. The close contact of people in rooms where the air is stagnant and not renewed, affords the ideal condition for transmitting infection from one person to another. There is no reason, other than that of lack of fresh air, why contagious diseases should not be so prevalent in summer as in winter. They have been well-called, "closed-window diseases." For the time when measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough and all the other contagious diseases which are the scourge of childhood occur in greatest numbers is just that time when people turn to indoor living. These diseases are far more common among children under five years of age than they are during the school age. The entire blame for their occurrence cannot, therefore, rest upon badly ventilated classrooms in schools.

If we want our babies and our children to be healthy, we must banish our fear of fresh air. This does not mean that we need to live in cold rooms. It is important that the temperature of living rooms, during the daytime, should be kept as near 68° F. as humanly possible. But it means that every child is entitled to, and should have, fresh air to breathe and to live in both day and night. A certain amount of moisture is essential in the air that we breathe, but this may be obtained by the use of jars or dishes of water placed upon our stoves or radiators so that a gentle evaporation of the water may go on all the time. It means that the air in all living rooms should smell and feel fresh—never stale or filled with body odors. It means that children should live in rooms that have a constant supply of fresh outdoor air and that they should sleep in rooms where the window is open at night and where the temperature may fall to a low point so long as the body is kept warm by plenty of bed clothing. The old dread of night air still persists, but it should go the way of all the other discarded bugaboos.

The United States Children's Bureau, as a result of a number of studies, has found that the baby death rate increases in direct proportion to overcrowded living conditions. By overcrowding is meant not the number of persons who live in any one area, but the number of persons living in one or more rooms. It is evident from these studies that the number of baby deaths for every one thousand births is three times as great when the average family live in one room than when they have three rooms to live in. The reason why overcrowded living conditions cause so many baby deaths is simply that of lack of proper ventilation. Under such conditions of living the respiratory and the contagious diseases take their full toll. The same dread results are shown in the lowered vitality, susceptibility to contagious diseases and the widespread occurrence of all forms of respiratory diseases among children who have more rooms to live in but who are victims of the closed-window habit.

When we realize what happens to the air in a closed room full of people, there is little wonder left that children are so seriously affected under such conditions and that the bars are let down so that germs not only abound but find the ideal situation they need for growth and for getting in their deadly work. Practically all the germs that cause the contagious and respiratory diseases find their entrance to the body through the mouth or nasal passages of their victims. Little children are just at the age when the susceptibility to these diseases is at its height. Given this combination and the result is inevitable. For in a crowded room, without adequate ventilation, the oxygen in the air is reduced by constant re-breathing, the carbon dioxide given off from the lungs in exhaled air is increased, organic matter is given off by the body, the mouth, the teeth, the skin and the clothing resulting in that "stuffy" odor, the temperature of the air is increased above the point of safety because of the heat that is constantly given off from the human body and the moisture of the air is increased by the evaporation from the skin and the breath. It takes little imagination to understand the danger of this polluted air in its effect upon little children. In even greater degree do we find this condition of polluted air in all overcrowded places outside of the home. The fresh air that all children must have if they are to grow and keep well and that is essential to life itself during the growing years must be provided for them during every one of the twenty-four hours of every day.

An Abundance of Fresh Air

THIS fresh-air program is a very easy one to carry out. Every community should insist that the open window in every school classroom should be the rule and not the exception. The cost of maintaining the proper temperature in classrooms ventilated by the open-window method can be met readily by using the money that would otherwise be spent in installing expensive mechanical ventilating systems. In the home, the use of the window board placed under the lower sash, which is raised sufficiently to allow it to be inserted, will allow a constant current of outdoor air between the upper and lower sashes of the window without drafts. This free flow of air, with a temperature maintained at 68° F., will give the ideal indoor ventilation and air conditions that make for health in childhood. Out-of-door play is possible for children of all ages on all but the most windy or rainy days, and babies may have their daily out-of-door air bath by the time they are a month old. At least one window should be kept open at night in every room where a child or a baby sleeps.

In warding off the common cold and the contagious diseases care must be taken to be sure that no part of the child's body becomes overheated or chilled. Direct drafts indoors and too much clothing or wet feet out-of-doors are dangerous. But with prompt change of all wet clothing and shoes and suiting the amount of clothing to the temperature of the day rather than to the calendar, and above all with the opportunity given to every child to live out-of-doors as much as possible and always to have fresh air in abundance indoors, we can insure our babies and children against colds and contagious diseases in large measure, and build up their health and vitality.

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Old Mrs. Chundle

(Continued from Page 4)

Thus the reverend gentleman continued strenuously for perhaps five minutes longer; then he could stand it no more. Desperately thrusting his thumb into the hole, he drew the threads of his distracted discourse together, the while hearing her blow vigorously to dislodge the plug. But he stuck to the hole and brought his sermon to a premature close.

He did not call on Mrs. Chundle the next week, a slight cooling of his zeal for her spiritual welfare being manifest; but he encountered her at the house of another cottager whom he was visiting; and she immediately addressed him as a partner in the same enterprise.

"I could hear beautiful!" she said. "Yes; every word! Never did I know such a wonderful machine as that there pipe. But you forgot what you was doing once or twice and put your handkerchief on top the o'en and stopped the sound a bit. Please not to do that again, for it makes me lose a lot. Howsomever, I shall come every Sunday now, please God."

The curate quivered internally.

"And will ye come to my house once in a while and read to me?"

"Of course."

SURELY enough, the next Sunday the ordeal was repeated for him. In the evening he told his trouble to the rector.

"You've brought it upon yourself," he said. "You don't know this parish so well as I. You should have left her alone."

"I suppose I should!"

"Thank heaven, she thinks nothing of my sermons and doesn't come when I preach. Ha-ha!"

"Well," said the curate, somewhat ruffled, "I must do something. I cannot stand this. I shall tell her not to come."

"You can hardly do that."

"And I've half promised to go and read to her. But I shan't go."

"She's probably forgotten by this time that you promised."

A vision of his next Sunday in the pulpit loomed horridly before the young man, and at length he determined to escape the experience. The pipe should be taken down. The next morning he gave directions, and the removal was carried out.

A day or two later a message arrived from her, saying that she wished to see him. Anticipating a terrific attack from the irate old woman, he put off going to her for a day, and when he trudged out toward her house on the following afternoon it was in a vexed mood. Delicately nurtured man as he was, he had determined not to reërect the tube and hoped he might hit on some new *modus vivendi*.

"Thank heaven, the tube is gone," he said to himself as he walked; "and nothing will make me put it up again!"

On coming near he saw to his surprise that the calico curtains of the cottage windows were all drawn. He went up to the door, which was ajar; and a little girl peeped through the opening.

"How is Mrs. Chundle?" he asked.

"She's dead, sir," said the girl in a whisper.

"Dead? Mrs. Chundle dead?"

"Yes, sir."

A WOMAN now came. "Yes, 'tis so, sir. She went off quite suddenlike about two hours ago. Well, you see, sir, she was over seventy years of age, and last Sunday she was rather late in starting for church, having to put her bit o' dinner ready before going out, and was very anxious to be in time. So she hurried overmuch and runned up the hill, which at her time of life she ought not to have done. It upset her heart, and she's been poorly all the week since, and that made her send for 'ee. Two or three times she said she hoped you would come soon, as you'd promised to, and you were so staunch and faithful in wishing to do her good, that she knew 'twas not by your own wish you didn't arrive. But she would not let us send again. She worried to think she might not be able to listen to 'ee next Sunday and feared you'd be hurt at it and think her remiss. But she was eager to hear you again later on. However, 'twas ordained otherwise for the poor soul, and she was soon gone. 'I've found a real friend at last,' she said. 'He's a man in a thousand. He's not ashamed of a' old woman, and he holds that her soul is worth saving as well as richer people's.' She said I was to give you this."

It was a small folded piece of paper, directed to him and sealed with a thimble. On opening it he found it to be what she called her will, in which she left him her bureau, case clock, four-post bedstead and framed sampler—in fact, all the furniture of any account that she possessed.

The curate went out like Peter at the cockcrow. He was a meek young man, and as he went his eyes were wet. When he reached a lonely place in the lane he stood still thinking; then, kneeling down in the dust, he rested his elbow in one hand and covered his face with the other.

Thus he remained some minutes or so, a black shape on the hot white of the sunned trackway, till he rose, brushed the knees of his trousers and walked on.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the only unpublished short story by the late Thomas Hardy.

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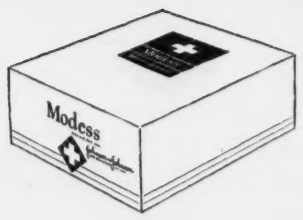

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The Fairy Tale of Benjamin

(Continued from Page 26)

"You want I should tell what has happened in business, these last two years while you were so sick?"

"*Ach*, yes, be quick!"

"Now, now, keep quiet, *Tatta lieb*—remember what the doctor said. Soon I will tell you all you ask. But don't you worry—don't you hurry. Right away I am going to show you our new office," Benjamin said, "so that you can see for yourself."

They were in the new garment center now, just north of the great terminal; and Benjamin pointed out of the window to a vast new skyscraper, resplendent in the deepening dusk with a thousand sparkling lights. "Up to the twenty-second floor is our new office and showrooms," he said. "Our business lately grows so fast that soon already we shall need two whole floors instead of one!"

His father took one dazzled look and then turned wildly back to him.

"*Ach*, Benny, explain it! Give me the facts! Say it in Yiddish!"

THE car moved slowly on uptown through the dense late afternoon traffic of Seventh Avenue. In front, the maid and the huge chauffeur, by the aid of a long, narrow mirror before them, could see the two faces close behind, one smiling into the other's eyes—eyes incredulous still at first, and even sharply suspicious at times; but later growing spellbound, as their owner began to believe the fairy tale that was being told. Told in a guttural foreign tongue. But Claire Cobb in ten years of business life had picked up some Yiddish; and listening intently now, her clever eyes began to shine.

"Oh, what a wonderful story!" she breathed. "He has thought it all out so carefully! He's ready on every detail!"

"But does the old man believe it all?" inquired the prince in a low tone.

"He's beginning to," she smiled. "The poor old lamb, he never did have a keen business head—and now he's so feeble and sick and old that his mind is far from clear. And he wants to believe—he wants to so!"

Sharp questions from the father came, but promptly the son answered them with names of firms and dates and figures.

"Now they are going over the whole long story of twenty years since father came from Galicia," whispered Claire Cobb to her friend. Both were talking at once, and into their talk broke strange, quick laughs and ejaculations. The twilight deepened. The big car sped smoothly up through Central Park and turned over to Riverside Drive, with its long array of apartment buildings twinkling, glamorous, in the dusk. But Benjamin Glück had forgotten his plan to point one of them out as their new home. He was too intensely absorbed with his father in memories of years gone by.

"*Ach*, Benny, Benny, how happy you make me! I am so happy I wish I could live!"

"Live? What you mean—live? You ain't go'n' to die!"

"VY SHOULD I go to the hospital then, mit doctors und professors there to make on me big operations?"

"Now don't you worry, *Tatta lieb*," said Benny in a cheerful tone. "They got an operation planned to make you fine and healthy soon!"

"*Ach*, no, my boy, I can't believe it."

"You want I should tell you what he says—the professor in the hospital? He says your trouble comes from worries, too much worries all your life. And papa—listen!" Both his hands were holding his little father's tight; and looking into the old man's eyes, he declared impressively: "Your worries are all over now! All you got is some bad days until the operation cures you! Then right away we bring you home—and you shall be happy all your life!" The lips of the invalid quivered with joy.

"Oh, Benny, vy didn't you tell me before—vy didn't you tell of the business, son?"

"Did I not tell you many times 'Don't worry; business ain't so bad'?"

"Yes, yes, you said it ain't so *bad!* Vy didn't you say how *good* it vas?"

"BECAUSE most of the time you were so sick you couldn't tell a skirt from a jacket. 'Don't talk to him business,' the doctor said. And even when you were not so bad, you would not have believed me, *Tatta lieb*. We said, 'Wait till he can see for himself.' And besides, all this success we got, I could never be sure of it till now. How could I tell you till I was sure?"

"Und you're sure of it now—positively, Ben?" Once more the old merchant had raised himself up and had fixed again that searching look squarely on the eyes of his son. Unflinchingly Ben met his gaze.

"Positively! Absolutely!"

"You tell me no lies, so hellup you Gott?"

"Am I telling you lies? Have you eyes in your head? Can you look at this car and see that we got it—see my initials on the door? Can you see what a stylish maid we got—and a big *Goy* prince for a chauffeur? Can't you see it? Ain't it all a fact?"

Feebly the old man rolled his head.

"*Ach, Gott*, such expenses—such expenses!" But the son only laughed at that.

"I should worry!" he exclaimed. "Just wait till you come with me down to the office—and see our new showroom and stylish models! Wait till I give you a look at our books, and show you the figures! *Oy, oy*—money talks!"

"Benny!" From the hour just passed the little old merchant looked quite exhausted. But with eyes bright, keen and searching still, he made one last effort: "Yes, money talks! Give me the figures! The profits last month!" Sternly he gripped the hands of his son, whose answer came back like a flash.

"One t'ousand eight hundert an' forty-two dollars an' seventy cents! And that's a fact!"

"Last year?"

"Last year our profits come just under twenty-t'ree t'ousand—net!"

"So hellup you Gott?"

"So help me God!"

THEN in the mirror, the two in front saw the little old merchant throw up both hands in a radiant gesture of gratitude.

"*Raboinou Shel Olom! A dank dir!*" he cried. A strange little sob burst from his lips; he pitched limply into the arms of his son. Benjamin bent over him then and began to murmur endearments fiercely in that foreign tongue. Quickly the big Car of Crœsus, rushing through a dark side street, came to a huge hospital over on the edge of the Park. A waiting attendant opened a gate, they entered a courtyard, and there at the door stood Benny's wife. Her dark thin face was wreathed in smiles; but at sight of the motionless form inside sharply she opened the door and asked:

"Has he fainted, Benny?"

"Yes, thank God! And Frieda—quick—please—make 'em hurry!" begged Ben. "Take him up to his room! I can't stand any more!"

"Yes, Benny dear—we will, we will!"

And when two men with a stretcher had taken his father out of his sight, he huddled suddenly back, far back, into a corner of the car, his small thin shoulders shaking hard, looking beaten and old and racked by his grief.

"Oh, *Tatta lieb*, die soon!" he begged. "Don't make me tell you any more lies!"

And Benjamin's prayer was granted that night. For the spark of life had been blown out by that sudden burst of excitement and joy. The fairy tale was ended.

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San Francisco

(Continued from Page 7)

Their living-room windows must frame at least half of the city and the bay. On Russian Hill, highest and craggiest ridge in all the succession of folds across the peninsula from bay to sea, engineers and architects have builded strange abutments on the bayward side, half hanging over space on shelves of rock shored up with cement and steel, that twenty-story apartments may rear themselves over nothingness unhindered as to view.

But San Franciscans are not content merely to see the mountains and the bay and the forests from their windows. The view adds beauty to the working days of the week, but for recreation the people of San Francisco hie back to the mountains, the woods and the streams themselves, there to climb, to doze in the hot sunlight playing over a poppy field, to dance under the green lace of redwood trees, to catch a deer at his browsing. For that is to find the measure of life in San Francisco's eyes. It is the city that knows best how to play.

Nature and the things of the wild are so close to the people of San Francisco and the cities and hamlets round the bay, that it is little wonder they play so large a part in the philosophy of living.

Even in the rainy season, each week-end the year round sees a stream of youth—boys and girls with knapsacks on backs—flowing across the bay to the green-and-blue mountain, Tamalpais, where Muir Woods offers an unspoiled redwood wilderness. Not a week-end but sees whole families flitting to strange floating homes called arks on the bay's finger tips, or to possess for a score of golden hours little tree houses in fern-filled canyons.

San Franciscans know how to enjoy life. Their lives are attuned to that spirit of romance which is the city's own. San Francisco's women have a smartness and taste in dress which have been noted by travelers since the days of that precocious youth, Rudyard Kipling, who wrote of "maidens of generous build, large, well-groomed and attired in raiment that even to my inexperienced eyes must have cost much." The city's smart shops on Union Square are no whit behind New York's.

Sunshine and Fog

THE people of San Francisco and the other bay cities have an instinctive art sense that is a heritage from the strong leaven of Romance blood in the native stock—from the Spanish strain of the first conquerors plus the infusion of a French element during the Days of Gold. This has always been a music-loving town.

Flowers, gardens, are everywhere, for San Franciscans love beauty. Every week in the year is a new season in these California gardens, from the fairy floss of the acacias in March round the horticultural clock to the first poppy burst of February. Bankers carry sprays of their finest roses to their offices. The flagman at the railroad crossing has his tiny garden of geraniums. The Italian fisherman totes dirt to his house overlooking Fishermen's Wharf that the fogs may drop a curtain of nasturtiums over his windows.

But one may not round out even the sketchiest outline of the city's purely physical appeal without touching that sensitive and lyric string which has twanged under so many Californian fingers—climate. In all soberness San Francisco's climate is as much a part of the city as her dizzy skylines and her fixed look onto blue and green of bay and mountains.

Roughly three hundred days of the year are rainless. Balmiest days are those of midwinter between times of furious rain; then the sun has the burning warmth of the Italian marches. Midsummer in San Francisco is shrewish, what with boisterous winds moving the fogs in through the Golden Gate of evenings and sweeping them out again next forenoon. Yet those winds are heady and life-giving and gloriously cleansing. Tricks of the fog may give one-quarter of the city sunshine and wrap a district a mile away in chilly fluff.

Romance and Mystery

WITHAL, it is the climate that makes San Franciscans the preëminently out-of-doors folk they are, and gives them a character unique among American cities.

In San Francisco, city of romance, one is always conscious of a mysterious feeling of intimacy with the strange, far-flung quarters of the globe. From the piers along its Embarcadero stretch the sea lanes to everywhere. Here, indeed, is the springboard to the isles of the sun down yonder under the Line where the Pacific crashes over coral. Suva, Pago-Pago, Celebes—alluring bournes under the house flags of steamships painted on downtown office windows. Here in a window on Market Street is an aquarium of tropical fishes, like fantastic finny flowers for color, which were seined in lagoons off Kealakekua. Where trading schooners nuzzle wharves you see golden-skinned Kanakas and the occasional Gilbert Islander, black as a coal, and Lascars with rings in their ears.

Changing Asia lies not below the western horizon but right in the heart of San Francisco. Chinatown is not a quarter apart, nor one to be exploited to the tune of shivery tales poured in tourists' ears. It is but ten minutes' walk from the smartest shops around Union Square to the golden bazaars of Grant Avenue, with no gulf between. The Chinese have made a place for themselves in the town's affections because they are purveyors of beauty—beauty in gold and jade, porcelain and silk.

One wanders here among Chinatown's shops five thousand miles deep in the color land of Cathay. No touring ticket to buy. No traveler's checks to fuss with. Sole passport a healthy, working imagination.

Far from being aliens in the estimation of San Francisco folk, their Chinese are really part of the family. Hardly a native-born San Francisco matron that was not the darling of some Chinese cook who played nursemaid to her when her hair was just sprouting into pigtails. This old Sing and his grandchildren now come to help light the Christmas tree in a Presidio Heights home, and on Chinese New Year mother and youngsters from that home go down to Chinatown to drink ceremonial tea with old Sing, eat nuts of unfriendly shape and take away with them his gift of good-luck lilies. When club women sponsor a better-babies contest many a fat yellow tike is weighed in on the scales. During a community-chest drive pretty Chinese misses gather Chinatown's quota. They, too, are proud San Franciscans.

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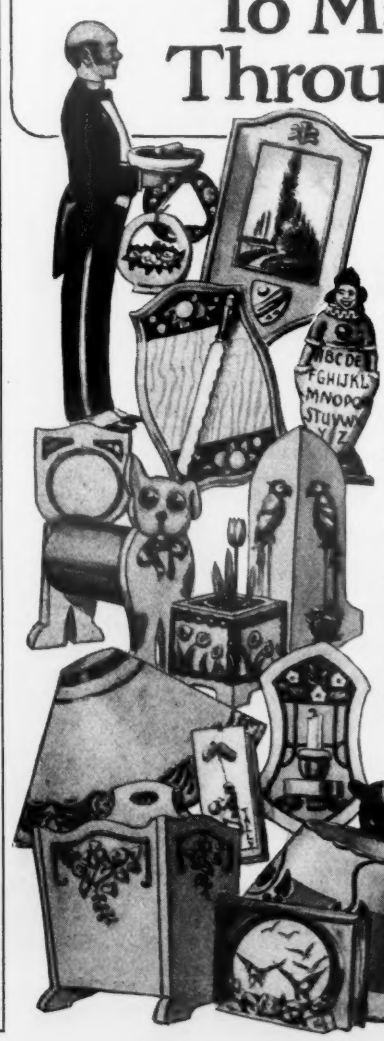

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SUN-MAID NECTARS

Professional Pride

(Continued from Page 17)

She hesitated for a moment. But Judith was a downright young person, and she brought it out flatly enough in the end. "I called up your office too," she said. "And you weren't there."

"Why, no," said Perry in some confusion. "No, I wasn't there. I was at the circus. I ——"

"You were at the circus—working?" There was a note of derision in Judith's laughter that made Perry uncomfortable.

"Well, yes, I was working all right," he began. "You see ——"

"I see you're trying to spoof me," said Judith, laughing lightly. "You were out with some other girl, telling her how well she'd look with a hibiscus flower in her hair!"

Perry Wilder was himself seized with untimely laughter at the thought of Minnie of Minneapolis dancing on a moonlit beach, with a hibiscus flower in her bleached and frizzled bob. "She'd look terrible," he burst out, hilariously. He was at once aware of added restraint in an atmosphere already a trifle too restrained. "Look here," he added, "I want to explain. Last night maybe I gave you a wrong impression. I ——"

HE COULD see that he was making it worse with every word. But it was just the devil's own luck that at that instant the party on the terrace outside should have come trailing in—Gordon Tremaine and his sleek wife, gleaming with success and jewels and good food; four guests, gleaming with satisfaction at having been asked to dine with the Tremaines.

"How do you do," Mr. Tremaine said, grasping Perry's hand with impersonal heartiness. "Two of you. Good. We can have some bridge."

So then bridge they had; three hours of it. Perry had never thought himself a brilliant player, but he had never played so badly as he played that night.

"You must be thinking of something else," said Mr. Tremaine with a sly twinkle.

"I am," said Perry miserably.

He did not see Judith alone again. The party broke up all together, and Perry moved toward the door between a large woman in black and silver and a small man incased in a tight collar. He made a desperate clutch at a floating end of green chiffon that was a part of Judith's dress.

"When can I see you again?" he blurted.

Perhaps Judith took pity on his hot confusion. Perhaps she did not wish to seem ungracious—in case anyone overheard. "Tomorrow night for dinner?"

Perry Wilder's high color heightened perceptibly. "I have to go to the circus again," he said. "But after that ——"

"After that," said Judith calmly, "I'm afraid I shall be busy."

It is a little hard when the very thing you are doing for the sake of the only girl in the world is suddenly the very thing that is standing most in your way.

THE next day Perry measured all the rest of the freaks—all, that is, except Minnie of Minneapolis. He even did the Human Spire, who sat on the floor, so that Perry could reach his head, and obligingly told him all about his pituitary headaches and how well he could play tennis if only he had someone his own size to play with. He kept an eye to Minnie as he talked, and Perry saw that he was showing off before her, proud of his headaches and his tennis and his mighty height.

"All ready for you now," Perry said to Minnie with a show of confidence greater than he felt.

"I ain't a-goin' to be measured," said Minnie stubbornly.

Perry urged her. "Oh, come! It won't take but a few minutes. Everybody else has been."

"I ain't everybody else," said Minnie.

This, of course, was true. Perry moved up a chair and sat down as near to Minnie as possible—it was not possible to sit very near because of Minnie herself—prepared to argue, to cajole. At first he thought she wished to be teased. Now he saw that there was purpose behind her stubbornness. Her little bright eyes shone out at him keenly from their wells of flesh, and there was a sudden overlapping in the folds of her chin, that showed determination.

Perry was appalled by Minnie, by the sheer mass and bulk of her.

Still, the fatter Minnie of Minneapolis was the more precious she would be to McGregor Shillabee's study. And if McGregor Shillabee told you to measure twenty-four freaks and you came back with twenty-three you might just as well not come back at all.

Perry leaned forward to give to his attitude a little more intimacy, a little more warmth of personal appeal. For an instant he was aware of the shadow of the Human Spire towering in the background; then the shadow passed. "Come now," he said, "tell me what's the reason you don't want me to measure you. I don't believe there is a reason."

"Yes, there is," said Minnie.

Perry saw that there was. Somewhere behind impenetrable walls of flesh, behind the little shining eyes there was something definite, a reason beyond coyness or malice.

"You only want to measure me because I'm funny," she said. "If I was like anybody else you wouldn't pay no attention to me."

The simplicity and the truth of it took away Perry's speech. "You mustn't say that," he began lamely.

"IT'S so though," said Minnie. "And I'm about sick of the whole of it, see? Everybody gaping at me with their mouth open. I can't never have no fun. Can't go to the theater 'cause I can't set in the seats. Can't go in a boat less'n it would sink. Nobody like you wouldn't ast me to go nowheres. And now you want to measure me! Say!"

Accumulated grudges shone in Minnie's perspiring face, and all at once Perry was sorry for her. It struck him that from Minnie's point of view his scientific curiosity was no better than the curiosity of the crowds. He felt as if he ought to make it up to her somehow.

"I don't feel that way about you," he offered.

"What way?"

"Er—that way," explained Perry.

Minnie seemed to understand him only too well. "You mean you like me?" she inquired.

"Er—yes," said Perry.

"You mean you want to measure me because you like me?"

"Well," said Perry, hoping he was not lying too grossly, "yes. I suppose you might put it that way."

Minnie of Minneapolis was pleased, and yet she was skeptical too. Her small eyes narrowed and sharpened, with an oddly satisfied kind of calculation. "Tell you what I'll do," she said finally. "If you'll take me out and not tell anybody why, I'll let you measure me."

At first Perry did not understand her. "Out?" he echoed.

"Yeah," said Minnie, waving a hand largely. "Out somewheres. On a party. Me and you. As if I was anybody."

AT FIRST, before the full enormity of the idea, Perry was dumb. Then he saw suspicion dawning; he saw the ground that he had gained being lost. "What kind of a party?" he mumbled, to gain time.

"Oh, I dunno," said Minnie. "I hear it's pretty swell down to Paradise Park."

Perry grew hot and cold with horror. Paradise Park was one of the public amusement grounds subject to hot dogs and merry-go-rounds and gum. He licked his dry lips. "Well, I'm pretty busy, of course, right now ——"

In so far as was possible, Minnie's face hardened. "You don't hafter go," she said shortly. "And you don't hafter measure me either."

Perry Wilder saw himself fairly caught—on the one hand, McGregor Shillabee with Perry's future in his pocket, waiting for the completed list of data about the circus freaks; on the other, Minnie of Minneapolis and Paradise Park. As for Judith Tremaine —— But he did not dare to think just then of Judith.

"You couldn't be away, could you?" he asked, upon an inspiration.

But Minnie was ready for him. "We could go in the morning. I could get off once riding in the pee-rade, and then I don't come on till four. We'd have all day. It'd hafter be tomorrer, 'cause we're leavin'."

Perry shuddered. "Wouldn't it be too hard for you? Wouldn't you get awfully tired?"

"No," said Minnie.

"Wouldn't you rather have a nice long ride and see the ocean?"

"No," said Minnie.

"Wouldn't you rather go on a nice picnic in the country—just we two together?"

"No," said Minnie. "Come at ten."

Perry Wilder returned to his home that night a broken man and wrote a letter to Judith Tremaine which he afterward tore up.

THE next morning at nine o'clock Perry Wilder was in his office, and he had no intention of being anywhere else that day. There are some things that no man is called upon to bear, even in the cause of science.

At nine-five McGregor Shillabee came in. "Freaks done?" he inquired.

"All but the fattest girl in the world," said Perry feelingly.

"The best of the lot. Unless I'm mistaken she's going to prove my point about the thyroid." Shillabee added carelessly, "Circus is leaving town tomorrow, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Have to hurry up with her."

Perry returned, without answering, to his work on a list of standard means and deviations. He said to himself that he wasn't going to make a bally fool of himself, not for anybody.

"I wish you'd bring me those proof sheets for the introduction to the gland study," said Shillabee presently.

Perry went downstairs and got them. He had not seen them before, and he looked idly over the first of the long galleys in his hand; as he did so his eyes widened and his breath caught. For he had come upon a line which read: "By McGregor Shillabee, Ph.D." And under it, in only slightly smaller type, another line: "Assisted by Perry Wilder." Only, against this line, in the margin, scrawled down with blue pencil in Shillabee's large, unmistakable hand, appeared the laconic question: "Let it stand?" and a trailing blue question mark all down the page.

PERRY laid the sheets before Shillabee, with the big blue question mark on top. Shillabee knew that he had seen it. Perry knew he had been sent so that he would see it.

But when Shillabee spoke it was absently. "The C. R. Waddington Howes Foundation is sending out an expedition to Triona Island. They haven't appointed anyone yet to take charge."

He left it at that. But everyone knew that the C. R. Waddington Howes Foundation looked to Shillabee for appointees. Triona was a tropic isle complete with moonlit beaches and hibiscus. . . .

Perry came back sharply to the present with Shillabee's next words, "You'd better hurry up with that fat girl." It was at once a threat and a promise.

At ten o'clock Perry drew up at the back door of the circus in the strongest-looking taxicab the city afforded, the

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driver grinning in the front. Minnie of Minneapolis was waiting for him.

For this gala occasion Minnie had laid aside the crimson velvet of professional life and appeared in a sleeveless flowered chiffon of red and pink roses. Her bare arms were heavy with bracelets and earrings whose jingling tassels of red stones dropped from the plump lobes of her ears. She carried a bead bag and a red umbrella.

"Hello, cutie," she greeted him.

"Hello," said Perry bravely.

It had been Perry's original intention to use his own car. More mature reflection, however, had shown him that to think of putting Minnie into his coupé would be a parallel to the famous case of the camel and the needle's eye. The taxicab door was an obstacle, of course. But by letting back the top and building a bridge of heavy timbers from one of the show platforms over the side of the car and into the seat, he succeeded finally in getting Minnie shipped.

A CROWD gathered to see them off—riders and clowns and acrobats and snake and lion tamers and trapeze workers. Perry's ears burned redder with every remark he overheard.

"Why don't yuh take her arm, bo? Where's yuh manners?"

"Why'n't yuh take the circus wagon? That's built strong a-purpose."

"Easy on the springs, there, Minnie."

Only Harry Highboy, the Human Spire, did not say anything. He lolled against the steam calliope, flushed and pouting like a nine-foot child who sees someone else playing with his toy; it struck Perry, incredible as it seemed, that Harry Highboy was jealous.

Once inside the gates of Paradise Park—a matter of no small moment, since the turnstile was out of the question and Minnie had to be taken round to the rear and admitted through a pair of swing gates designed for the passage of motor trucks—things were even worse. The board walk bent and buckled beneath their tread. But Minnie was delighted.

"I guess I'll have a quart of ice cream first," she said. "I have to keep eating. Every time I gain ten pounds I get my pay raised."

Minnie ate a quart of ice cream, a bag of peanuts, a bag of buttery pop corn, which she smeared on Perry's sleeve, three hot dogs with mustard, four doughnuts and a wedge of cherry pie.

"Oh, lookit!" she cried. "There's a merry-go-round. We'll be just in time to ride on it before dinner."

"I don't believe ——" began Perry.

IF I CAN'T ride on the merry-go-round," said Minnie with finality, "why, then I won't be measured."

Afterward the events which followed were all a dark confusion, whirling as fast in Perry's mind as ever the merry-go-round whirled. He remembered things in snatches.

There was the merry-go-round itself, where he tipped the proprietor ten times what he could afford and promised to pay any damages that might ensue; six workmen at a dollar apiece were employed to help boost Minnie aboard.

"I choose to ride on the elephant," said Minnie without humor.

The elephant's back was broken in the end, and one of its hind legs collapsed. Perry had to make a down payment and leave his name with the authorities.

After that there was dinner: "Chicken, Steak or Lobster—$2." Perry arranged for a private dining room and a couch for Minnie to sit on; he had visions of a year's salary vanished in a single day.

"What will you have?" he asked weakly.

"Chicken, steak and lobster, of course," said Minnie.

And after that there were the scenic railway and the hoochie coochie and the dancing floor. There was the joggling board, where the crowd first grew to unwieldy proportions. Then the shoot the chutes, where Minnie was nearly killed, and Perry Wilder with her. And the phantom boats. Perry never liked to think much afterward about those phantom boats.

But of the House of Wonders and what befell there, every detail was too sharply etched on Perry's mind for him ever to forget one smallest part of it.

Perhaps something warned him even before he went in. At any rate, he objected. "Oh, you don't want to go there. It's too much like a circus."

"That's just it," said Minnie.

Well, there's human nature for you! The postman goes on a vacation and takes a long walk morning and afternoon; the bus driver drives three thousand miles in his week off; and Minnie of Minneapolis, from the Seven Seas Shows, wants to go to the House of Wonders to see the sword swallower swallow the sword! "If I can't go," she began ominously, "why then ——"

"Oh, all right," said Perry hastily.

Earlier in the day the crowd had been large, but it had not been enormous. Now it grew rapidly. When Minnie and her escort went into the House of Wonders about a thousand other people went in after them. From time to time remarks from the mob penetrated to Perry's tingling ears.

"Aw, lookit her legs! How's she stand on 'em?"

"He's her keeper."

"He is not. He's her boy friend."

MINNIE bore these things with the poise possible only to one who is much in the public eye. But a change had come over her manner, nevertheless. At first she had been so delighted with everything. Now she fell sullen. And presently she came out with it; Minnie was not one to conceal her true feelings.

"You ain't got much pep, have you?" she remarked.

"Pep?" echoed Perry. It seemed to him that he had had a pretty peppy day.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't hold my hand or something."

Perry shuddered. He reached out in a gingerly way and took one of Minnie's hands; it required both of his to hold it.

It was at that moment that the blow fell.

Hitherto Perry had schooled himself resolutely not to look at the crowd, sparing himself unpleasant details. Now, moved by the curious compulsion that one sometimes feels, he looked.

At a little distance, apart from the gum-chewing, pop-corn-and-buttery crowd, extraordinarily lovely in white linen and a bright coat, a white felt hat pulled down tight and her blue eyes, as clear and cool as wood lakes under its curling brim, stood—Judith Tremaine. No one had ever looked so beautiful and so scornful and so divinely slim as Judith Tremaine looked then.

Judith was not alone. Grouped about her, a little closer than seemed necessary, were four young men—those faultless young men whose linen knickers are beyond reproach and whose sweaters match their socks. They looked cool and faultless and incapable of getting into the kind of mess that Perry Wilder was in. And they were all laughing.

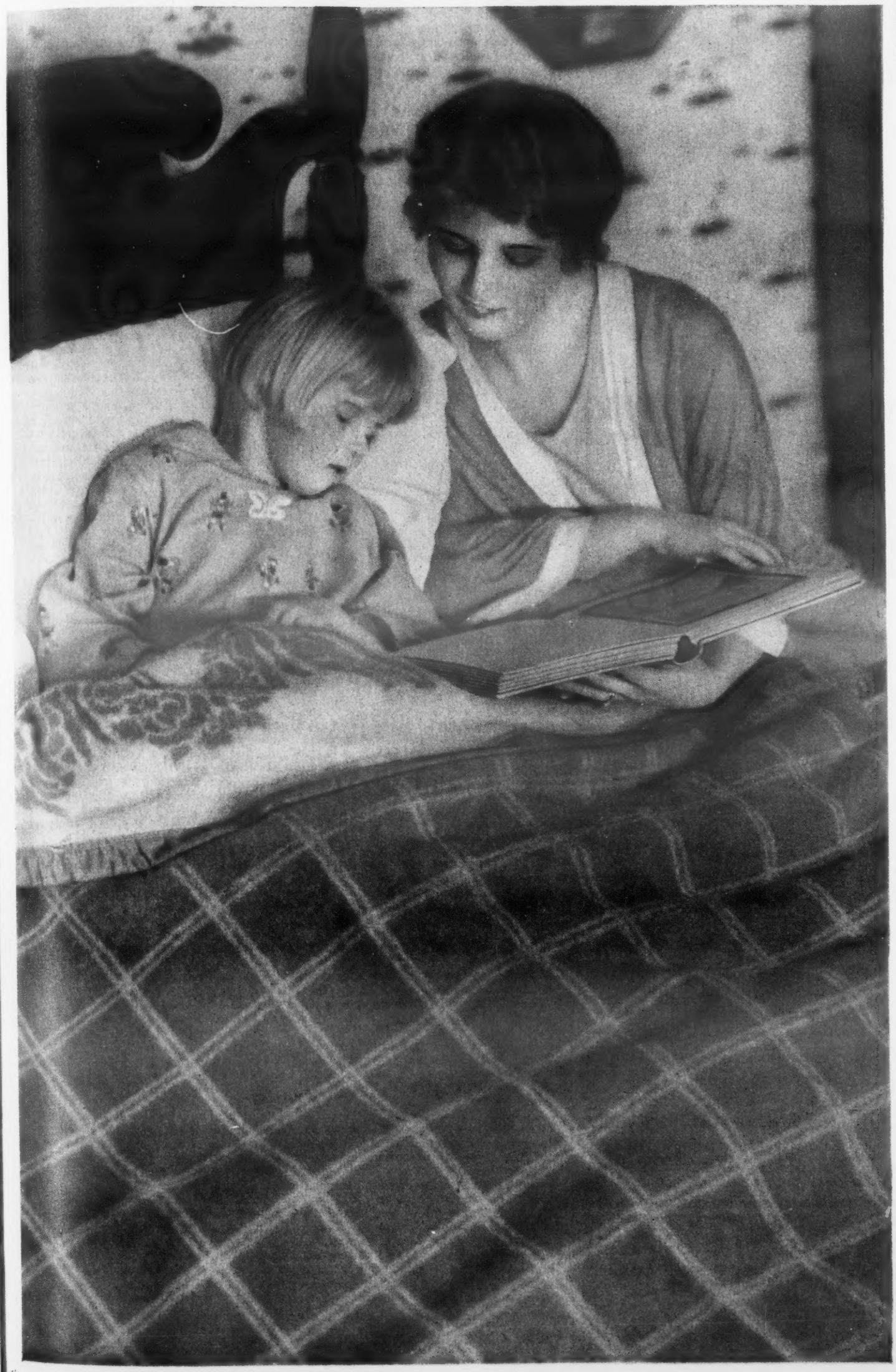
JUDITH TREMAINE was not laughing at all. But her look of incredulity was even harder to bear.

Perry snatched his hand away as if Minnie's fingers had burned him. He was sharply aware that his own gray business suit was heavier than the warmth of the day demanded and that his collar was withered at the roots. He was aware that he carried Minnie's red umbrella and the bead bag, together with a reserve of ice-cream cones, dripping lavishly. But most of all he was aware of Minnie herself, six hundred and forty-two and three quarters in flowered chiffon.

He wished for the faith that will remove mountains. But he did not have it. And so the mountain remained.

(Continued on Page 152)

Blankets are such intimate things



ESMOND MILLS—*"Far from the city grime and smoke . . . in the elm-shaded village of Esmond."*

A LITTLE head is nodding . . . eyes are growing heavy. Even the rescue of a beautiful, story-book princess can't keep him awake now. Soon mother will tuck him, tenderly, in the soft folds of his lovely blanket. Then he'll be safe and warm the whole night through.

Blankets are such personal, intimate things...it's always well to know how and where they are made.

Esmond Blankets come from old New England . . . from the elm-shaded village of Esmond. There they are fashioned by expert workers in modern, sunlit mills . . . where country air is sweet and pure and wholesome.

These lovely blankets may be had in every size, weight and price. They come in rich colorings and designs...patterns to harmonize with any decorative scheme. And they are so well made and of such fine materials that they give years and years of service.

Only when you see them can you appreciate their beauty and loveliness. They are sold by leading retailers throughout the country.

THE ESMOND MILLS
Esmond, Rhode Island

Leonard Refrigerators come with oak, ash, porcelain or steel exteriors; Leonard Cleanable interiors, some with new border-tone trimming in soft green. All these models adapted to electric, ice or gas refrigeration.

A *good* ICE Refrigerator at the Price You Want to Pay

Here's happy news for homemakers! In the largest refrigerator factory in the world, Leonard has installed the modern progressive-system of large-volume manufacture, making possible a good ice refrigerator for every home in America!

Now, for as little as $35 you can buy a genuine Leonard, with all the worth that name implies . . . insulated with solid compressed corkboard, the greatest ice and food saver known to science . . . and approved by the National Association of Ice Industries, after thorough temperature tests at Columbia University.

The Leonard Line is most complete . . . refrigerators for homes, apartments, restaurants, groceries, markets; in all styles, sizes and finishes; adapted to ice, electric or gas refrigeration. See the Leonard dealer's display in your city or write to us for a book of styles. Leonard Refrigerator Company, 102 Clyde Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

LEONARD
REFRIGERATORS

(Continued from Page 150)

Perry remained also, stood his ground beside Minnie of Minneapolis and faced Judith and the four young men.

In a moment they were all about him.

"Won't you introduce us to your friend?" said the most perfect of them all—he with the sleek fair hair and the butter-colored eyebrows.

They were very cruel, those young men.

"It isn't often," they said, "that we have an opportunity like this to meet a celebrity."

And "Have you known Miss—ah—Minneapolis long?"

And "Aren't you ashamed to keep her to yourself and not give your friends a chance to meet her?"

Only Judith remained aloof. She nodded briefly at Perry's strangled effort at an introduction and stood apart, not saying much. It puzzled Perry why she should be there at all. Paradise Park was not the place where you expected to meet a girl like Judith.

A KIND of frenzy seized Perry Wilder. He was oppressed by the need of explaining to Judith—and by the impossibility of it. There was that promise to Minnie; that he wouldn't tell. And yet he could not bear Judith's look, that scornful small lift of the head that assumed that he was there because he wanted to be. He tried to draw her a little aside.

"Look here," he said. "You don't understand."

"I'm afraid I don't," said Judith.

She turned. And Perry turned, too, not daring to let her go; caught her urgently by the sleeve. For an instant he thought it was going to be all right.

Then she drew away. "Don't let's be conspicuous," she said.

"Here, cutie," called Minnie loudly. "Where's them ice-cream cones? Can't you see I'm ready for another? It's a wonder you wouldn't pass 'em round, stingy."

"Oh, I couldn't think of robbing you," said the four young men in unison.

"Conspicuous!" groaned Perry. "Oh, my Lord!"

Judith moved away again, and Perry crept back to Minnie's side with the dripping ice-cream cones. But already it was too late to avert catastrophe.

"Go on off with your old drippings," she said. "What kind of a party do you think this is, huh? Here you say you'll take me on a party just like anybody. And how do you act? The minute this jane shows up you're all off me. Hanging onto her coat sleeve. Pawing onto her arm. Looking at her like your eyes would bust out. Did you do any hanging onto me today? You did not. Go an' measure her, if you want to measure somebody. You can't measure me, see?"

THE words poured forth in a torrent impossible to check.

To Perry Wilder there came a feeling of hopelessness such as comes to the shipwrecked sailor when the last spar is waterlogged and sinks. Perry had not often failed, but he now tasted defeat.

He had failed with Judith; that was plain. And now he had failed with Minnie. He would not get the measurements, and he would not get the Triona job, and Judith ——

Still, even a drowning man will make an attempt to swim. Perry Wilder even in the midst of his despair, tried to mitigate the horror of his immediate situation. "Look," he said hoarsely, pointing at random in an effort to distract her attention. The next moment he could have bitten his tongue for his own lack of discretion.

For Minnie emitted a sudden roar, beside which her former tones had been but mutterings, and charged through the crowd. At the rear of the room over some curtains was a sign which read:

RUTH OF DULUTH
THE FATTEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

Minnie burst through those curtains as if they had not been there, careless of the presence of the gatekeeper, who was a small man and inclined under the circumstances to be discreet. Perry Wilder was swept in after her by the set of the crowd in that direction. So were the four young men. So was Judith.

Inside the curtains was a strong-looking platform and a strong-looking armchair set upon it. And in the armchair, splendid in royal purple and gold bangles, her top chin resting on her lower chins and her lower chins resting on her chest, sat Ruth of Duluth.

Ruth of Duluth was fat; there was no denying it. But Minnie of Minneapolis was fatter.

FOR an instant Minnie stood still, viewing her rival in the spirit in which a whale might view a minnow who had put up a sign claiming to be the greatest of fishes. Minnie pointed at her the fat finger of scorn.

"Why, you little pill!" she cried. "You little old string off a string bean! You little stunted runt of a spinach root! You fat? Why, you don't know what fat is. A skeleton would be juicy 'longside of you. A famine wictim would look like he just got up from the dinner table. If the malnutrition society could git an eye onto you, they'd take up a collection to keep you f'm starving to death." She turned with regal scorn to face her audience, and her eye fell on Perry Wilder; an inspiration struck Perry, and he lifted his instrument case. Professional pride did the rest. "Come on up here and measure the both of us," said Minnie, "and we'll see which is the fattest."

It was a horrible moment, with Judith there watching. But Perry Wilder was not a man to turn back, once he had faced a goal. He clutched the case more firmly in his hand and stepped forward to mount the platform.

It was then that Judith Tremaine did a supremely gracious thing.

"Don't you want me to help you, Perry?" she said clearly. "Let me take your notebook and I'll record for you."

Perry was never sure afterward what happened after that. Only somehow the measurements for Minnie of Minneapolis and Ruth of Duluth were safe in his pocket together, and he had records for twenty-five freaks, where Shillabee had asked for twenty-four; the four young men had been dismissed by Judith with instructions to telephone for Harry Highboy to take Minnie home.

MINNIE was complacent. "Harry Highboy is the tallest man in the world," she said to Ruth of Duluth. "When he sees you he'll just laugh. He likes a girl with some size." She waved a hand magnificently to Perry. "I guess you mean all right," she said, "but when I go out on a party I guess I'd rather go with somebody kind of distinguished—like Harry."

Perry Wilder certainly did not look distinguished now; he looked hot and disordered, and his hair was on end.

Judith laughed a shade unsteadily. "It's certainly wonderful what professional pride will do."

"It's nothing to what love will do," said Perry boldly. He saw that he did not need to explain much after all, because Judith understood. "I did it for you," he said; for the moment that seemed to cover everything. Then he went rushing on: "Now I guess I'm going to have a chance with an expedition. Shillabee as good as said. . . . Triona Island. . . . White beaches and hibiscus. . . ."

Judith lifted her head with a kind of shamefaced pride. "What a perfect place for a honeymoon!" she said.

"Do you mean it?" cried Perry. And suddenly he had drawn Judith close, as he had that night in the Tremaine garden—only a lot closer. "Do you?"

"Silly!" said Judith softly. "Why else would I have been chasing you all over Paradise Park?"

And after that it was just plain Paradise.

Married, Engaged or Single—

No woman can afford to risk body odor

Remember-"Mum" is the word!

IMAGINE, if you can, a woman actually *knowing* that she is subject to perspiration odor—and yet doing nothing about it!

But only too often one *doesn't* know. The unfortunate truth of the matter is that we become so accustomed to our own particular bodily odor *that we are seldom conscious of it ourselves.*

The scientific fact is that *everyone* perspires continually and that all perspiration has an unpleasant odor. The odor *does* exist, and other people about us do not fail to notice it. That is why we must safeguard our feminine daintiness from even a trace of perspiration odor.

There is one sure, positive and easy way to do it. "Mum" is the word! "Mum" is a delicate snow-white cream—dainty and easy to use—that absolutely and lastingly prevents every trace of perspiration odor, as it *occurs.*

Apply "Mum" in a few seconds, as you dress. Then for all day and evening you are *free*—as dainty and fresh as when you step from the morning bath.

And for the Sanitary Napkin

"Mum" has been used for over 25 years by the most fastidious women in the better circles of American and European life. Doctors and trained nurses in every land urge its use, not only for perspiration odor, but also with the sanitary napkin, because of its absolute safety and effectiveness.

You will find "Mum" in convenient 35¢ and 60¢ jars at your drug or department store, or you may send for it direct on our special offer.

"Mum" *prevents all body odor*

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

Winifred Sherman, Mum Mfg. Co., Dept. 3,
1106 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed is.....for offer checked ☐ ***Special Offer***—35c "Mum", for personal daintiness, and 25c "Amoray" Talc, perfumed with rare and exotic fragrance—***60c worth for 45c postpaid.*** ☐ Introductory size of "Mum" 10c postpaid. ☐ Send me free authoritative leaflet.

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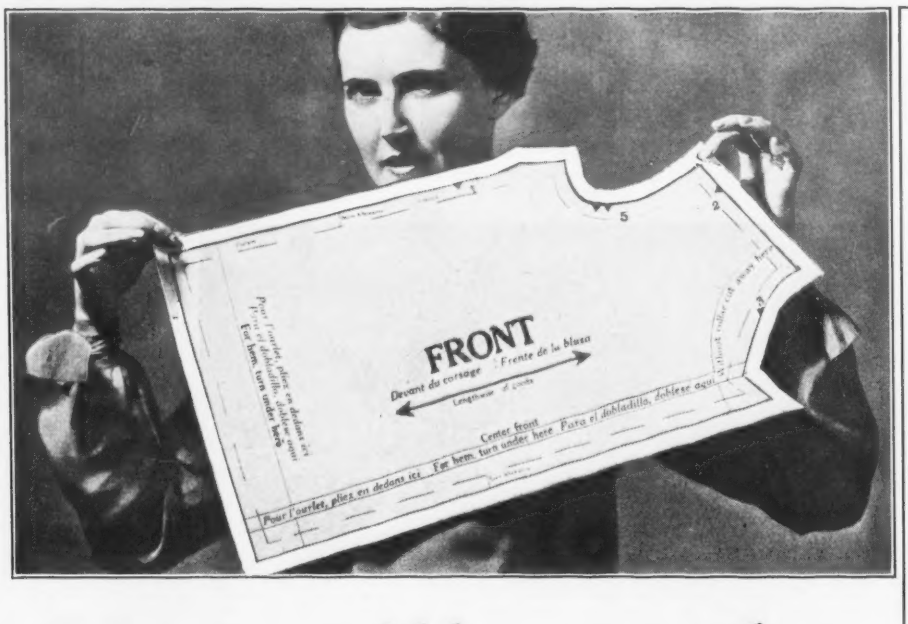


You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

MAKERS OF FINE FURNITURE FOR MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS

The new breakfast sets by Heywood-Wakefield furnish that cheery, colorful atmosphere necessary to the modern home. The new finishes and designs now on display at your dealer's are unusually striking. The prices, too, are pleasing

Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Company, 209 Washington St., Boston, Mass., to cover mailing our new edition of "Color Furniture in the Home," a book on interior decoration.

East Injy

(Continued from Page 13)

"His ship and his wife, they say, Amasa Brimblecomb loved. His ship was the Lucky Beggar's Prize, and his young wife was my grandmother, Elizabeth. And he loved his little son, Jamie, that was my father, and this house that the Brimblecomb before him had built, where they all lived together when the Prize had docked.

"Well," said Miss Brimblecomb, sighing, "Amasa'd always have to sail away again. On returning from his fifth voyage round the Horn he came up the plank with Sundy on his shoulder and a queer big jar under his arm. It was East Injy."

Sundy fluttered with a little dry fall to the kitchen floor and stalked there before them, nodding his head. He remembered.

"It wasn't two months before the Prize spread sail again," the old lady said. "There was a load of pepper out of Malabar that Amasa knew would be gold when he got it home. So he stamped off in his gay, sure-certain way. There was half the jar of East Injy ate up when he went; he was fair crazy for it, Amasa was. So Elizabeth made up her mind she'd have more for him when he came back.

"Well, she looked and she studied and she tasted and tasted. And at the very end she'd made a kettleful you couldn't tell, to save your skin, from the Injy the captain had brought home. Then she sealed it up in jars and wrote it all down on a piece of paper. And then she waited for Amasa to come home."

"OLD WIDGER kept the Light in those days. When he saw the clipper fleet come in Old Widger would run up the flag on the lighthouse, over there on the Neck. And some woman would see it, here in the town. But if ever one ship was missing Old Widger stopped the flag halfway.

"Elizabeth was in the garden—September it was. And she heard a calling, 'Old Widger's flag is going up!'

"Elizabeth ran up all the stairs to the top of the house, opened the skylight in the roof and stood there, on the little scuttle steps, looking out over the roofs to the Light. The flag had stopped halfway. She always said she knew right then what ship it was hadn't come home.

"When they came to tell her she just nodded and shut the door. Then she went into the kitchen and took the East Injy recipe off the shelf and carried it into the front room and put it where it lies today."

Miss Brimblecomb's echo of a voice died off. "'Twas handed down a secret to my mother, and a secret I'll keep it to my grave. Many's the woman has tried to wheedle it out of me, but no one would make it like we Brimblecombs make it—for love and pride."

Mr. Mac swung off the table. "I'm going to show Melissa Lane the scuttle stairs—if I may?" He smiled query at the dreamer in the rocking-chair.

"YES, indeed," she said, growing complacent as she smoothed her brown cloth lap. "All put together with pegs, they are, Miss Lane. The whole house is."

"Where to?" Mr. Mac asked later, when they stood outside the door.

"It's just a step, really. To the ferry. I'm a guest on the Samothrace—it belongs to Richard Candish," Melissa said, her pride belying the conversational note.

"The canning king?"

She laughed at his mockery. After all, it was tribute. And he was an extraordinarily likable person, this lazy Mr. Mac. From the tender, across the widening water, she waved to him, where he lounged on the pier, as to an old friend.

Queer that one could find romance elsewhere, when one was so terribly in love! For she was recklessly, deliciously in love with Dick.

HIS work was done for the day, and the rest of the day he devoted to her. They stood at the rail.

"A day or so more and we'll move on down to the Cape," he said. "That is, if you care to?"

She nodded. She would always care to do what he elected in that certain voice.

"Where did you go, little Lissa, away by yourself on shore?"

"Oh, all round the town. It's fascinating. So ancient and sleepy!" Dimly she realized reluctance to talk of it.

"Tell me what you saw."

"Oh, an old house—a place where they sell old china. It's all put together with pegs, Dick; no nails in it at all." How silly not to tell Dick all about it!

Dick said, "Take me to see it tomorrow, will you? I'll let poor Jinks have the morning off, and we two'll go bumming."

"I'd adore to. Dick, there's the most marvelous old lady in that house, and she makes the most incredible preserve. . . ."

They were mounting the little wooden stair; Melissa knocked lightly. "Miss Brimblecomb! You don't mind my bothering you so soon again? The yacht's going out soon, and I wanted to bring Dick. . . . This is Mr. Candish, Miss Brimblecomb."

Dick's glossy head was courtly over the little old hand.

"I WAS telling Mr. Candish about East Injy," she said impulsively. "He could really appreciate it—he knows all about spices and fruits and conserves. It's his business, you know."

"Indeed!" said Miss Brimblecomb. She still stood, courteous, formal.

"As a small boy," Dick explained, "I never got enough jam, of course. That determined my career." Miss Brimblecomb smiled indulgently. "Would you," Dick went on—"let an admirer—a small boy still—taste East Injy?"

"Oh, do!" urged Melissa.

"Why, certainly!" Miss Brimblecomb turned to the passage. "I should be happy to give you a jar."

"Oh, no!" His protest was shocked. "But might I come along to the kitchen? Melissa says it's a wonderful place."

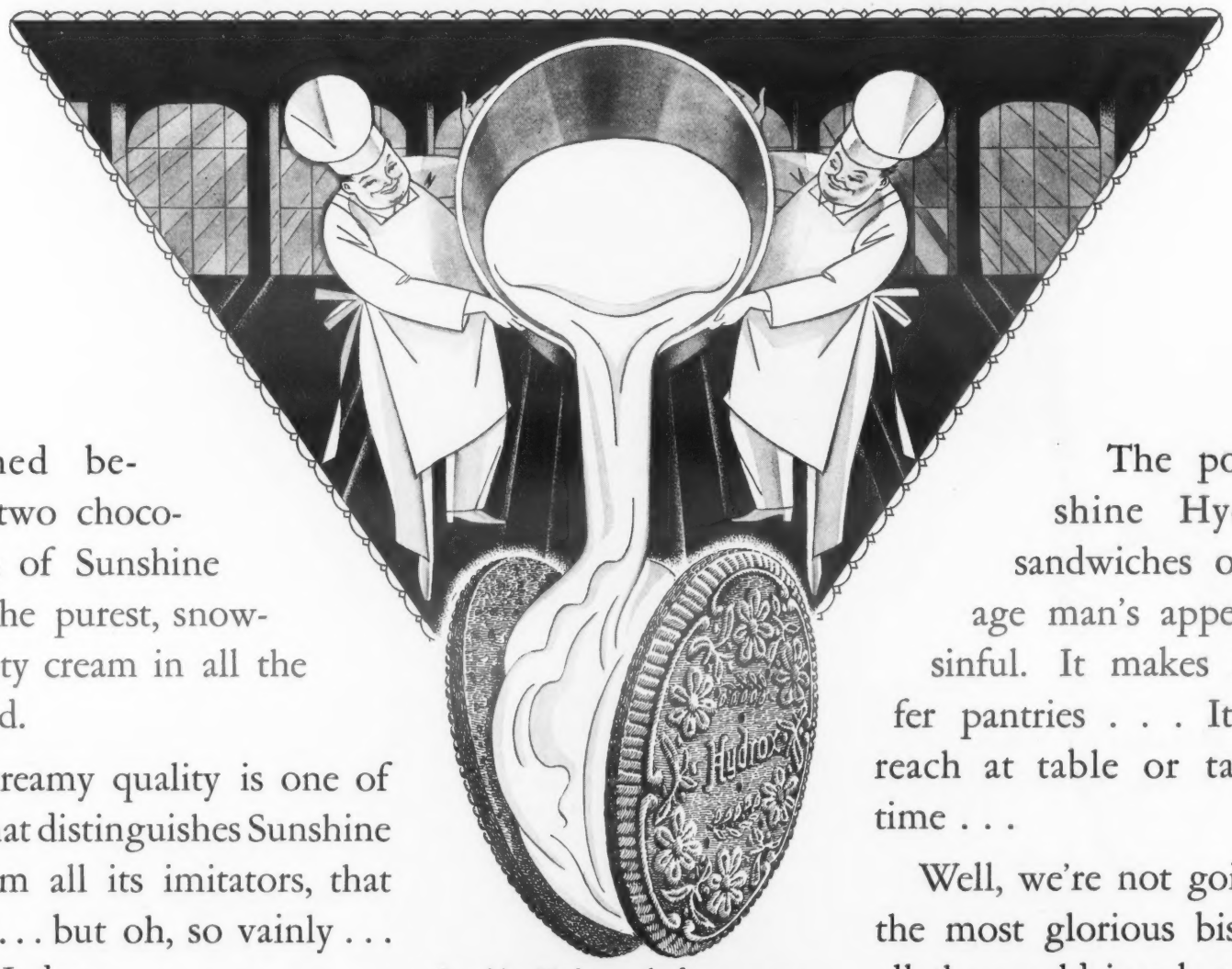
Lissa watched his big white-flanneled figure swing after Miss Brimblecomb out the doorway. She adored, she said to herself, watching Dick get what he wanted. Even—even herself. She was flushing, tremulously laughing, when she heard the outer door open. Mr. Mac, passing the doorway, halted.

"Hello, there!" He came in, disreputable in stained corduroy, his hat crumpled in one hand, a canvas held gingerly in the other.

"Hello! Where have you been?" Melissa pulled herself from perilous preoccupation over Dick.

(Continued on Page 157)

NEVER did you see such velvety, *velvety* cream



Imprisoned between the two chocolate cookies of Sunshine Hydrox is the purest, snow-white, velvety cream in all the cookie world.

Its fine creamy quality is one of the things that distinguishes Sunshine Hydrox from all its imitators, that try so hard . . . but oh, so vainly . . . to be like Hydrox.

Just take a wee pinch of this delicate Hydrox fondant and rub it between your thumb and forefinger. It liquefies almost instantly. This is indeed evidence of fine quality ingredients and digestibility.

Sunshine Hydrox—the famous cream-filled chocolate cookie sandwich

The power of Sunshine Hydrox cookie sandwiches over the average man's appetite is almost sinful. It makes husbands pilfer pantries . . . It makes them reach at table or take two at a time . . .

Well, we're not going to destroy the most glorious biscuit recipe in all the world just because it's nullifying the Book of Etiquette . . . no ma'am . . . you'll always find Sunshine Hydrox at your grocer's.

He carries Hydrox in charming bon-bon packages . . . or by the pound.

The most useful cracker in the house

Sunshine Krispy Cracker . . . a dainty salted cracker . . . is baked in a new way so that it is flakier and crisply browned. It is served with soups, salads, desserts, cheese, jellies . . . oh . . . with almost everything!

Sunshine

..well worth saying whenever you want

CRACKERS
COOKIES
CAKES

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES
of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.

A health cookie for baby

Doctors recommend Sunshine Arrowroot Biscuit as early as the sixth month . . . it's so easily digested. Because it's for your baby, Sunshine Bakers are particularly fussy about the cleanliness of its ingredients.

How your toothbrush looks—

has a lot to do with the looks of your teeth

MOST PEOPLE keep on using their toothbrushes after honest service has impaired the polishing and cleansing qualities.

No brush, however excellent, can really whiten and brighten teeth after it's worn out. That is why we offer this reminder—*and warning*—to all who use toothbrushes.

If you will today let one of these new DR. WEST'S brushes replace your old one, you'll find results a pleasant surprise.

Millions use DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. Its small size and correct design make proper brushing easy. Therefore, teeth whiten amazingly. Now the correct original design is given still greater effectiveness—by the use of premium quality materials.

Your druggist has new DR. WEST'S brushes for each member of your family. Adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c. Each is sterilized, carefully sealed, and fully guaranteed. Get some today, and discover how quickly teeth can be made brighter, whiter.

TO BRUSH TEETH
as dentists advise

Use a good dentifrice. Brush always away from gums, towards cutting edges of teeth. *With* the crevices, never *across*. Do this twice daily. Use a new DR. WEST'S Toothbrush—recommended because specially designed to make correct brushing easy. Do this, nothing more, and your teeth will soon show new whiteness.

HERE YOU SEE WHY

Note how the special bristles, used only in new DR. WEST'S brushes, remain always erect. See how they enter and sweep crevices. Note, too, how easily you cleanse behind teeth far back, or the inner curve—danger spots!—as well as the front teeth.

© 1929, W. B. M. Co.

How does the toothbrush you used this morning compare with these?

(Continued from Page 154)

"Dabbling at a sketch—Illyria." He flashed the little canvas toward her, and she had a glimpse of the cave mouth and the view beyond, where she had met him.

Melissa was at the window, waiting, though unconsciously, for Dick.

"Wraa-awk!" said Sundy, and dragged over the threshold.

"Knows my voice when I come home," said Mr. Mac, taking him up.

Melissa turned. "You live here with Miss Brimblecomb?"

"Through the lazy summer. She keeps an indulgent eye upon me—feels me her chief responsibility, except for Sundy. Sundy oughtn't to be in these sacred purlieus. He's a terrible old snooper—always meddling with these lovely breakable old bits that lie around. So—scoot!" He tossed the parrot into the entry.

"Fancy going as far back as Sundy!"

"All the Brimblecombs go way back. Their forbear here you know, was one of the original Guernsey settlers."

"Really?"

"It's all in her Bible, I believe." He rambled over to an ancient secretary, where the great clasped Book lay on a shelf. "Let's see." He took it down and turned the cover back.

MELISSA looked over his shoulder. "What endless entries! And dim with time!" She put out an indolent hand and flipped the thick pages. They fell open where a paper lay folded; she twitched the corner up and stared.

"East Injy!"

His stained finger came down on a line across the page where it lay: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord."

"Then it was here that Elizabeth laid it away," she whispered.

Squawking, Sundy sidled in again unabashed. Then came quick steps down the passage, Miss Brimblecomb's sounding perturbation.

"No, no!" she was saying. "It's not to be spoken of!" Dick was close behind her. "I should have thought," she said, reproof edging her voice as she came in, "Miss Lane would have made that clear."

A pang went through Melissa. "Why—what, Dick?"

"I'm afraid I've hurt Miss Brimblecomb," he said.

"It's quite all right, Mr. Candish," said the old lady. "The receipt is not for sale. There's no more to be said."

"Oh, Dick, you didn't!"

He cast her a rueful brown glance, then turned to Miss Brimblecomb and took her hand gently, bending over it. "I'm forgiven? After all, it's a form of appreciation to want it, isn't it?"

"It's quite all right, Mr. Candish," said Miss Brimblecomb waiting for them to go.

They went, Melissa flushing, casting a pleading glance at the upright little lady as she said good-by.

"Dick, you shouldn't have!" They were down the street before she spoke.

He tucked her hand in his arm. "I felt as though I'd sneezed in church," he agreed. "But what stuff, Lissa! You know yourself"—he turned his rueful glance on her—"one taste is a torture!"

SHE laughed, yielding to his pressure of her hand, relented and returned a quick shy pressure of her own.

Miss Brimblecomb had been really upset. She flitted to her room, not pausing for a word to the young man at the window. He stared unseeingly out at the hollyhocks for a moment, then lifted himself out of abstraction and rambled out of the room.

Sundy, under the tip table, watched him depart with a gleaming eye. After a little he fluttered to the table top and roved judiciously among the china pieces. A wind with the smell of sun-warmed hollyhocks came in the window and rustled the leaves of the unclasped Bible, blew a yellow sheet to the floor. Sundy fluttered down and sidled toward it, his eyes filming wisely.

Next morning the Samothrace still ruled the harbor. The young man in the cliff-side cave, dabbling cobalt and purple on his palette, whistled with a muted sibilance through the teeth that clenched his unlit pipe.

At the soft slap of rubber soles he looked up and laid down his brush with unrepressed happiness.

"Hello, there!" Melissa said. "Thought I'd find you here." She dropped on the rock and pulled off her crushy blue hat. "You know"—she was staring at the sea—"I never thought, when I brought him, that Dick would make that offer."

"I'LL bet it was a handsome offer," he said genially.

"That doesn't matter—much." But she was grateful to him. "The point is, I didn't bring him for that."

"I know it," he said, smiling at her.

Comforting man. "Do you think you could persuade Miss Brimblecomb of that?" she begged wistfully.

"Of course," said Mr. Mac. There was silence. "You've not gone," said he then foolishly.

Melissa laughed. "No," she said a little doubtfully. "Dick decided to wait over another day. I don't just know when he means to go."

"Does he command the tides too?"

Melissa flushed. "He usually does get what he wants," she admitted.

Mr. Mac was painting again, in strokes of casual certainty. "You know, there were pirate captains roving this coast in the old days too; old Quelch himself used to drop anchor in the harbor here. But it was Marblehead men ran him down, and he swung in Boston. Seems a pity; there's a charm about those fellows."

Melissa hovered between resentment and laughter. "They got things done, anyway," she said.

He sighed. "I know. It's a gift." He pottered over the paints. "And how their female victims love the boot heel on their prostrate bosoms!"

Melissa got up. "I'll be going," she said sharply.

"All right. I'm coming myself."

She had to wait, biting her lip, while he swiftly packed paints and brushes, unscrewed and folded the easel. He looked up, smiling. "All set. Thanks for letting me come along with you," he said gently.

DISARMED, Melissa smiled back, and they mounted the cliff rocks. There was a relaxed quality about him that removed necessity for conversation. But as they sloped down again into the outskirts of the town he asked interestedly, "What things do you find worth doing?"

"Me?" She laughed, nonplused. "Just live, I guess. I supply part of the applause."

"That must accomplish a great deal," he said gravely. "It would be considerable incentive," he added, lest she mistake his seriousness.

Melissa was touched. "Your painting," she began kindly—"do you do mostly landscapes?"

"Seascapes," he said.

"It must be nice to have a talent," Melissa said wistfully.

"Must be nice to make a lot of money too," he said heartily. They were at the corner of Miss Brimblecomb's street. "I suppose," he queried, "that you've got a lot more respect, for example, for the fellows that got together all that money in the Marine Merchants' vaults than for, say, the man who decorated the place up with those murals?"

Melissa turned her head and stared at him. "Mac! That's for MacMurtie, then! You do those marvelous marine murals—you're Rowan MacMurtie!"

He nodded humbly, rumpling his rumpled hair in embarrassment. "It's just painting," he urged.

(Continued on Page 159)

Praise is the Sweetest Music to a woman's ears . . . and these Dishes surely bring it!

Perfection Salad

WHAT a satisfaction there is in preparing a meal if you know that it is going to be complimented. Yet it is often taxing on your imagination and resources to vary menus or dishes in order to win this praise.

With Knox Sparkling Gelatine you can prepare delicious, unusual dishes simply, quickly and economically. And every one of these Knox creations is the kind that brings forth those welcome words, "This is simply delicious."

Try the dessert and salad featured here. Notice how inexpensive the ingredients are. See how simple each recipe is. And you can prepare these dishes long before you start your meal, and put them in your refrigerator.

In Mrs. Knox's recipe books are over a hundred other recipes. Many are especially appropriate for children. For Knox Sparkling Gelatine is famous for promoting strength and growth. It is a pure protein, hence a perfect food.

Using Knox Sparkling Gelatine is real economy, for each package makes four different salads or desserts of six generous servings each. Recipes are in every package. Your grocer has Knox Gelatine. Mrs. Knox's recipe books will be sent you *free*. When writing, please give the name of your grocer. Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 113 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

LEMON JELLY—A FOUNDATION RECIPE

(6 *servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
¼ cup lemon juice
Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and salt, and stir until dissolved; then add lemon juice. Pour into wet mold and chill. Use any fancy mold or any plain cooking bowl in your kitchen; or this may be molded by using individual molds or small cups.

This recipe is the foundation for nearly all desserts and salads made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. The jelly may be served plain as a dessert with a custard sauce, whipped cream, fruit or fruit juices. Or, the jelly may be used as a plain salad on lettuce leaves with a salad dressing, or fruit or vegetables may be added—any leftover fruit or vegetables may be utilized in this way.

Other jellies are made in the same way, except that the fruit juice is substituted for the hot water in the recipe and one tablespoonful lemon juice is added instead of the one-fourth cup in the recipe. The amount of sugar used when desserts or salads are made with fresh or canned fruits varies according to the acidity of the fruit—with canned fruits using less sugar than with fresh fruit.

ORANGE JELLY is made the same as Lemon Jelly except that one cup orange juice is substituted for the boiling water.

* * *

PERFECTION SALAD

(6 *servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup mild vinegar
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoonful salt
½ cup cabbage, finely shredded
1 cup celery, cut in small pieces
1 pimento, cut in small pieces, or 2 tablespoonfuls sweet red or green pepper

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. When mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce or endive. Garnish with mayonnaise or boiled dressing made with gelatine, or cut in cubes, and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or turn into molds lined with canned pimentos. (A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.)

* * *

Your grocer has canned fruits, vegetables and fish that can be wonderfully combined with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

All think alike about *the pause that refreshes*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

SHOPPERS, especially, like to meet at soda fountains—to pause, join friends, and be refreshed. Nowhere else is so bright and cheerful, so inviting and convenient. Such meetings have much of the sociability of an afternoon tea. And many of these groups meet by appointment, calling their gatherings "Coca-Cola Clubs." ▼ ▼ ▼ The charm of Coca-Cola is proclaimed at all fountains—because everybody thinks alike about this pure drink of natural flavors, served ice-cold, with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment. The little red sign—around the corner from anywhere—is a standing invitation to pause and refresh yourself.

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

(Continued from Page 157)

"Just painting!" she echoed, laughing at him, rejoicing at the revelation.

A chorus of high chatter, voices like the breaking of glass and the clinking of tin, interrupted, with the slam of a door. Melissa stopped short before Miss Brimblecomb's door. Gertie and Eloise were fluttering down, the men behind them.

"My dear, the most precious junk!"

"Why ——" said Melissa, staring.

Dick came down past the others, slipping an arm through hers. Under the other arm he had a little teapot with a swan upon the lid. "Had to have the teapot, Lissa," he said. "Will you like it?"

"Why ——" said Melissa again. "Yes, of course, Dick. How sweet of you—Mr. MacMurtie ——" She turned to gather him into the group, but already he was opening the door. He threw her down a friendly nod and slipped in quietly.

Entering the house's ancient umber, dazzle left behind him, MacMurtie found Miss Brimblecomb standing amid the clutter of china, handkerchief to her lips.

"They are your friends," she said repressedly, "but I do think, Mr. Mac, that they are most queer people."

HER thin hands fingered the handkerchief again. "Most queer people. Mr. Candish was playing with the teapot, and all of a sudden he said he would take it. He wouldn't wait for me to wrap it, even. He just tucked it under his arm and wrote a check—for twenty dollars—and tucked the check under that candlestick there, and off they went."

She was removing the folded slip of pink paper from under the candlestick distastefully. McMurtie, turning to prop his canvas against the wall, heard a sound, hoarse like Sundy's note but fainter.

"It's for twenty thousand dollars!"

Miss Brimblecomb's face twisted up like an old dry berry.

"It's for East Injy!" She clenched her wrinkled fists in a queer gesture of imprecation. "But I won't! I won't!"

The young man, with a sudden dark light in his eye, lifted the unclasped Bible from the secretary, fluttered the leaves.

"Why, it's gone!" Miss Brimblecomb's cry broke the quiet, left it tattered. She stumbled, and MacMurtie caught her, while she cried her outrage in his arms. . . .

His trip to the yacht was fruitless; the party, a sailor told him, was on a motor trip. They'd be back late tonight.

MacMurtie wondered what he would have said to Candish, anyway—and whether he would have been able to say nothing at all to Melissa Lane.

It was very late when the motor purred down to the ferry side, and with crumpled staggers the passengers piled out.

IN THE tender Dick never looked at Melissa, and she grew shaken with expectancy. Once aboard the yacht, the others went immediately below; Dick walked forward and stood for long minutes in consultation with an officer. Hesitant by the rail Melissa stood, holding her fluttering wrap around her. Dick turned.

He came up smiling, tucked her arm in his and turned her down the deck.

"Are you mine, little Lissa?"

She said below her breath, laughing with helpless joy: "You seem to know."

For half an hour out of all life, they paced the deck slowly together, while the moon mounted and the tide came pulsing in. Melissa knew with delicious terror that control of herself was gone.

Dick chose now to tumble out confessions with magnificent abandon, and Melissa brushed them from his lips with thrilling finger tips. Nothing mattered now—nothing!

"Oh, there's a lot I'll have to be absolved of," he warned her tenderly.

She was still murmuring reckless laughter when he took a paper from an inner pocket. Melissa had it in her fingers before she knew.

"Providence simply put it in my hands," Dick was chuckling.

Mechanically Melissa unfolded it in the hard white light. "'Take greengage plums, three quarts ——'"

She closed it swiftly and turned to him—life, self, coursing through her, back again. "Dick, how did you get this?"

"You know that blessed little teapot with the birdie on it? I was fiddling with that—lifted the cover—and there this thing was! I made the check out to the old lady for a whopping big sum, and she never even looked. Lissa, can't you see the stuff in fat little pots, with the East Injy label? They'll be crazy about it!"

SLOWLY Melissa folded up the recipe and slipped it between her gown and the slim dip of her breast. "Dick, you can't possibly take this."

"I've got it," he said with finality.

"You can't possibly," she said again softly, between clenched teeth. She turned to him, appeal shining in her eyes: "Don't you see?"

He met her eyes levelly. "No," he said, "I don't."

"Then it's no use—none of it's any use. I'm done with you, and you with me." She was sobbing, running to the companionway. "Oh, thank God, I'm my own!"

Just outside her cabin door he caught her by the wrist. "Come, darling," he said. "Give that thing back to me or you know I'll take it, sweetheart."

She stared. "You think you could!" she blazed; and flung herself inside.

His voice came, teasing: "See you in the morning. I've slipped a good-night kiss under the door."

She heard him go. And after a little she heard the shriek of the windlass, the feet of sailors moving on the deck.

The moonlight in the town was a still spell, not moving magic as at sea. MacMurtie watched it from his high north window, biting his pipe, biting on the soreness of his heart.

He thought of Elizabeth bending over her caldron, tasting and testing—and it was Melissa he saw, laughing above the steam. He thought of that woman running down the street. Looking out, he saw her. Yes, he saw her, heard her flying footfalls, saw her white breathless face, and it was Melissa's. Yes—it was Melissa's! He was down the stairs in swift leaps.

She was leaning on the little rail when he opened the door, her dress dripping.

"Oh, I did get here! Where's Miss Brimblecomb?"

They were in the shop. He was in a crazy heaven of the serenest happiness, until she began to laugh a little, recklessly.

"It's East Injy. I've got it. Oh, I hope the ink didn't run!"

"The ink didn't run?" he repeated.

"No, it didn't!" She glanced at something taken from her dress. "I swam, you see. From the yacht. The anchor was already up."

Padded footfalls made the stairs creak, and Miss Brimblecomb's demand came with sibilant courageousness: "Who's there?"

"We are, Miss Brimblecomb," MacMurtie said clearly. "Melissa has brought East Injy back to you."

IN A CHILL little room smelling of old wood Melissa got into dry garments of extraordinary chastity.

"When you're ready come downstairs and warm up by the fire," he had said.

She sat beside him on the little settle a few moments later. "The yacht's gone, you know. I'd never go back. Do you think she'll let me stay here tonight?"

"I think I could persuade her to," he said. And he slipped an arm about her.

"You know, you're something of a pirate yourself," she said in a small voice.

Behind them came a slippered shuffle in the doorway. Miss Brimblecomb was above them, arms wide in a benediction.

"My dears, my dears, how beautiful!" Her face was radiant with dreams that never knew fulfillment—imperishable thus. "And there will be heirs I shall leave East Injy to!"

"Beautiful headlines

ARE THE RESULT OF SKILLFUL COMBING"

says Martin from Vienna prominent New York hairdresser

whose Fifth Avenue establishment is patronized by smart women

THE plainest face may oftentimes reveal a beauty hitherto concealed when soft curls are combed forward over the forehead, or in front of the ears.

Combs for dressing the hair, stimulating the scalp—and for dry shampooing, should be selected with the same care that one selects her hairdresser—her modiste.

Ace Combs are made to suit all needs. There are eight and nine inch combs for daily use to comb out tangles and generally place the hair—there are various smaller size Ace Purse and Pocket Combs to be tucked away in one's handbag for occasional use during the day or after removing the hat. There are Ace Dry Shampoo Combs for removing dust and dandruff.

ACE COMBS

Ace Combs, made of the purest Hard Rubber, are sanitary, efficient and enduring. So perfectly moulded are their teeth that they cannot catch the hair or injure the most delicate scalp. There are no better combs made—or made of better material for the purpose than ACE COMBS. Always insist on ACE COMBS.

Wherever you find this Cabinet displayed there is an assortment from which to select all the ACE COMBS *you need. Drug and Department stores everywhere sell* ACE COMBS.

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.

A genuine Ace Bobbed Hair Comb, for example, may be purchased at any toilet goods or notion counter or, you may send us twenty-five cents and we will supply one together with our book "Current Styles in Hair Combing".

L.H.J.2

American Hard Rubber Company
11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for book, "Current Styles in Hair Combing" and sample Ace Comb as mentioned above. Please send to

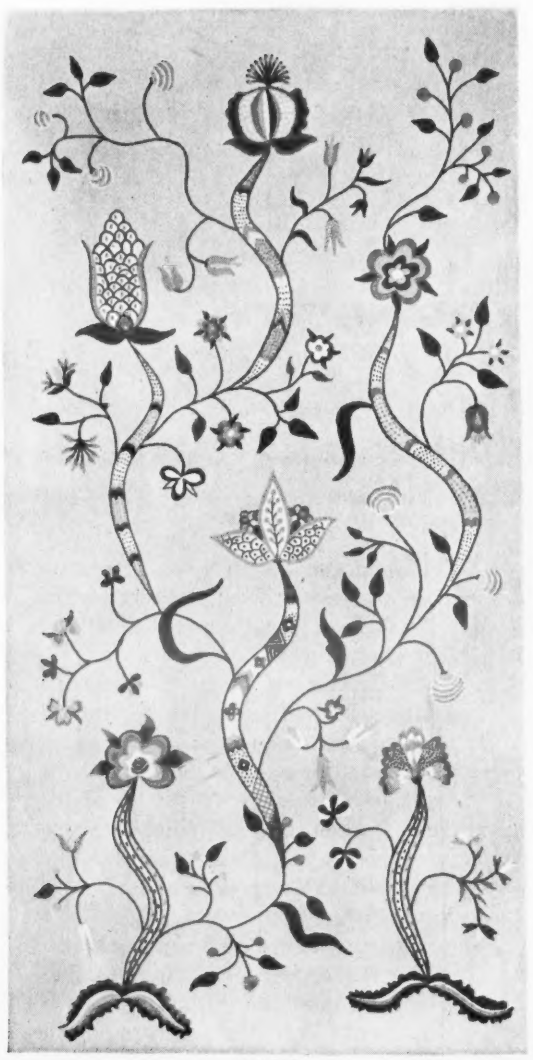
Name .....

Address .....

CW 103

Antique Crewelwork Bed Hangings

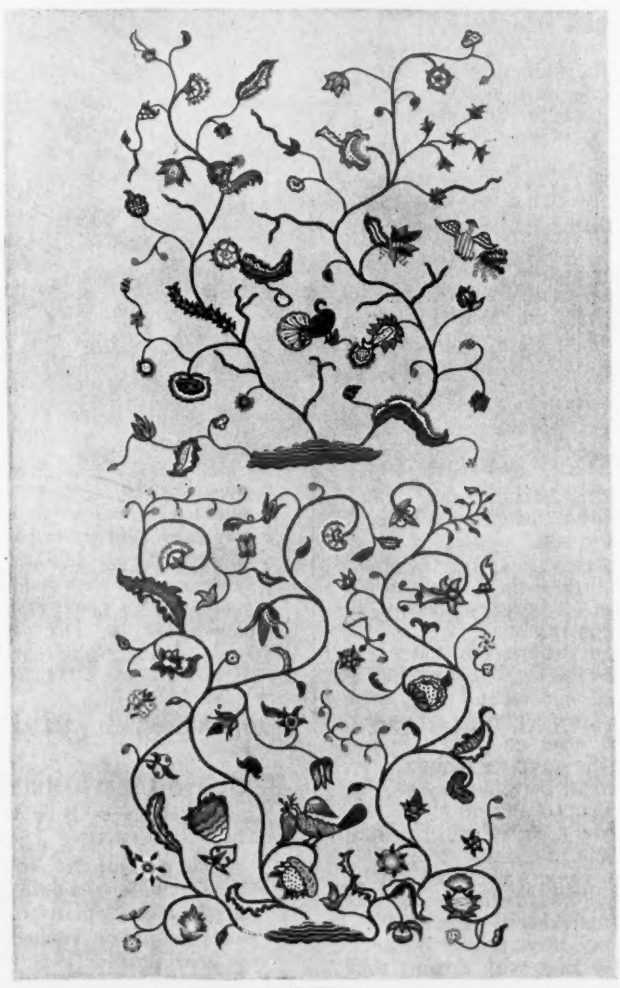
REPRODUCED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART AND THE LENOX HILL STUDIOS



CW 101

PHOTO. BY DANA MERRILL

CW 102



CW 104

THE history of the crewelwork embroidery which appears in such fascinating forms in various countries goes back through centuries, always closely related to the art of the period in which it is done.

The handsome bed hangings which are reproduced here through the courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art are displayed on a bed in the fine old pine-paneled room coming from Hampton, New Hampshire, dated 1649, and now a part of the American Wing of the museum. The entire set, which is shown here, consists in the original of a spread, evidently pieced, two side curtains and a valance. For the homemaker, the individual pieces may be had separately.

It is not often that we have the opportunity of making up for our modern uses the extraordinarily beautiful designs of older days. These designs make, of course, the most handsome bed ensemble imaginable, and one which harmonizes perfectly with innumerable styles of decoration in addition to the early American or English one for which it was originally created. They may also be adapted for table covers, pillows and window draperies.

The work is based on the patterns of East India prints.

The originals, done on heavy, unbleached linen, aged now to a lovely, pale coffee tone, are peculiarly exquisite in coloring, the very fine wools which were used probably being hand dyed. Almost the same effects may be gotten, however, with our modern wools, so that the beauty of the coloring, which, miraculously, has not been lost in the passage of time, may be retained in modern reproductions.

In design No. CW 104, for instance, the wavy ground effect at the very bottom is done in green, beginning at the bottom with a very dark blue-green and working up through eight shades to a very light yellow. The bird has chocolate-brown legs, a body crosshatched in green with red dots, wings shading from brown through deep red to a light grayed pink, a blue-and-green tail, blue neck.

About him are flowers combining six shades of grayed blue, six shades of brownish red working up to white-pink, three shades of sulphur yellow. The use of shading and the combination of several shades of one color are characteristic of the particular type of embroidery and of the period.

Flowers may be worked entirely in one color, the leaf at the base beginning in a very pale, almost white tone and passing through six gradually deepening tones to an almost gray, very dark version of the same color. Or several colors may be employed in one flower—such as yellow, green, pink, red. Each petal, however, will repeat the same process and shade either from the center out, or vice versa, from a very light tone of the color to a very much darker one. The general trend of the colors is toward a grayed effect, yet careful juxtaposition of colors gives a brilliant and striking effect.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Special Transfers, to order, $1.00; Dresses, 50 cents.

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They like to show their friends

. . . THIS FASCINATING WAY TO SHOP

It has come to countless women as a discovery they like to talk about. A delightful adventure!

It is a unique plan of shopping that has swept the country—that has swiftly become a nation-wide vogue.

Here women are entirely free to choose for themselves when they buy foods. They shop as they please. No delays, no hurry. Just the choice foods of the world with prices plainly marked, waiting for them to help themselves.

Women like to show their friends this fascinating way to shop. Week after week they bring new customers to Piggly Wiggly by the thousands. It is such an easy way to cut costs and still serve more tempting meals.

Famous foods

Within easy reach, famous packages and cans and crisp, colorful fruits and vegetables are spread before you at Piggly Wiggly. Each item with its own big price tag.

What a pleasure it is to take what you please from the shelves—to make your own decision with no clerk to persuade you! Good ideas for dishes come easily when you shop this way.

And what a saving you make in the cost of groceries at Piggly Wiggly! Prices are consistently low every day in the week with our special plan of operation.

You can surprise your husband in two ways—with larger savings and with more tempting things to eat. Try this delightful plan of shopping. Visit the Piggly Wiggly store in your neighborhood.

The finest kinds of each food selected for you to choose from

PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

A SERVICE NOW OFFERED IN OVER 800 CITIES AND TOWNS

BRIGHTEN the interior of your home with *new* transfer decorations.

Beautiful floral subjects in rich natural colors, designed to blend harmoniously with any background. Durable, washable and lasting.

These decorations are made up in groups of twelve—sufficient variety of sizes and shapes to decorate a living room, dining room, bedroom or nursery.

Violet— 12 Decorations—$1.00
Rose— 12 Decorations— 1.00
Nursery—12 Decorations— 1.00

No experience needed. Dip in water. Slide decoration off the paper. *Dealers in all principal cities.*

THE MEYERCORD CO.
5339 W. Lake St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Write for free circular showing these new decorations

These dishes are dirty and they should be EASY *to wash*—hard water and soap leave a scummy ring in the dishpan. That scum is the result of soap combining with the hardness in hard water. Have soft water! Add Melo to hard water! See how much more effective the soap is!

Two tablespoonfuls of Melo in the washtubs make clothes whiter. Two tablespoonfuls of Melo in the bathtub give delightfully soft water for bathing.

Melo saves time and labor. It saves from ⅓ to ½ the amount of soap ordinarily used. Melo is only 10 cents a can. Buy 3. Keep one in the kitchen—it's a wonderful dishwasher—one in the laundry, and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

HARD WATER PLUS MEL'O MAKES SOFT WATER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 *cents*

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.

An Ensemble for Southern Wear

Designed by Merle Munn

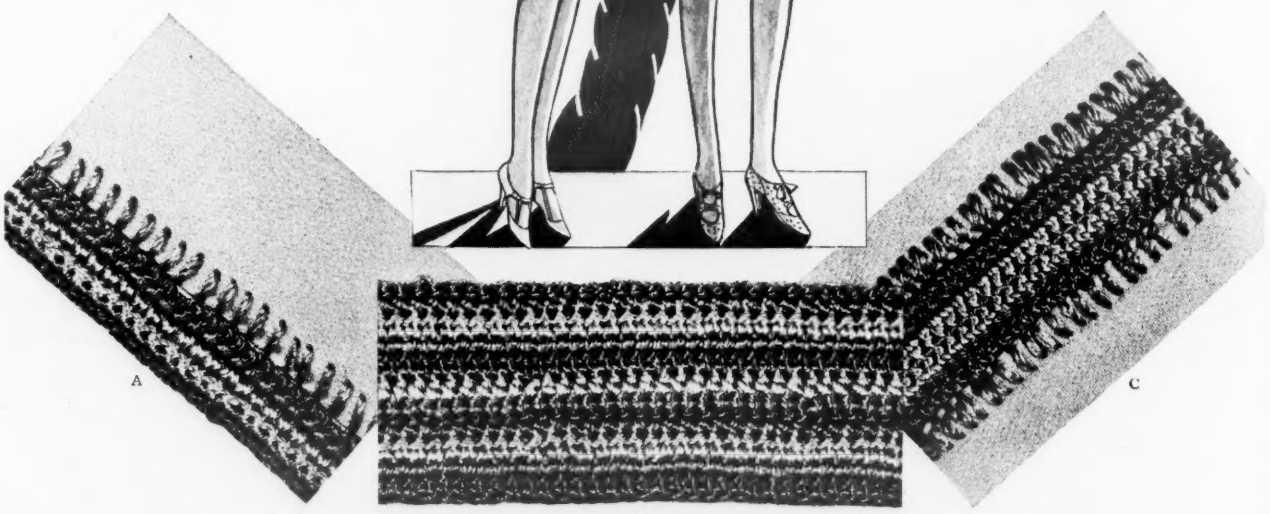
SOUTHERN and summer wear finds the ensemble mode a permanent factor in women's costume considerations. The clever ensemble shown here is a very chic adaptation of a Russian-peasant motif in crocheted trimming, not hard to do and exceptionally effective and interesting—without being in the least "arty"—in the wearing.

The ensemble may be made up for street and town wear in dark colors; black with gray and white, or gray and silver, are particularly chic. Or a variety of exquisite coloring suggests itself for Southern wear and summer occasions. White or very light gray may be trimmed with gray and white, gray with a metal thread, or white and scarlet. Pastel shades may be trimmed with two or three tones of the same color or with brilliant contrasts. Almond-green is very smart and would be effective trimmed with white and black or white and very dark green. Light blue is shown for Southern wear and for summer. If you are the type that can wear very soft pastel color combinations light blue with soft lavender or rose trimmings is smart. Two shades of blue or white and silver are very attractive on light blue. Beige trimmed with navy blue and crimson puts the ensemble into the very definitely and smartly sports class.

MATERIALS. Dress, design No. 5209; coat, design No. 5294; 3 shades of same color as material or 3 contrasting colors; rayon or silk crochet twist, 2 spools—175 yards each—dark, 2 spools medium, 1 spool light; steel crochet hook No. 5; embroidery needle.

The dress pattern is cut as usual, but the regulation ⅜-inch seam allowance is cut away on shoulder, side and armhole seams, and ⅜ of an inch more is turned under and basted. All the edges are then embroidered in blanket stitch with the darkest shade; or a s. c. with chain 1 between each stitch may be worked right into the material if it does not draw the threads. (Fig. C.) Holding wrong side of the work toward you, with the same shade work in s. c.—see stitch directions—in each hole of blanket stitch, making 2 stitches in every 8th stitch or increasing as necessary to prevent work drawing in. Take off the 2 loops of last stitch on row with medium shade, chain 1, turn, work back to end of row in slip stitch—see stitch directions. Attach lightest shade, s. c. 1 row. Work other side of seam to correspond; holding the right sides of both pieces together, join with a s. c. using the darkest shade silk. If desired, the armhole seams may be worked in color matching material.

EDGES. (Fig. A.) Blanket-stitch edges for top of pockets, bottom of skirt and V neck or s. c. into material as for seams and s. c. first row with the same shade. Next row s. c. with medium shade. The third row is worked in half-d. c.—see stitch directions at end of this article—using lightest shade, and s. c. last row with the darkest. In making the edge for V-neck work the two center stitches together every row.



CUFFS. (Fig. B.) Cut sleeve 3½ inches shorter than pattern, work edge as for top of pockets, then with lightest shade s. c. back and forth for 2 inches; repeat stripes.

BELT. Cut belt 1 inch shorter each end than pattern. Work one short end same as top of pocket, chaining 9 stitches on end of last row and fastening in opposite end of row for button loop, chain 1, work 9 s. c. over loop. Blanket-stitch other end of belt and work first row; next row, with same color, work 1 stitch, chain 8 stitches, work last stitch, continue pattern as before, working over the chain, finish as for first end. Crochet cover for button molds, working in stripes as before: 6 s. c. in a ring, then 2 s. c. in each stitch. Third round: 2 s. c. in first st., 1 s. c. in next st.; repeat. Continue to increase until large enough to cover mold, then decrease and draw up work over mold, fasten off.

COAT. Cut back of coat same as pattern. Fold front and front facing of pattern on perforations for center front and cut accordingly. Cut sleeve pattern 2 inches shorter or desired length, allowing for 2-inch crocheted edge. The seams of the coat are not crocheted. Finish coat.

FRONT BANDING. (Coat, Fig. B.) With darkest shade make a chain long enough to extend on front from bottom edge to collar. Make stripes as in dress trimming, working first 2 rows in s. c., next row in half-d. c., and increasing every other row 1 stitch in 2nd stitch from end of top edge only. Repeat the stripes until the band is 2 inches wide, ending with the darkest shade in s. c.

COLLAR. With darkest shade make a chain to extend around neck from center front to center front. Work as for front border, increasing each end every 2nd row. Sew to coat and sew increased edges to end of border.

CUFFS. Repeat border for end of sleeves, working edges even. Work stripes for 1 inch for top of pockets.

Stitch Directions

SINGLE CROCHET. Insert hook in blanket stitch or previous row of crocheting, thread over hook, draw through the stitch, thread over hook and draw through the two loops on hook.

SLIP STITCH. Insert hook into stitch of previous row, thread over hook and draw through stitch and loop on hook.

HALF-DOUBLE CROCHET. Thread over hook and insert hook same as in single crochet; thread over hook, draw through stitch, thread over and draw through all three loops at once.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 45 cents; Coats, 50 cents; Transfers, 25 cents.

CHARM!

THE charming hostess of today keeps at her fascinating best with the revitalizing rest of a half hour in luxurious Comfy Slippers before her party begins . . . . And today the fastidious woman is as careful to have slippers she wears with her boudoir ensembles as modern and charming as though they were to be worn with her latest evening gowns.

The new Daniel Green creations give the final touch to any boudoir costume. Colorful metal brocaded strap mules for tea pajamas or tailored negligee. Feather ornamented D'Orsays for more ornate ensembles trimmed in feathers or lace. Slippers in solid colors or pastel shades in leather or satin for wider and more varied uses.

With hundreds of new and fascinating styles the famous Daniel Green line can supply the slipper needs of every member of the family. Styles just as new and attractive for men and children as for women. Slippers for every purpose and every taste,—in hard or soft sole—in leather, felt or fabric. The new Daniel Green styles shown at your dealer's will be a revelation.

The remarkable popularity of metal brocaded strap mules is easily understood. They are made in such a wide variety of striking patterns that each slipper is highly individual. The fact that they can be worn with almost any kind of negligee costume makes them most practical and useful. In contrast with the plainer colors of tea pajamas or tailored negligees they are especially effective.

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.
MAIN STREET, DOLGEVILLE, N. Y.

Daniel Green
Comfy Slippers

Look for this famous trade-mark, or the name of Daniel Green on the slippers you buy. Daniel Green styles are widely copied in appearance, but never in quality or workmanship. Any reputable dealer can supply you with genuine Comfys.

Daniel Green Comfy Slippers
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PATENTED AUG. 10, 1920

47 Years of Making Fine Slippers for Men, Women and Children

Reach for the can of Pecan Kernels

GOLD MEDAL SHELLED PECANS are always ready for instant use, whether for eating or for use in making cakes, candies, salads, or other delicious dishes. No cracking. No trouble. No waste or dirt. The kernels are sweet and fresh as the day they came from the grove because vacuum packing retains all their flavor intact. 2½-oz., 4-oz., and 8-oz. cans.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name and 25c. We will mail you, postpaid, a regular 2½-oz. can of these selected pecans and a booklet of delicious pecan recipes.

SOUTHLAND PECAN COMPANY, Inc.
Columbus, Georgia, U. S. A.

GOLD MEDAL SHELLED PECANS

Patapar

The NEW Cookery Parchment

gives delightful results!

Have you tried waterless cooking with **PATAPAR,** the new cookery parchment? It gives amazing results. In its clean white folds vegetables cook *in their own juices.* All their natural flavor . . . all their health giving vitamins are saved. No juices escape. Husbands marvel at the results. Jaded appetites revive.

There is no "stunt" to cooking with **PATAPAR.** No expensive equipment. Each sheet can be used over and over again. It brings waterless cooking within the reach of all.

PATAPAR is made by a unique process. There is nothing like it on the market. Comes ten large sheets per envelope. Price 35c per envelope (40c west of Denver). Ask for it today by name . . . at your favorite department, meat, or grocery store.

Booklet free!

You will find a wealth of ideas and recipes for waterless cookery in our 24-page booklet, "Vegetable Parchment Comes into the Kitchen." Send for your copy now.

L.J.29

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Original Makers of Genuine Vegetable Parchment
Patapar Division,
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Please send the booklet, "Vegetable Parchment Comes into the Kitchen" and recipes... **Free.**

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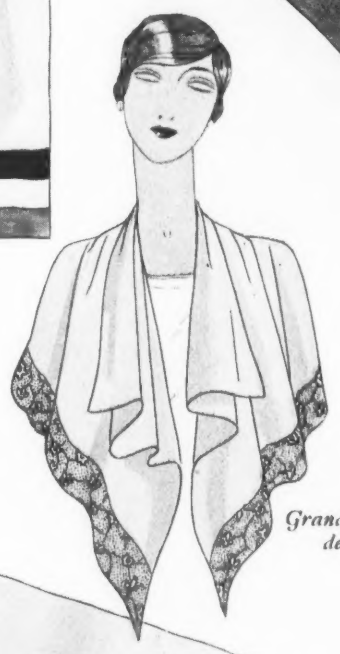
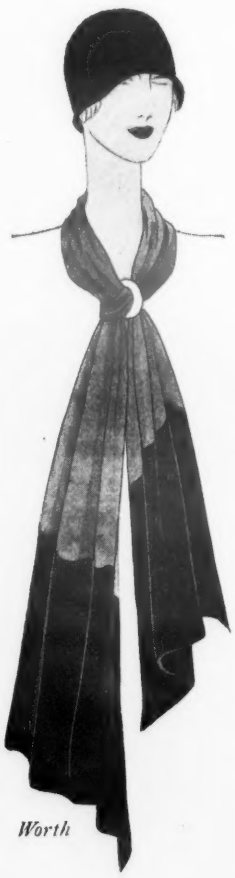
Agnès



Grande Maison de Blanc



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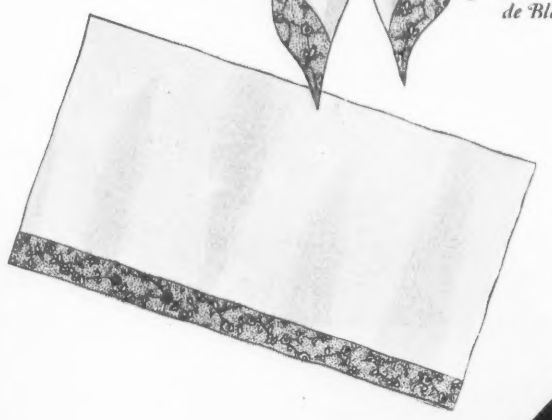
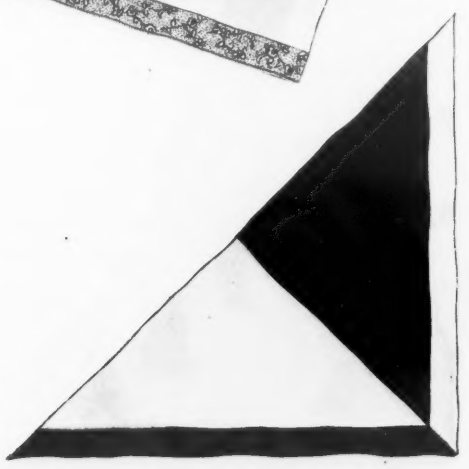


Worth



walter maya

Variety is the Charm of French Scarfs

NO MATTER what the time of day or the occasion, the chic French woman—and her equally chic American sister—wears a scarf to complete her costume. Not a scarf, necessarily, of the same material as her frock, or of the same color, but a scarf which, nevertheless, demonstrates by the subtle means which characterize the new ensembles that it was designed and made to accompany the dress with which it is seen—and to accompany that dress only.

For sports the scarf in the upper left corner, designed by the Grande Maison de Blanc, knots at one shoulder, with long streamer ties. It may be white—of doubled crêpe de chine, with appliquéd stripe of red and blue in the corners, like the original, or in any other combination which harmonizes with the ensemble.

The long scarf designed by Worth and shown in the lower left corner was created in red and king's blue, of heavy crêpe de chine, and the fastening is effected by knotting the ends through a heavy ring of transparent crystal. It is smart worn with a dress, suit or under a coat.

Light evening dresses are accompanied by such a simple, lace-edged chiffon "handkerchief scarf" as that from the Grande Maison de Blanc which is shown in the center. The smartness is in the wearing. To wear with a black frock it may be white with a black-lace edge, or black with an edge of ocher lace. In pastel colors to match the frock it may be edged with lace dyed a darker tone of the same color or with metallic lace.

Agnès' scarf in the upper corner, right, combines a dark and a light shade of the same color. In heavy crêpe de chine, the edges may be rolled or picoted, and the scarf, which is particularly effective with a suit, may be worn with the dark or the light side out.

Another effective Worth scarf, which was designed in black-and-white crêpe marocain, may combine any two effective colors. All are very simple to make as finishing ensemble touches.

Thousands of people are buying Steinways who thought they could not afford them

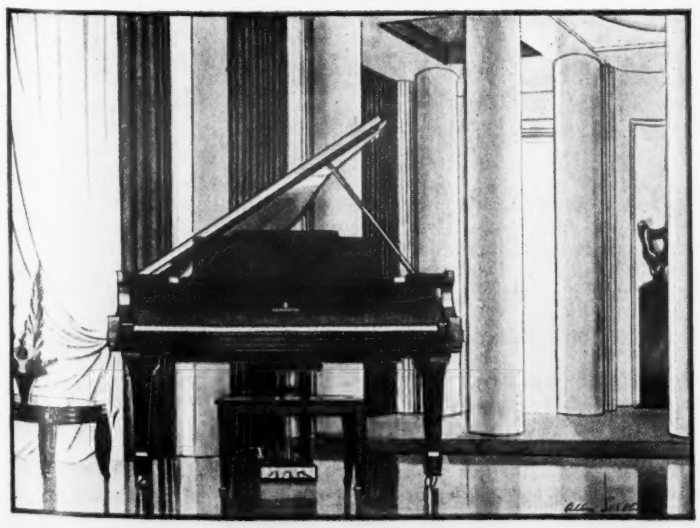
An INTERPRETATION *of* PERCY GRAINGER'S "COLONIAL SONG," *painted for the* STEINWAY COLLECTION *by* EVERETT HENRY

YOU will find Steinways in fourth-floor studios, in three-room apartments, in old stone houses in the country. You will see them in homes of students, teachers, and amateurs with more talent than money. You will encounter them wherever people feel that a good piano is essential for a happy and enlightened life.

These people own not only a good piano, but the best piano it is possible to buy. And they have obtained it simply and easily, without nervous strain or financial inconvenience. It is a fact that the Steinway has been brought within the reach of the most limited income.

It is now possible to buy a Steinway by a convenient payment plan which distributes the cost over a period of two years. A 10% first payment places the instrument in your home at once. And there it will remain, giving its daily measure of delight and satisfaction, for *a whole lifetime of perfect service.*

This means that virtually anyone can have the constant pleasure of the marvelous, singing Steinway tone, Steinway's flexibility and smoothness, Steinway's distinguished name and appearance . . . in short, all those outstanding qualities which have made the Steinway "The Instrument of the Immortals" from the days of Richard Wagner to Percy Grainger.



The Steinway Ebonized Baby Grand —$1375 (*plus transportation*)

There are many Steinway sizes and models, each at a different price. But there is only one quality of Steinway, and that is the best. Drop in today at the nearest Steinway dealer's, and make your selection among the many beautiful instruments on display there. You can have your Steinway *now* . . . and pay for it at your leisure!

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a 10% *cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.*

Prices: $875 *and up—plus transportation*

10% down *balance in two years*

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall
109 West 57th Street, New York

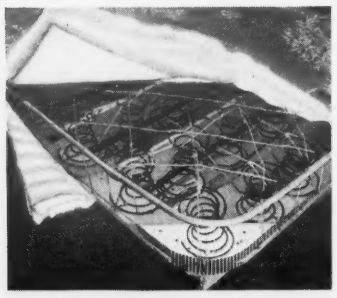
STEINWAY *THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS*

NOW ~

THE ACE BOX SPRING—covered in stunning damask! The medallion pattern (as pictured) in Venetian blue, beige and sea-foam green. A delicate leaf design in rose, light blue, and lilac. With smart taped edges and stitched sides to match your Beautyrest, it completes the gorgeous ensemble!

in handsome Damask covers . . the Ace Box Spring

It matches the Beautyrest in every smart detail



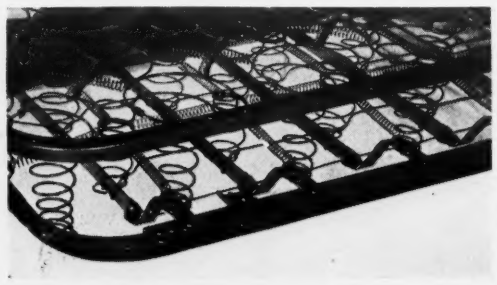
ITS MARVELOUS INNER CONSTRUCTION — the secret of its rare comfort! Frame of seasoned lumber, steel-braced. Best grade of finely tempered Premier wire coils, hand-tied with Italian flax twine. Over coils, a heavy canvas covering. Top and sides thickly upholstered with clean new cotton felt. Resilient and long wearing!

NOW Simmons announces their latest achievement, the Ace Box Spring, covered in the same beautiful damask that everyone is so enthusiastic about in the Beautyrest Mattress.

Like the Beautyrest it is supreme in every detail of construction and finish.

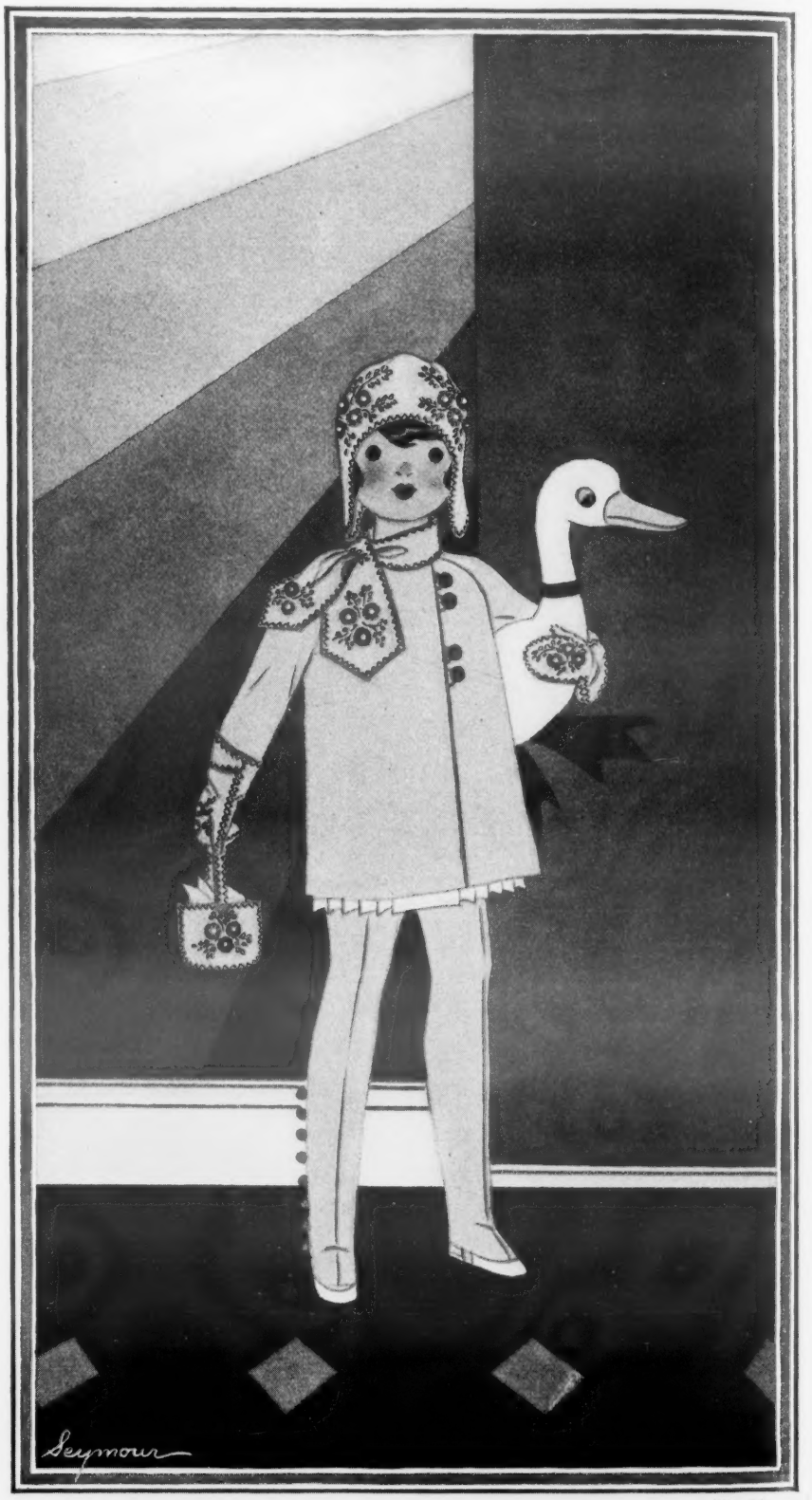
In furniture and department stores, Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

(*Right*) ANOTHER TYPE OF SPRING—Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, light weight, unboxed—famous for sturdy construction, long wear and low price. The coils are close together to afford individual freedom of action and marvelous resiliency. A special banded border protects sheets from tearing. Slip covers may be had at slight additional cost.



SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES



No. 665

Embroidered Felt for a Little Girl

Designed by CHRISTINE FERRY

UNUSUALLY smart is this embroidered felt set that would delight the heart of any young miss. It is not altogether a sport set, but something that she can wear to Sunday school or when shopping or calling with mother. It consists of cap, mittens, scarf and a cunning little bag for her purse and handkerchief.

Felt in a soft shade of light blue is used, and the flowers are embroidered in colored wool. The flowers are three shades of rose in daisy stitch and the leaves are a rather vivid green. The edges are whipped with green and a light shade of rose.

The cap is cut in the delightfully quaint peasant style, having an oval straight back to which the one-piece front section is slightly shirred. The ends of this front piece extend into little tabs several inches below the neckline at the sides of the face. The little scarf is made of a double thickness of the felt and a slit is made in one end, through which the other is passed. A double thickness of felt is also used for the handle of the bag. The mittens are made with a slight cuff at the back of the wrist.

The same floral design is worked on the sides and back of the cap, the ends of the scarf, the side of the bag and the backs of the mittens. The slit in the scarf and the edges of all the articles are whipped with rose and green. The firmness of the felt makes it unnecessary to turn in any hems and the binding is merely a neat and ornamental finish. The four felt articles are included in Transfer Number 665, which comes in one size.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail from Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Felt set transfer, 35 cents.

From Vienna

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BEAUTIFUL BEDS AND BEAUTYREST MATTRESSES ORDERED FROM AMERICA

BY THE *Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld*

THE COUNTESS COLLOREDO MANNSFELD, FORMERLY NORA ISELIN—of the famous New York family, and now a member of two old and illustrious Austrian families. The Countess herself furnished her charming Viennese villa with Colloredo and Mannsfeld heirlooms—but sent to America for her superlatively comfortable Simmons Beds and Mattresses.

THE BEDROOM of the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld furnished with precious family heirlooms in Austrian marquetry—a lovely setting for Twin Simmons Beds No. 1581 and damask covered Beautyrests in Venetian blue! The blue green beds, whose graceful lines and exquisite coloring delight the Countess, are spread with hand-made filet over pink.

TWIN Simmons Beds and gorgeous damask covered Beautyrests have recently crossed the ocean to equip another home with superlative American comfort and beauty! For the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld (née Nora Iselin of New York) has just ordered them sent abroad for her Viennese home.

Luxurious comfort, deep relaxing sleep—and now new beauty in covers of handsome damask in two French patterns and six lovely colors!

As the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld says, "I am especially pleased with the damask covering on the beautiful Simmons mattresses and box springs—it harmonizes so nicely with the decorative scheme of the room."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beds $10.00 to $60.00, No. 1581 $32.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

THE NEW BEAUTYREST MATTRESS—Venetian blue, sea-foam green and beige in the medallion pattern, or lilac, rose and pale blue in the all-over design of delicate leaves to fit your favorite decorative scheme. And the Beautyrest is as unique in its inner construction as in its new beauty! Hundreds of small fine coils, each cloth encased to insure independence of action and marvelous resiliency. These coils are buried deep in this luxurious upholstery. Fluted sides and taped edges add the smartest possible finish.

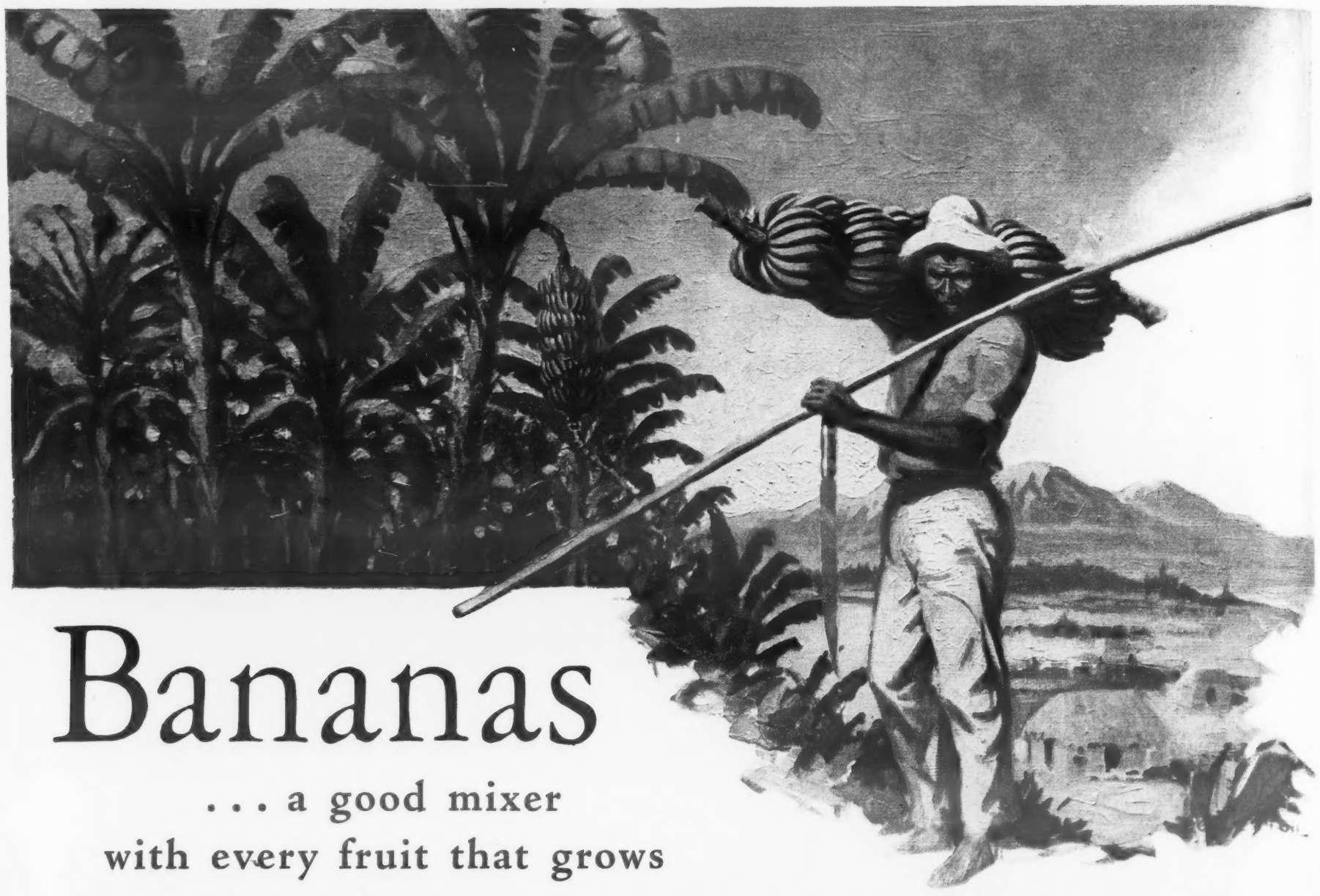
Already, 625,487 Beautyrests in American homes*

Every 54 seconds, one more Beautyrest in someone's home!

*These records are for the U. S. only

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES



Bananas

. . . a good mixer with every fruit that grows

Oranges, apples, grapefruit, pineapples, pears, melons, grapes—all these and many others—blend perfectly with bananas. The distinctive flavor of the banana, when added to a fruit cup, a fruit salad, or any fruit combination, brings out the flavor of the other fruits and makes them taste better.

"Ripe bananas are good for little children."

"EAT plenty of fresh fruits" is now an accepted principle of diet—and the mere sight of mellow, luscious bananas is an invitation to serve many delicious and nourishing fruit combinations.

All year round from the tropics . . . Easter, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas—every season, every day—bananas are available. Thanks to the nearness and all-year-round productiveness of the tropics, they always can be had at your grocery or fruit store.

Children crave the temptingly flavored banana instinctively. And it is well that they do, for bananas are one of the most important energy-producing foods. Doctors and dietitians consider the banana not only one of the most *valuable* foods, but also one of the most *easily digested* . . . as beneficial for grown-ups as for children.

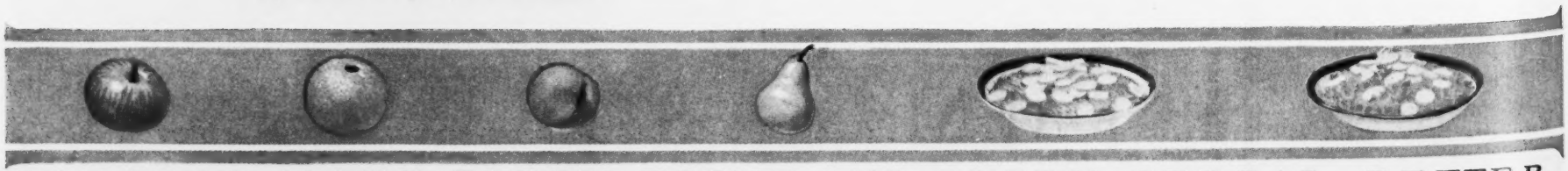
Serve bananas with other fruits, with cereals, with milk or cream . . . or serve them plain. But always be sure they are fully ripe (generously flecked with brown spots). If they are not at the proper stage of ripeness when you buy them, let them ripen at room temperature. Never place them in the ice-box.

A scene in Colombia, South America, where fine bananas are grown in the coastal plain along the Caribbean. Hundreds of thousands of stems of this delicious fruit are shipped every year from the Colombian port of Santa Marta.

UNIFRUIT BANANAS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A United Fruit Company Product

Imported and Distributed by Fruit Dispatch Company
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.



BANANAS MAKE EVERY FRUIT AND EVERY CEREAL BETTER

Women in Business

ON A BRIGHT spring morning three years ago the postman handed an envelope to Miss Maude Schlenzig, of Denver, Colorado. Its contents created a sensation in the ornamental confectionery plant where it was received. An Eastern bakery firm wanted a consignment of "baby faces."

Now Miss Schlenzig had only recently taken over the management of the plant, which had been left her by her father. For seven years she had owned and managed a flourishing modiste shop, but when her parent died it had seemed her duty to carry on the business he had left behind. And so she sold out her shop and plunged into the work of supplying decorative confectionery to bakers, caterers and candy manufacturers. Her father had taught her the trade, which he himself had learned in Denmark and France—but he had neglected to teach her how to make baby faces! A pretty problem indeed for an amateur manufacturer!

MISS SCHLENZIG MAKES DESIGNS FOR DECORATIVE CONFECTIONERY

But to one who had successfully designed women's clothes, designing of any sort held a certain appeal. With a mixing bowl and a pastry tube Miss Schlenzig set to work. For hours she mixed and remixed the icing, she pressed the pastry tube first this way and then that—and at last her efforts were rewarded. A sweet, innocent baby face, perfect in every detail, looked up at her from the table. The Eastern baker's order could be filled.

That early crisis taught the young manufacturer a lesson. Never again has she been caught without a required design in stock. For during the three years that have elapsed since then, this resourceful, blue-eyed girl has been working constantly on new features and designs for her product. The molds in her sample cases today include flowers and animals of every kind, emblems appropriate to every holiday of the calendar, real and imaginary figures of history and story—everything, in fact, that anyone could possibly order. And the wisdom of Miss Schlenzig's policy is proved by the fact that, during the time she has been in charge, her business has increased more than 20 per cent.

Export Expert

EVEN at sixteen Lucy A. Goldsmith, of New York—the only woman export trade analyst in the country—had the courage of her convictions. When she was seized with an idea, she didn't hesitate to impart it to others. That's why one day she walked boldly into the offices of a big player-piano company and announced firmly that what they really needed was an export department. She had lived in South America as a child, she declared, and she had seen there one of the first instruments made by the company. It was a tremendous hit. The firm would be losing a marvelous business chance if it didn't establish an export department immediately and start shipping player pianos to that country. She herself, she intimated modestly, would not be averse to running such a department.

The company officials laughed long and heartily. Their youthful visitor departed. But her enthusiasm had left its impression. Strangely, this sixteen-year-old girl had seemed to know what she was talking about, and so they wrote her a letter and asked if she would like a position as stenographer. The girl accepted. Eight months later the export department was an established fact, with a man in South America selling goods, and the self-possessed young person who had suggested it acting as unofficial head of the department. Three years later she received the definite title of export manager.

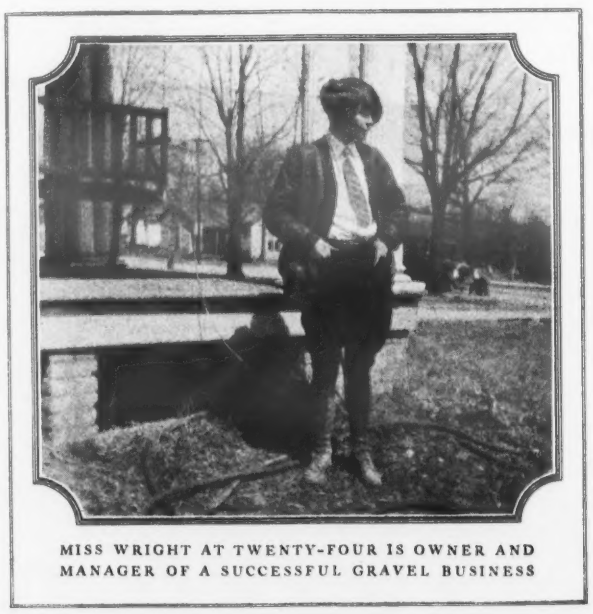
When the World War came along, Miss Goldsmith, whose exporting activities before that had covered only Latin America, took charge of the company's entire export business over all the world. She had been educated in England and understood the various ramifications of international law, and so she was well qualified to carry on the work. Then in 1924 she married, and it seemed like a good time to put into practice a plan she had had in mind for nine years. She went into business for herself as a foreign-trade consultant—the first person in the country to engage in such an occupation. To her today come manufacturers of every sort of product, from chemicals to toys, from machinery to cosmetics; and from her they learn the needful facts about trade conditions in the foreign countries with which they plan to establish export relations.

It is Miss Goldsmith's business to know something about every place in the world, no matter how remote, so that when a man comes to her from Thursday Island, say, or Zanzibar, he will go away thinking: "Why, she knows something about my country!"

She Sells Gravel for Roads

DOROTHY WRIGHT, of Doniphan, Missouri, looks more like a carefree subdeb than a stern and businesslike woman of affairs. She's only twenty-four, and seems still younger, but for two years she has been running a business unusual for a woman—the digging and shipping of sand and gravel for road building. And during those two years the plant has increased its output twenty-five times over.

Miss Wright had been out of college only a short time when her father died. He left behind a certain gravel bed on a river bank, and a small loading outfit that could turn out about two carloads of gravel a day. Dorothy had worked with her father in his office. She recognized a drag line and a bucket when she saw them; she could tell the difference between washed and unwashed gravel; she knew that ballast gravel was not what is used for steadying balloons. And that's all she did know.



MISS WRIGHT AT TWENTY-FOUR IS OWNER AND MANAGER OF A SUCCESSFUL GRAVEL BUSINESS

But a mother and four younger brothers and sisters were looking to her for support. So Dorothy donned her corduroy breeches, high-laced boots and leather jacket, and set out to learn the business. She learned it. Then, boldly, she went in for bigger contracts. Soon her orders exceeded her capacity, and new machinery had to be installed. Before long even this had been outgrown, for road building in the vicinity was booming; once more the youthful manager dared to expand. Today she can turn out fifty carloads a day, and orders keep steadily coming in.

Meanwhile it's this energetic young woman's job to keep in touch with contractors, to study freight rates, to know to the fraction of a cent how much it costs to ship her product to different points, so she won't bid too low and lose money. And this year she is sending her younger sister, aged nineteen, to college.

Trade Representative at Rome

A FINE understanding of the Italian people, perfect command of their language and a sound business training have made Assistant Trade Commissioner Elizabeth Humes an effective representative of the United States Department of Commerce in its efforts to promote American trade interests in Italy. Added to a natural gift of knowing and being sympathetic with the people with whom she lives, Miss Humes had the fine experience of living many years in Italy before she became a member of the American foreign commerce service. Not only did she undergo part of her schooling in Florence but she was also a canteen worker and home-service field agent for the American Red Cross in Italy during the World War.

Miss Humes was born in Memphis, Tennessee. After receiving her preliminary education in this country she attended private schools in Lausanne, Munich and Florence. Work as a translator and interpreter for an American trust company, and then her war work, preceded her appointment as secretary to Alfred P. Dennis, then commercial attaché at the Rome office. A year later, toward the end of 1921, she was appointed secretary to Trade Commissioner H. B. Smith, who was assigned to make a special investigation of the foodstuffs consumption in Europe; and while engaged in this work Miss Humes traveled extensively on the Continent.

In January, 1922, Assistant Trade Commissioner Humes' official station was transferred to Vienna; in July, 1923, to Berlin, and later to London. She was promoted to assistant trade commissioner at Rome in July, 1927. Miss Humes is an expert linguist.

For some years the United States has been by far the leading country in the import trade of Italy. The value of its share of the total trade has undergone considerable decrease in recent years, but in 1927 it still held first place, furnishing 3,954,400,000 lire worth of goods.

A Spotlight for Business Women

ONCE a year women of many countries and many races gather in Chicago to demonstrate, for all the world to see, the progress and achievements of their sex. A vocational market, where women who want to work but don't know just what work they want may shop round as they shop for hats and frocks—this is one woman's dream that has come true. And Helen M. Bennett, once a small-town girl of the West, is the woman.

It was the variety of Miss Bennett's own business experience that first suggested to her the dream which has been realized in the Woman's World's Fair. Growing up in the Black Hills of South Dakota, Miss Bennett from the beginning seemed set upon proving just how many different kinds of jobs a woman could hold, and how successfully she could fill them. As a high-school girl in Deadwood she was not content merely to go to school. She gave piano lessons on the side. And after she graduated from normal school a brief period of teaching, first in a little high-hung mining camp and then in Deadwood, ended with her going East to Wellesley College in search of wider knowledge. Home again with a degree in her hand, Miss Bennett started work as an "up-gulch" reporter. Then, successively, as county superintendent of schools, as business manager, city editor and editor in chief of various newspapers, as clerk in a bookstore, as head of her own news bureau, as garden trucker on a foothill ranch, as manager of the Deadwood opera house, as director of a repertoire company, until, local possibilities exhausted, she moved on to Chicago.

There, reporting women's clubs on a newspaper, her acquaintance among women throughout the city grew ever wider. And when the Chicago Collegiate Bureau of Occupations was established, Miss Bennett was chosen as its first manager. Through her vocational work with this organization, which included conferences with undergraduates all over the United States, she came to realize the need for a clearing house of occupations, where the girl or woman fluttering about in search of congenial work could go to make an intelligent choice.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD'S FAIR IS THE RESULT OF MISS BENNETT'S EFFORT

"What's the use," she asked herself, "of women doing everything, and doing everything well, if nobody knows about it? Men don't know about it. Women with no ambition or opportunity or initiative don't know about it. And lots of girls wanting to go to work don't know about it, and they get discouraged. We've hidden our candlelight under a bushel long enough. It's time to throw it away and get a spotlight that a bushel can't dim."

And so the annual Woman's World's Fair was born, and the experiences of one American woman have served to light the way for many other women in this and many other countries of the world.

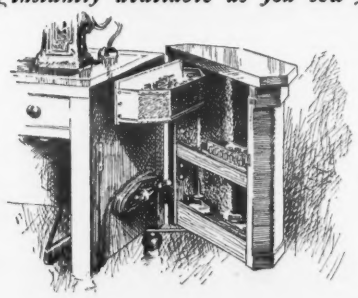
The New
Martha Washington
One of the Latest White Rotary
Electric Sewing Machines
$190
SINCE 1876 — THE SERVANT OF

White creates NEW BEAUTY in Cabinet Design

NO HINT of the machine within, when you glimpse this latest White Rotary Electric sewing machine. In one striking development, White designers have achieved a beauty and refinement of line in this new model, that has all the charm of the early American style . . . and White engineers have kept pace. Open, the new Martha Washington is a marvel of efficiency. The new hinged pocket, a miracle of convenience, swings back at a touch . . . revealing attachments and space for all sewing accessories at your fingertips. Closed, it magically becomes part of the cabinet . . . transforms it into a lovely addition to the furniture ensemble of your home.

Other features . . . a new type sewing light, and a more graceful head with a delicate design traced in its dull surface . . . . restful to the eyes.

The new hinged pocket—Accessories instantly available as you sew



With your new White Rotary Electric you receive the privilege of attending, without tuition, the White School of Costume Art.* In this famous school, you are taught the very same commercial methods used by clothing manufacturers in copying the work of the famous French ateliers. You learn quickly and easily to apply the professional touches one envies so in ready made clothes.

The White representative, when he calls, will explain the course and make an appraisal of your old machine . . . which may be advantageously traded in on a new White Rotary Electric. White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

*The White School of Costume Art . . . Personal instruction by trained teachers; 20 lessons; two hours a week, morning or afternoon. Given in 125 cities all over the country.

White
Rotary Electric
Sewing Machines

© 1929, W. S. M. Co.

No mop water coarsens hands that mop *this way*

SURELY you have wanted to own a Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop. To protect your hands as other modern women do.

With just a few turns of the handle grip this clever mop is wrung! *Your hands never touch the dirty mop water.* It's so much easier . . . nicer.

Why deny yourself a Betty Bright on another mopping day? You will find one at a local dealer's; the price is just $1. Renewal cloths, which make excellent dry floor polishers, 50c.

If your dealer hasn't Betty Bright Mops, send $1 with coupon below and we will mail you one, postpaid.

BETTY BRIGHT
SELF-WRINGING
MOP
$1.00

ADDRESS NEAREST OFFICE

Parker-Regan Corporation, Dept. 29-B, 524 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland; 593 Market Street, San Francisco

Please send me a Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop complete; I enclose $1 (money order, currency, check).

Name.....*Street*.....

City.....*State*.....

This store hadn't it (name and address).....

.....

NOTE: *Betty Bright Reversible Dust Mop, $1.50; Betty Bright Polish for lacquer, enamel, varnish, 30c, 60c. At dealer's or sent postpaid on request.*

Jills of All Trades

(Continued from Page 10)

lady steeple jack escaped unhurt. Another time the cable on a hundred-and-eighty-five-foot smokestack parted, letting her fall forty feet to a corrugated roof, while still another time the top of a hundred-and-ten-foot flagpole on which she was working snapped off suddenly. The ropes, however, were attached just below the breaking point, and so, outside of the fright, no harm was done. But her most dangerous job, Mrs. Wesella says, was painting the six 110,000-volt cables, one mile in length and five hundred feet from the ground, that cross the straits at Vallejo, California. The current was turned off in three of the cables at a time, and she painted them in fear and trembling, with one eye watching carefully to see that the rigging did not swing into the three others, alive with power.

Out in Idaho there's a young woman who holds the title of champion female broncobuster of the world. Bonnie McCarroll has ridden a horse ever since she was able to mount by climbing on the animal's back from a cracker box, but it was not until she met her husband, Frank McCarroll, champion bulldogger of the range, in 1914, that she decided to enter the professional field. Today the McCarrolls travel all over the country, and to Europe as well, attending rodeos and collecting the silver loving cups and other trophies that fill to overflowing their little cottage near Boise. In addition to carrying off the highest honors at the Chicago and New York meets in 1923 and 1924, Bonnie also won the international championship at Wembley Stadium, London, competing against fourteen women contestants. And in the thirteen years that she has been giving exhibitions at nearly three hundred rodeos, this feminine Wild Westerner has been injured only twice.

The Little Captain

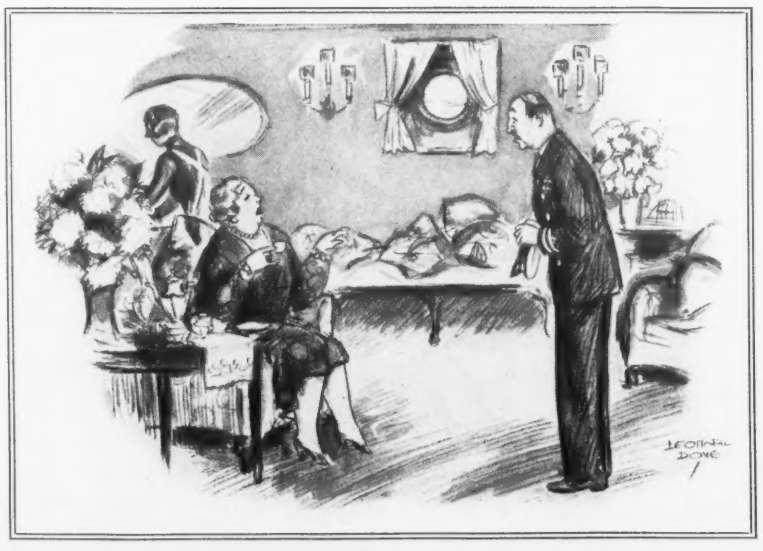
THEN, down on the Mississippi there's a slim little piece of femininity known far and wide as "the Little Captain." She is Mrs. Blanche Leathers, master pilot and captain of the good ship Natchez, a freight-and-passenger steamer plying between New Orleans and Vicksburg. Captain Leathers learned her trade from her husband, standing beside him at the wheel of the ship on which they spent their honeymoon, reeling off by heart each snag, each bank, each plantation and each landing place as the boat nosed her leisurely way down the muddy river. Even before her husband's death Mrs. Leathers had taken out her papers, and it was nothing unusual for her to be left in full command of the ship, with four clerks, two pilots, one mate, two engineers, a corps of stewards, twenty or thirty deck hands and more than five hundred passengers to look after. In the old days every boat had its bar, and every bar its rough customers, and the captain must maintain complete control of the ship and everyone on it. Captain Leathers carried on for more than a score of years without any trouble. She has witnessed births and deaths, christenings, burials, honeymoons, and all sorts of human events on her ship. Once she brought into port more than 5500 bales of cotton—the largest cotton cargo ever shipped up to that time; one morning she was almost killed when a smokestack crashed from the deck into her stateroom; another time she nearly drowned when her ship beached near Lake Providence. A life of vivid color and picturesque adventure!

Nothing Too Strenuous

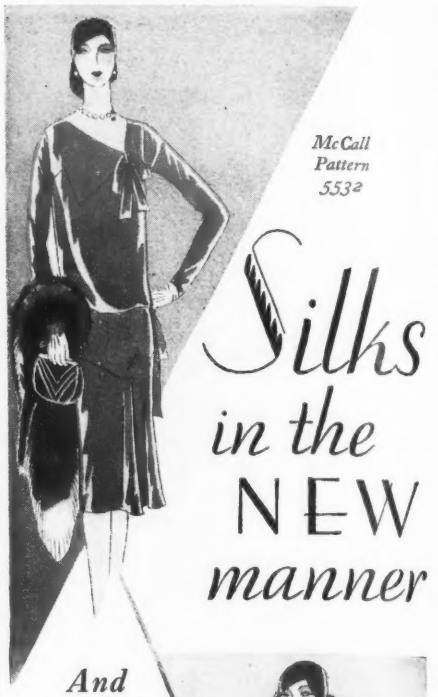
AWAY out at the other end of the country there's another woman who carries freight and passengers on her own boat, but the boat this time is a launch and its operation is merely a side issue. For Miss Nellie Wheelock's main work is climbing telephone poles in blue-denim overalls and a khaki shirt, repairing exchanges, splicing cables and doing the general maintenance work of a telephone and telegraph company headed by her sister. Miss Wheelock was originally a nurse in Syracuse, New York, but four major operations sapped her strength to such an extent that she was advised to go West. And so she joined her sister in Concrete, Washington, and is now secretary-treasurer of the telephone and telegraph company. In addition, she operates her launch on a lake in the Skagit Valley, and when the engine breaks down, she repairs it; if the rowboats need attention, she mends them. Once Miss Wheelock broke an arm while cranking her car. Promptly she set the bone herself, then drove forty miles to play the cornet in a six-hour dance program. When a cabin was needed for fishermen, she "toted" the lumber on her back to the site selected; and once she carried sixty pounds of supplies to her lumber scalers camped 3500 feet above sea level.

Quite different, but equally unusual in its way, is the work of Miss Emily Perry,

(Continued on Page 174)



"AND I TELL YOU, IF THE BOAT STARTS TO ROCK I SHALL ABSOLUTELY REFUSE TO GO ANY FARTHER WITH YOU!"

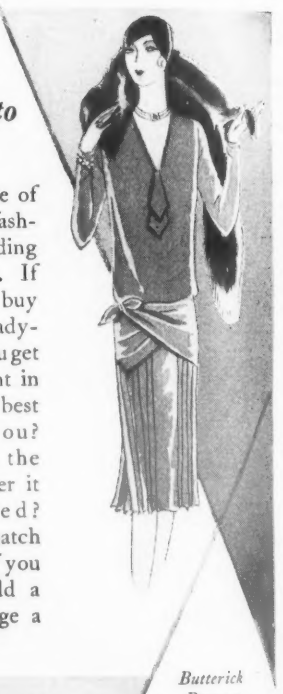


McCall Pattern 5532

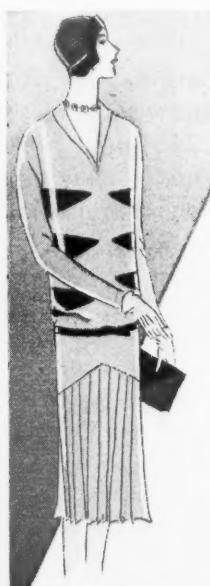
Silks in the NEW manner

And dresses you like to wear

Here are some of the smartest fashions of the leading pattern houses. If you tried to buy such styles ready-made, could you get what you want in the color that best becomes you? How would the dress look after it was cleaned? Could you match the material if you wanted to add a scarf or change a neck-line?



Butterick Pattern 2426



Pictorial Review Pattern 4680

Go to your dealer's and look at Belding's silks. You will find the smartest Spring colors in Belding's georgettes, taffeta, Crepe Iris and Crepe Cashmere. Your dress of Belding's silks will be a dress you like to wear—smart, suitable, becoming—and it will stay fresh-looking and new after a dozen cleanings.

IT MATCHES

BELDINGS SILKS

. . . "If you want muffins like mine, use Cream of Tartar Baking Powder," says Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen

MRS. IDA BAILEY ALLEN, *internationally known food expert and cooking authority, whose talks are broadcast from her model kitchen in New York over the Columbia network of 21 stations*

"I wouldn't think of using a baking powder that was not made with Cream of Tartar," said Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, offering one of her feather-light, golden-brown muffins just out of the oven.

"Butter and eggs cost a good deal these days. And my time is worth real dollars and cents. It would be poor economy, wouldn't it, to risk failure just to save a penny on baking powder?

"So many inexperienced cooks write me about their baking problems. I always tell them they can make muffins as good as mine if they use Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. I've never known Royal to fail.

"Besides, there's the difference in flavor. My tongue is a pretty good detective. I can tell when another baking powder has been used instead of Royal. Cream of Tartar never gives a bitter flavor.

"For more than twenty years I have used Royal in my own home, in class work, in demonstrations, and in all my laboratory tests."

* * *

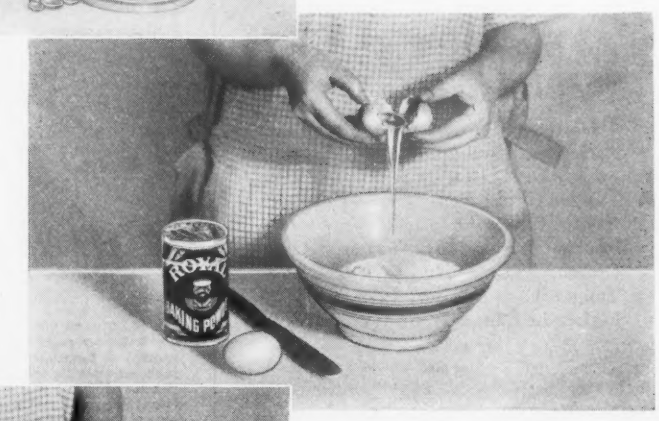
MRS. ALLEN'S praise adds weight to what the other experts say. "Cream of Tartar baking powder is the best from the health point of view," say physicians of standing. "Most healthful," testify hospital dietitians . . . who must be doubly sure that foods are pure and wholesome.

Cooking teachers, too. "We use Cream of Tartar baking powder in our laboratories," say these women who devote their lives to teaching high standards of cookery . . . who could know better which baking powder gives the best results?

Make sure that *you* are getting Cream of Tartar baking powder. Look when you buy. Read the label on the can. See the words, "Cream of Tartar." There is only one nationally distributed baking powder made with Cream of Tartar. That one is Royal Baking Powder.

Use Royal always. Then you're *sure* . . . of purity . . . of delicious flavor . . . of perfect success every time.

1. Measure 2 cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar into sifter. Sift together into bowl.

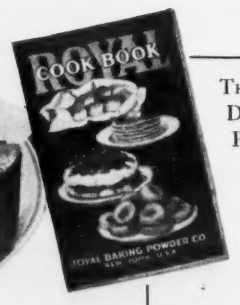


2. Break 2 eggs into dry ingredients. Add 1 cup milk a little at a time to make a rather stiff batter.

3. With a light motion, beat well until smooth. Add 4 tablespoons melted and cooled shortening. It saves time to melt the butter in the muffin tins or in tin cup held over hot water or low flame. Mix well by stirring and *do not beat*. The batter is just soft enough to pour.

4. Half fill greased muffin tins and bake in hot oven at 400° F. 18 to 20 minutes. Always serve muffins hot in a napkin on hot plate and immediately after taking from the oven.

WHERE EGGS ARE EXPENSIVE, a great saving can be effected by reducing the number of eggs and using ½ teaspoon Royal Baking Powder for each egg omitted. These muffins are really delicious made exactly as above without any eggs and using 4 teaspoons Royal in place of 3.



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Ruth St. Denis *discusses off-stage make-up*

"Your make-up should enhance your personality, but never over-dramatize it. Your rouge, creams and powder must be perfect in color, in blending and lasting qualities. I prefer Tangee preparations myself, and I am glad to recommend Tangee lipstick particularly. It is really more than a lipstick! Tangee protects your lips from chapping and is so natural in effect."

Demand Tangee today. One lipstick for all complexions! On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢, Tangee Crême Rouge $1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, $1 each). 25¢ higher in Canada.

If the name Tangee does not appear on the carton and gunmetal case it is not Tangee.

TANGEE

Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. L. 2, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Name .....

Address .....

(Continued from Page 172)

of Pasadena, California. Miss Perry is a skilled artist who goes into a hospital operating room, clad in a nurse's mask and uniform, and sketches with amazing rapidity and accuracy the vital parts on which surgeons are working. In this way pictures impossible for a camera to get are secured, and the later work of the surgeons is greatly facilitated.

Mrs. Mabel Clare Orr, of Blackwell, Oklahoma, believes she is the only woman in the United States engaged in the oil-well-drilling business. She signs all her own contracts, hires her own men and is on the derrick floor every day to keep up supplies and direct the work. Once she took over a well at 2600 feet, with a bad hole, said to be ruined, and drilled it successfully to a depth of 5050 feet—the deepest test ever made in the mid-continent field at that time.

Miss Amy Carter, of Hempstead, Long Island, is one of the few women electric welders in the country. She works in an airplane factory, and deftly plies her electric torch on all parts of the craft. Her proudest boast is that she welded the entire plane, including the aluminum gas and oil tanks, of the machine in which Lieutenant Maugham made his sunrise-to-sunset flight.

Down in one of the Federal buildings in Washington, with her eye at a microscope and a pencil in her hand, Miss Frances Wieser is engaged in an extremely unusual occupation. She is a paleontologic draftsman, who draws pictures of fossils and other specimens for the United States Geological Survey, to aid oil and mineral prospectors in locating possible sources of supply. Through her efforts, plants and animals that existed thousands of years ago are presented with a delicate accuracy and detail that no camera could achieve.

And while Miss Wieser is earning her living drawing animals extinct for many centuries, another woman, out in California, is earning hers by raising and selling live animals to two most modern institutions, the "movies" and the "zoo." Mrs. Charles Gay, with her husband, runs a lion farm at El Monte, taking care of the financial end of the concern between three-hour feedings of the cubs from a bottle.

A nature lover of different kind is Mrs. Edith B. DeCoster, of Buckfield, Maine, who for twenty-five years has been raising butterflies to mount and sell to collectors, schools, museums, and the like. She is said to be the only person in the United States doing this sort of work.

Then, there is Mrs. Daisy Phipps, of Petersburg, Illinois, whose fame went abroad last summer when she won the annual Illinois hog-calling contest, to the chagrin of five male competitors.

And so women continue to make new and unexpected places for themselves in the world. The list is almost endless. There's Mrs. May Cissell, of Silver Springs, New York, chief of a fire department composed of women only; and Miss Thelma Terry, of Chicago, director of an orchestra made up exclusively of men. There's Miss Anita Rose, of Santa Fé, New Mexico, the only woman tourist guide to Indian villages; and Doctor Mellen, of the New York Aquarium, the only physician to fishes in the world. Miss Elsa Hanft, of Spokane, Washington, worked as a major peak guide in Mount Baker National Park last summer; Miss Margaret Stewart, of Ogden, Utah, is the owner and operator of a silver mine. There's a woman monument maker in Minnesota, an owner of a string of tugboats in Rhode Island, a raiser of blooded sheep in Kentucky, a pearl expert in New York, a trucker and jobber in Massachusetts, an owner of a storage and transfer business in Florida, a raiser of ferrets for the extermination of rats in Washington, a turquoise miner in New Mexico. They're all women and all making good at the jobs they have selected. Truly, the business world is any woman's oyster nowadays!

I Earn $1.35 an Hour— in Leisure Time!

I'll have to confess I joined The Girls' Club not so much because I needed actual money as because of actual need for some interest outside the four walls of my home.

I have two baby girls and, while I love them dearly, I felt I must occasionally get away from dishes and diets. I wanted part-time work. The Club met my need.

How I do enjoy spending a few extra dollars for a smart new frock or hat. And Jackie Lou does look adorable under the silken carriage robe Club money bought. Thank you, Club manager. You have made me a better mother!

Mrs. Anne Ellis.

AN ABSORBING new interest! A leisure-time occupation! Extra dollars!

No longer is the modern woman content within the four walls of her home.

These splendid modern times that are taking many irksome tasks off our hands are giving us leisure for other things.

And so in The Girls' Club we are turning our leisure moments to profit. Wouldn't you like to *know* about our plan? We *know* that the few spare moments now and then can make all the difference in the world in reaching our ambitions. We *know* that those few moments spent in our interesting profit-earning way can make the difference between lagging behind, or joining in the gay procession of the modern woman, with *money of her own* to spend.

Take, for example, the experience of Mrs. Goff, who wrote:

Dear Manager: I have always been well paid for my Club work. Why, I have earned as much as $11.50 in half a day. And my record for one year shows an average of $1.35 an hour for the time spent. Think of it—I earn $1.35 an hour in leisure time!

Club checks have paid for things for my baby. They've paid notes and insurance. They've bought luxuries and real needs. And they've even helped meet the payments on our home.

Mrs. E. Goff.

LET me urge you, don't let those precious leisure moments slip through your fingers, wasted. Let me tell you how in The Girls' Club you can use them to give you charming clothes, happy trips, self-advancement, a bank account. Simply write me a note or card saying: *"Dear Manager, please tell me all about The Girls' Club spare-time-profit plan."* And tell me your age if you wish. No expense. No obligations. No experience needed. Write today to:

Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
918 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Doctors Advise Long Stockings

You wouldn't knowingly take a chance with your child's health and future happiness—yet great authorities on children's diseases, and bone specialists, strongly advise against American children going without *long* stockings in the chill autumn and winter. Better be safe than sorry—cover your children's legs with long stockings. And see that stockings are held properly in place with Hickory Garters of *real live rubber.* Made strong to last long, of genuine Hickory Elastic—(the kind of Elastic you buy by the yard). At your favorite Notion Department.

Hickory Garters 25c *and more*

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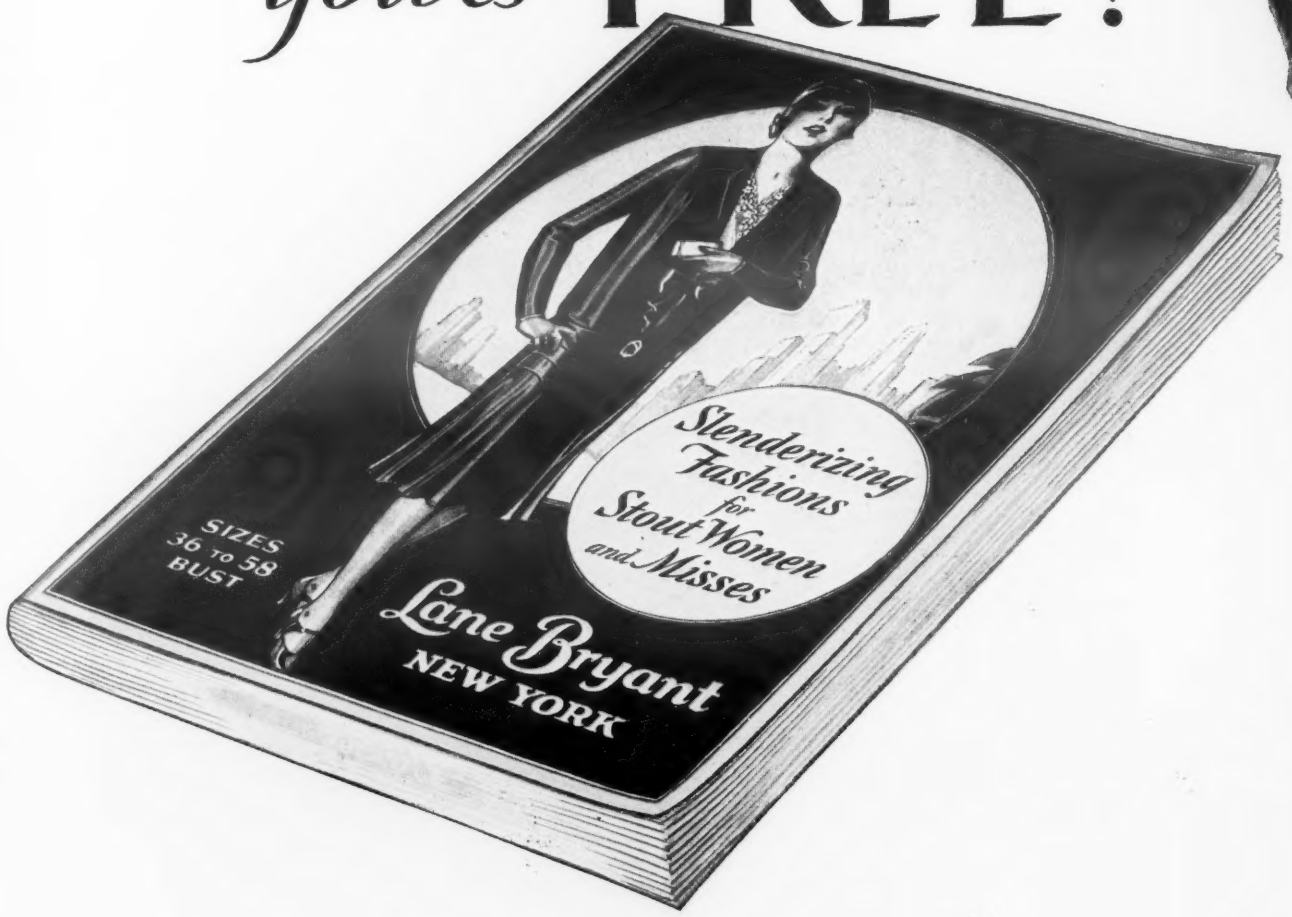
HICKORY
GARTERS *and* ELASTIC
Most Dependable in the world

SLENDERIZING FASHIONS
FOR STOUT WOMEN
AND MISSES

This Style Book is yours FREE!



YOURS FREE—one copy of this new Spring Style Book is reserved for you—waiting for you to fill in and mail the coupon below.

This is your opportunity *to see and to know* all the best new Fashions for Spring. This is your opportunity to choose from the best Fifth Avenue Styles, to wear the clothes most becoming to you.

If you are not slender—this Style Book will bring to you the new Spring Styles *correctly proportioned* by Lane Bryant, to give slenderizing lines and added grace and charm to every woman of full figure.

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In seven large cities Lane Bryant's retail stores are the style centers for all who are *not slender.* In New York, in the heart of Fifth Avenue's shopping center, Lane Bryant's large store caters to the best dressed stout women of New York—the most exclusive and best informed women on Fashion in all America. You, too, may have the same styles, may know the best Fashions, by simply filling in the coupon below.

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A Marvelous Service to Stout Women

Lane Bryant is the world's largest producer of Styles for Stout Women. These garments are not merely larger sizes—they are slenderizing styles, correctly proportioned, with plenty of room at arms, bust and hips.

Every woman of full figure, every stout miss, should see for herself the new beauty that comes with Lane Bryant Styles.

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Lane Bryant prices are lower. Serving a million stout women enables us to save you money on everything you buy. Send for your Free copy of this great Style Book. See the latest Dresses, Coats, Shoes, Hats, and dress accessories—all at a saving to you.

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PLEASE mail free copy of your new Spring Style Book.

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"The loveliness of soft smooth skin never fails to touch the heart," *say* 39 *Hollywood Directors*

YOU KNOW the little flutter of emotion that creeps into one's heart at the sight of a really fresh and lovely skin.

Every girl *must* have petal-smooth skin if she is to be truly attractive, says Hollywood.

"People respond instantly to the loveliness of beautiful skin," says F. W. Murnau, Fox director—and sums up the experience of important Hollywood directors.

"All screen stars know this," he goes on to say. "They take the utmost care of their skin. For in the close-up only the complexion of naturally flawless beauty can stand the pitiless search of glaring lights. Even slight make-up is apt to show. Girls who attain success in the films have skin of amazing smoothness."

When a close-up is being taken today, screen stars have to face new and even stronger incandescent lights—the huge new "sun-spots." In the terrific glare any tiniest skin defect would be registered on the highly sensitized film.

Consequently it is more than ever essential that these beautiful screen stars have skin which is absolutely lovely. It is especially significant, then, that 98% of them depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin in perfect condition.

9 out of 10
screen stars use it for smooth skin

Photo by C. Hewitt, Hollywood

JANET GAYNOR, *Fox star, in the bathroom built just for her adorable loveliness.* *"There's a caressing quality to Lux Toilet Soap that I have never found before."* Janet Gaynor

ESTHER RALSTON, Paramount star, finds this soap a real joy. It is made by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps. "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth," she says.

IN HOLLYWOOD, of the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 (98%) use Lux Toilet Soap for clear, smooth skin.

When next you see Janet Gaynor—or Esther Ralston or Mary Astor—in a close-up, notice how lovely this daintily fragrant, white soap keeps her skin.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—and all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

MARY ASTOR, Fox star—"A smooth skin is one of the most important assets a screen star has. I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50c and $1.00 the cake . . now

10¢

Adventures in Geography

(Continued from Page 27)

all blurred together, and the tall buildings looked like little toy blocks.

"The next thing to do is to look for the Statue of Liberty," said Colonel Bob. So they marched round and round the deck, arm in arm, like partners.

"Ha, there she is!" said the colonel, pointing far ahead. "France sent this Goddess of Liberty over for a present a few years after the United States celebrated her hundredth birthday."

A stop, and a man went down a ladder into a small boat alongside the Reliable.

"That's the pilot leaving at Sandy Hook," said the colonel. "Now it's up to our old Captain Biggs to take care of us." Just then the bugle sounded.

"How about lunch, Bobs?" asked the colonel. Of course Bobby was ready, and so down they went and through the archway into the big dining room. It looked like a hotel. Flowers everywhere, music and waiters in white coats.

"Right this way, colonel," said someone. "You and the young gentleman are seated at the captain's table." When the captain came in they shook hands, Bobby also. He was big, too, and had four gold bands on his sleeves.

"Well, young man, where are *you* going?" asked the captain.

"I'm going where you go," said Bobby.

"Good," said the captain. "Tomorrow at ten o'clock you come up to the bridge and I'll show you on my chart exactly where that is."

So the next day at precisely four bells, which is ten o'clock on shipboard, Colonel Bob and Bobby climbed the stairs to the bridge. There stood the captain. They all shook hands. Colonel Bob had once said that the bridge was the business end of the ship.

"Now then," said the captain, "I'm going to see what you have to say about our route." He took a pencil and spread out an enormous map that had all sorts of markings and circles on it. "Here we are, right here, at this very minute," said the captain, placing his blue pencil in the Atlantic Ocean. "Tomorrow we'll be there, next day there, and so on. Then in six more days we'll stop at the Madeira Islands. Leaving there, we turn northeast to Gibraltar, then straight ahead into the Mediterranean to Algiers. From there northeast again to Nice, over to Naples, then to Athens and the Holy Land. From there southwest to Egypt and the Suez Canal.

Bobby followed the captain's pencil with his eyes.

"Through the Suez Canal," continued the captain, "down through the Red Sea to the east coast of Africa. From there through the Arabian Sea to India. Now we are in the Indian Ocean as we proceed to Ceylon, then northeast again to Burma."

Around the World

"FROM Burma we go south toward Sumatra, and on the way we cross the equator. That's a big day, Bobby. Then come Java, Singapore and Siam. And of course at Borneo you will expect to see the wild men—who knows? Then come the Philippine Islands, and we find ourselves in the South China Sea. We stop at Hong-Kong, then into the East China Sea and the Yellow Sea. You'll see Shanghai and Peking. You'll have a look at Korea. After we have passed into the Inland Sea of Japan you'll see the Flowery Kingdom just at cherry-blossom time.

"Leaving Japan, we cross the greatest ocean of all, stopping only once, at the Hawaiian Islands, then on we go to San Francisco and down the coast to the Panama Canal. After we have passed through all the locks, we turn north to Cuba, and four days after leaving Cuba we are back again in New York. And there you are!"

"How many miles do we go?" asked Bobby. "Almost thirty-eight thousand miles," answered the captain. That made Bobby think *fast*, for he remembered that his geography said that the circumference of the earth was twenty-five thousand miles. But of course since the Reliable was traveling on a zigzag line up and down over the map it would be more than that. The captain was right.

One morning Bobby stood up in his bed and looked out of the port hole. What he saw made him feel that something *strange* and *mysterious* had happened while he was asleep, sort of like Christmas morning. Indeed, something *had* happened. Strange islands, much like mountain tops rising out of the ocean, strung themselves along the horizon. A steep little town was spread out on the green hillsides—the houses, pink and white, with red roofs and walled gardens. Streets ran this way and that, uphill and down. "The Madeira Islands," said Colonel Bob. "Let's get on deck as quickly as we can."

After breakfast they went ashore on the tender, which is a busy little boat making trips back and forth from the big ship to the landing place. Colonel Bob and Bobby soon found themselves walking up the little street, paved with tiny egg-shaped cobblestones.

Funchal and Gibraltar

THEY turned into the Square, and there stood a long row of quiet oxen hitched to sledges, the queerest things you ever saw. Two seats, curtains at the sides, a small door, and all painted in gay colors.

"Let's take a ride, old fellow," said the colonel, and so they hopped in and with a number of gestures made the driver understand that they wanted to see the town.

Funchal, this steep little up-and-down town, could better be seen from the mountain top, and that meant a trip up on the cog railway. Children ran along at the side of the open cars, pelting the travelers with beautiful flowers and calling for pennies. Bobby threw his and Colonel Bob's as long as they lasted.

It was like sitting on top of the world up there, eating lunch and looking down on the sea where the good ship Reliable rode at anchor. But the best was to come on the trip down the mountain, for they coasted in wicker sleds, which held them both, with two men to guide them around the sudden curves. Miles and miles it seemed. Colonel Bob yelled, Bobby yelled, and so did the two men!

On the way down to the wharf they passed a very old church where Christopher Columbus was said to have been married. Smiling shopkeepers came out and begged them to step inside to see their fine embroideries, for that is the chief industry of these islands. So they did, and bought the aunts some presents, which Bobby carried back to the ship.

"Well, it won't be long now till we see the Rock," said Colonel Bob the next day.

"What rock?" asked Bobby.

"Gibraltar, the key to the Mediterranean," said the colonel. "You know it was once the site of one of the Pillars of Hercules, the other being in Africa, across the narrow channel.

"Gibraltar first belonged to Spain, then the Moors came over from Africa and they fought over it, back and forth, and they had some great rows. But finally England, in 1704, took it away from both of them and has held it ever since. It is their greatest watchdog, for it controls the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal and the passage to India.

"Every ship entering the Mediterranean has to send word up to the Rock and ask permission. A thousand cannon are mounted in the galleries, and thousands of soldiers are in the garrison."

Keep the foot small *in these* .....smart Drew Shoes

Smart...Drew Arch Rest Shoes! Fashionable women adore their beauty, their lustrous leathers, their swagger style...and above all, the gracious, graceful things they do to the foot...keeping it small by relieving all strain... keeping it from spreading, the arch from sagging...upholding the instep... strengthening the muscles of the foot. The secret? The famous hidden Drew Arch Rest Construction. Most of the styles are priced at $8.50, $10 and $12.50. Write for the Drew Folio of Fashion Footwear. The Irving Drew Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Rosamie

Celeste

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women

"keep the foot small"

Every Woman

Who Manages Her Own Home

appreciates what Ben Franklin said:

Income $1000 } = *Happiness*
Expenses 999 }

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And sure enough, early the next morning on one side of the ship could be seen the soft outlines of the hills of Spain, and on the opposite side the coast of Africa. The channel between the continents of Europe and Africa is from only nine to thirteen miles at this point.

As they looked, suddenly a great, gray, steep rock seemed to rise out of the sea.

"The Rock of Gibraltar," said Colonel Bob.

Off again on a noisy little tender. As they landed they saw, not sledges, but funny little one-horse carriages, which creaked and squeaked as fat Colonel Bob crawled in. At the entrance to the fort stood an English army officer who knew Colonel Bob. They slapped each other on the shoulder, and talked and talked.

So that's how it happened that Colonel Bob and Bobby were escorted through the fortifications and saw all the cannon and the long dark galleries, which were cold enough to make your teeth chatter.

Two days later they woke up, to find themselves in a beautiful semicircular harbor, where ships flying every flag were anchored. Big ships, little ships, warships and merchant ships! A white-and-yellow city rose in steps from the water's edge.

"Well, here we are in Algiers," said Colonel Bob. "Let's hustle ashore. Have you everything?"

"I must get my beggar money," said Bobby. He used to call it his spending money before he left home.

Algeria is the most important of the French colonies, and so Algiers, the capital and seaport, is a busy city with tall white buildings, well-paved boulevards, palms and statues.

Colonel Bob and Bobby wandered about looking at everything, until they came to the great white mosque built about a court, in which there were a fountain and palm trees. A turbaned priest in the minaret was calling the hour of prayer.

"Shoes off," said Colonel Bob. Four shoes were removed and they entered the big, dark mosque. Arabs, Moors and other Mohammedans were standing or bowing or kneeling, but all faced the east toward Mecca.

As they made their way into the open air again Bobby felt like sneezing because it smelled so good out of doors.

"You've just begun on smells," said Colonel Bob. "And beggars and tips—but it all goes as part of our adventure."

They hired a guide to take them through the native quarter, which is a maze of steep, narrow, crooked streets.

The Playground of Europe

BOBBY noticed that many of the houses were splashed with blue paint all around the doorway. The guide said that was to keep devils away, because none of them favored blue as a color.

They looked into a rug factory, where little girls were sitting on long benches tying rugs—funny little girls who giggled if you looked at them and held out a hand for a penny. "Baksheesh" they called it.

"A good place to have some beggar money," said Colonel Bob. And so all the little rug makers got a coin.

Afterward they went for a motor ride around the hills back of Algiers. Seeing the Reliable in the harbor far below, the colonel said "she" had steam up, and it was about time for them to get down to the pier.

"On our way again, Bobs," said the colonel as they walked up the gangplank. "Great stuff, zigzagging around the Mediterranean. Back to Europe we go now, with a look at the shores of France, Italy and Greece. You see, Bobby, going *around* the world does not mean seeing *all* the world, but just sort of the edge of things."

The next day the two travelers stood by the rail looking at the sea through Colonel Bob's big field glasses. Bobby always felt like Christopher Columbus when he did that. They passed the Island of Corsica, where the great Napoleon was born.

High snow-covered mountains, the Maritime Alps, seeming to rise from the blue Mediterranean, marked the coast of France. Colonel Bob said it was the winter playground of Europe and was called the Riviera.

Off the ship into the little tender that came rushing out to meet them, they finally were on their way over a fine, white road that led to the beautiful gay city of Nice. As nice as it's spelled, only pronounced "*Neese*." Flowers in the markets, flowers in the parks and gardens, flowers climbing over walls and villas—and behind it all, green velvet hills and snow-covered mountains. They rode in and out of broad boulevards, and under the trees people were eating at out-of-door restaurants. Colonel Bob said it was like a little Paris.

"Now," said he, "we are going over the Corniche drives, upper and lower."

Bobby looked over the side of the car as they wound up, up, *up* past vineyards and orange and lemon groves. Flowers were all along the way. Uncle Bob said that the finest perfumes in the world were made in this part of France, from these same flowers. Very old and quaint little towns clung to the hillsides.

Then they turned back over the lower road to Monaco, which is the smallest state in Europe, a little vest-pocket nation, ruled over by a prince.

Naples and Pompeii

NOT very far away was Monte Carlo, where people gamble with chips in a great place like a palace, gold and white. They sit very still round big green-topped tables, placing their chips on squares, while two men spin a wheel in the middle.

Colonel Bob and Bobby watched for a while, but Bobby got so sleepy that he began to see two of everything instead of one. Anyway Colonel Bob said that it was all *nonsense*.

The next day, very early in the morning, they steamed into the Bay of Naples. It was like something you might dream about. A great many-colored city, and Mount Vesuvius, bare and brown, with its white plume of smoke, standing behind.

The harbor was filled with ships, and the dock was filled with people motioning and talking. Men in uniforms, with beplumed hats like Vesuvius, gave orders that nobody heard. Finally all the red tape was unwound and the passengers went ashore to see the sights.

All the men looked as if they were organ grinders or fruit venders, the kind you see in the Little Italies back home. The streets were filled with black-eyed children, and a troop of them were soon following, turning handsprings as they went along. This took quite a lot of Bobby's beggar money.

After lunch—yes, Bobby had spaghetti—they drove out to Pompeii. More than eighteen hundred years ago wicked old Vesuvius, without any warning, burst forth with a fearful storm of fire and ashes and buried from sight this gay little city.

Centuries later, a peasant was digging a well and suddenly his spade hit something hard, which proved to be a statue. Everybody was wild with excitement and began to dig thereabout, and finally the Italian Government took charge. So Pompeii was uncovered.

Colonel Bob and Bobby started to explore through the curiously paved streets, where the ruts made by chariot wheels can still be seen. They went in and out of beautiful courtyards and roofless houses decorated with fine frescoes of dancing Cupids and Dianas. They sat in the marble seats of the baths and theaters.

"Old Reliable sails at six o'clock sharp," said Colonel Bob, looking at his watch. So they drove back to Naples, and just at sunset they went steaming out of the fine bay, headed toward Greece, which for some reason Colonel Bob called "The Cradle of Art and Letters."

EDITOR'S NOTE—The second of Bobby's Adventures in Geography will appear in the April Journal.

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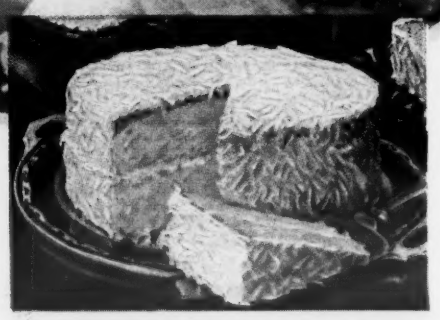

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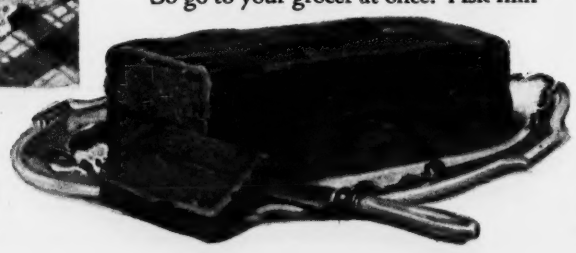

THE ACTUAL RECIPE by which our Devil's Food is baked. See the cake at left. ½ cup Brown Sugar. ½ cup Confectioner's Sugar. 4 tablespoons Butter. 2½ tablespoons Cocoa or 2 squares of Chocolate. ½ cup Milk. 2 Eggs. 1¾ cups sifted Cake Flour. Pinch of Salt. Pinch of Soda placed in the Milk. ½ teaspoon of Vanilla.

Hostess Cakes

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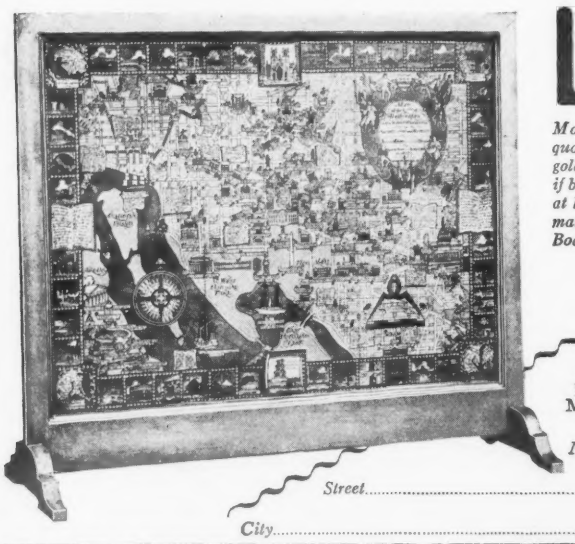

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The Valley of the Shadow

(Continued from Page 9)

"Bed for you," said her hostess, and firmly carried her off to her room, where an evil-looking bottle lurked. Ardeth accepted a dose of the stuff with a shudder.

"Not half bad," she commented. "For that do I get let off the woolly pajamas? Queen, isn't he gor-geous? I love him! When he looks at me I just get deak and wizzy. I mean I've adored him ever since I was twelve."

"You like him, h'm?"

"Queen! I'm serious! I'm all hot and cold and funny! I shan't sleep a wink, and I wish tomorrow'd hurry. I'm crazy about him! And you needn't go telling him so either. Promise, dear! Because if you have one of your arranging fits about us I'll die. I'll ——"

"Nobody," the Queen assured her, "will need to tell him anything after the jealous fit you staged tonight ——"

"I know. Wasn't it disgusting and degrading! And the worst of it is I'm liable to be just as silly again. Do you suppose," she asked wretchedly, "he's having any of that stuff of hers?"

"Well. . . . She has a lovely voice."

"I know she has. I could wring her lovely neck. Go away and let me have a nice nightmare!"

ARDETH lay wakeful in a happiness so breathless and fragile that it engendered forebodings. As a child she had made Steve Maitland a distant symbol, a half-imaginary overlord of first-rate things within herself. More than seven years she had kept that strange, pure, fanciful adoration; many times she had been cool or generous or candid because of its still flame.

She had rushed overjoyed to meet Steve's ship, yet troubled by misgivings. These disappeared at sight of him, his tall figure, his face with its fine, decided planes. A child's intuitions had not been wrong.

The slender menace of Candace Draper slid across her happiness, and Ardeth, tormented, rose and went to the window. Below on the wintry terrace were two who still pretended they saw an aurora borealis. Ardeth choked and coughed, and climbed into bed, to lie rigid with wide, dry eyes and clenched hands.

"When it comes to giggling in the moonlight," she told herself miserably, "I haven't got a chance with Candace. And she can sing me under the piano."

Defiantly she thought: "She isn't his type! He said so! He likes daring ones. My act is to get reckless."

She slipped on a negligee, fired by sudden purpose, and stole down the hall to a telephone. Cliff Rider was on the committee. "Cliff? Say, forge my name on the entries list for tomorrow, like an old angel face, will you? I want to try the jumping."

CLIFF asked, "Tired of living? Forget it, Ardeth. There aren't any women in this show. Only one anyhow."

"Oh! What's she like?"

"She's the champion of Iceland or something. She looks like the front of a horse." He agreed, after hectic arguments, to enter her and say nothing about the matter.

Maitland met a serene Ardeth rigged for winter sports at early buffet breakfast in the morning. She seemed shy, and paler than he had first thought her, a little wistful. "Are you free this morning, Steve?" She brought some skis for him.

"This morning? Who's going out?"

"Just you and I, I thought. Candace won't be up for hours, and she doesn't ski anyhow. Gerald has a cold." She wore cords and boots and a man's flannel shirt, and added a helmet and muffler as they set out.

The house party, though he liked the crowd well enough, was no more to him than the opportunity to be with Ardeth. She alone really interested him, and he thought her manner on the snow quite characteristic of her. She scorned traverses and obstacles, took her slopes in the vertical running position, and used a splendid right or left Telemark besides the simpler stemming turns.

"You take your falls well," he said.

She gave him one of her quick glances, saw that he meant just what he said and flushed with pleasure. Falls were in some degree a test. Many were due to a mental quirk which funked what was to come.

ON THEIR return course they came out at Tower Hill Lodge, where the jump was being conditioned for the afternoon's contest, and paused on the knoll for a time to study the two declivities. A wooden trestle had been set up on the high promontory of the famous first tee. The gaunt structure rose above the tree tops, above the Lodge roof, stark against a winter sky. The hill dropped sharply to the take-off, across the motor drive, which serpentined up to these elevations. Merely to stand gazing downward over ski tracks was to experience a vertigo and an abandon.

Maitland sighed with pleasure. "These places always fairly hypnotize me!"

"Good one?" Ardeth asked him hopefully. "It really is, isn't it? The best of the lot do a hundred and eighty feet here."

Already sensitive to moods in Ardeth, he felt that he had passed momentarily quite out of her thoughts. Her eyes were starry and her lip quivered with excitement. She was giving herself to the lure of the place with its unimaginable thrill of flight. Probably she was realizing that this adventure, one which surpassed all others, was not for her. Not for her elfin slenderness. Not for her delicate strength.

He loved her blithe, terse, candid ways; but there were moments like the present one when a wistfulness about her, briefly glimpsed, caused him a quick overwhelming surge of tenderness. He had fallen, he was willing to realize, in love with Ardeth.

SHE looked up quickly. "Shall you be all right this afternoon, Steve? Without a day's practice?"

He nodded, shrugged. "I probably shan't crowd the cup winners."

"We'd better shove along," she said with reluctance.

"How are you today?" he asked for a second time. "Not feeling as down as you were last night?"

"The Queen gave me some nasty medicine," she told him cheerfully. It was an evasive reply, and it disturbed him; he sensed a physical tension about her.

He pulled off his glove and touched her forehead; it seemed hot. "You're running a temperature!"

She laughed and said, "Sap! You couldn't tell out here. Steve, please don't put that idea in the Queen's head. She's looking for pretexts to drug me. I'll lie down and rest; that's a promise."

She kept her word and did not, indeed, appear at luncheon. "Resting," the Queen said. "Her heart is set on seeing you jump, Steve."

The talk was all of the coming contest. Candace Draper exacted a promise from him that he would let her drive him over to the Lodge, and then went upstairs to dress interminably. He saw Ardeth drive off in an open car while he waited impatiently. She had skis with her, and in absent turn of mind he saw, without taking particular note, that strips of lead were fastened near the points of them. The significance of that failed to strike him. He followed sometime later.

The first practice jump was already in progress, for a flying apparition zoomed over the heads of the crowd as he came up

(Continued on Page 182)

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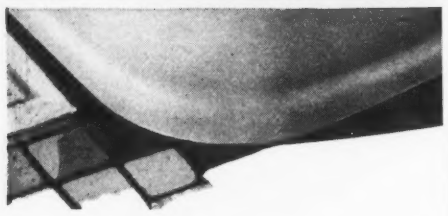

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(Continued from Page 180)

with Candace. He excused himself hurriedly and reported to the officials. He was called a few minutes after his arrival.

He was just about to mount the trestle when Gerald Hayden hastened over to him and caught his arm. "Ardeth's entered! She swears she'll jump. I can't do anything with her. See if you can, will you? She'll kill herself."

Maitland frowned. "Why didn't you tell me before? I'll do what I can. I suppose it's her own affair, though."

Hayden's gaze shot upward to the trestle and he went pale with a vicarious fear. "I don't mind telling you," he said, "that you put her up to it. It's your affair as well. Get her out of it!"

He had already delayed events. Maitland shook the man off and mounted the wooden scaffolding. Ardeth's action troubled him, but Ardeth herself was crowded from his mind for the moment. An unfamiliar jump, after a lapse in practice, demanded all his attention for several seconds. Once over it, past the dead line, he looped back in the sharpest turn he could make, a step-Christiania, and climbed back to join the Ash's party.

ARDETH was called. Florence Ash put a question full of concern: Was it very dangerous, actually?

"It isn't, and it is, Florence. It depends on you. If you throw yourself into it, it's safe. If you try to save yourself, hold back, if you try to keep it tame, you're not so safe."

"But ——" A silence fell upon the crowd, and the Queen bit her lip.

Ardeth's helmet and proud number placard appeared atop the tower, and Maitland's thoughts flowed out to her in desperate, silent communion.

Her number was up and she was poised, intolerably alone, a little faint, over what must seem to her the valley of the shadow itself. It was all well to reason that the risk was slight; the initial step of that thousand-foot plunge tried nerves of steel.

A bugle's peremptory note floated upward, and Ardeth was off as it hung on the air.

The form she kept reassured Maitland, but the crowd was still with apprehension. Her courage so far exceeded its fragile envelope! She fought a ninety-mile gale on her ski points and won control as she shot overhead and downward in a free parabola. Her breathless passing was like a pang of air sickness. Her skis flicked snow far down the slope, and a gasp of delight went up. She had made her landing, in the Telemark position, one knee almost grazing the snow, her body forward bent in a graceful curve.

She drew herself up slowly, racing downward on snow. The cry of the crowd was cut off on a sharp intake of breath. Ardeth's figure swayed as her flying skis made the treacherous passage from slope to level. One ski plowed. Then she was down, a crumpled heap, tumbled and swept across the dead line.

INCONCEIVABLE that her slight physique could withstand such a mauling! Would the momentum never leave her! But a curious crowd sigh of relief heralded Ardeth untouched. She picked herself up and trotted coolly enough out of the track of the contestant to follow her.

"And that's enough of that!" Florence Ash spoke up with vigor. She glanced at the others, and then drew Maitland aside. "Steve, I'm going to tell you something. It's absolute breach of confidence, but I'll chance it. Ardeth's in love with you. Make what you can out of what I say, but I assure you it's terribly real to her. She's pathetically jealous of Candace Draper. What I'm coming to is this: Ardeth is in this jumping solely because she thinks it's the sort of thing you'd admire in her. Something you said last night."

The utter conviction of her tone forced him to accept, however uncomprehendingly, the underlying truth of her assertion. He faced Florence with a frown.

"Steve, she's got to be let off this!"

"She has, Florence!" he agreed. He was less concerned by the idea of physical risk to her than by the thought of Ardeth's ordeal, her gallantry in the face of odds. She must, indeed, be let off this!

"Say something to stop her, Steve!"

He nodded. "I'll say it! I'm going down. Send word to the judges for me that I'm defaulting my next jump, will you please? I'll talk to her."

HE KICKED his feet into the straps of his skis and stemmed down the slope to where Ardeth was coming up.

"Oh, Steve! I almost made it! I really did! The come-up threw me at the very last. Imagine! I never dreamed it came along with such a bump. Next time I'm watching it! What's the matter?" she asked forlornly. "Was I too simply rotten?"

"Ardeth, leave it. No, you certainly weren't. You made a beautiful jump. Let it go at that! What's the use of going on with it? You're not going to win the affair. You'll hardly place. Next time you may make it, or you may get hurt. Call it off while your luck holds!"

"You don't want me to try any more?" The color had ebbed from her face; her head drooped, and the proud animation was gone from her figure. Her eyes were cloudy with pain.

"No. No more, dear."

Unbelief dawned in her eyes. It was incredible that he could offer such counsel. "But I love it, Steve! Truly I do!" she pleaded. "And I want to qualify! Why do you talk about taking chances? We all get the same break, don't we? You're going on with it, aren't you?"

It was, to her mind, the unanswerable argument. Maitland saw one last loophole and he took it recklessly.

"As a matter of fact," he informed her, "I'm through too. I've had enough. Why risk your life for a second's fun? The knoll here is nothing but a concrete road. Miss your take-off and you land on your head in the middle of it. *Merci!* I can do without that and be happy. Take my word for it, Ardeth."

She said "Oh!" She bent over and wearily picked up her skis.

Ardeth watched him turn away, her skis forgotten in her arms. A gray twilight seemed to fold about her as tears filled her eyes. A treasured secret meaning, a latent ecstasy, had gone out of living. A god had crumbled into dust.

THERE was a concrete road, yes. But not one soul of all that viking company—excepting Steve—had given it the consideration of an instant's doubt.

Ardeth's head felt light and hot. There was an ache about her heart. Disillusion. She hated the word with its hint of pose. This was worse and real, a blasphemous despair. Steve Maitland was no good! Then who was?

There was no reason for her to jump any more. And no reason not to. At least it was fun. It separated you, however briefly, from the pusillanimous ranks of your kind. For a second or two your life burned with a white-hot, icy joy. You might break your neck, it was true.

An iron band seemed to clamp her chest, and her eyes felt hot and bright. Things floated oddly in her vision at times.

Her mind wandered a little, but hearing her number called steadied her.

Let's go, darling. There's the bugle. A hot north wind rushed to welcome her. Laugh, darling! Sing! The whole knack of it is nonch'l'nce. Many brave hearts are asleep in the de-ep. . . . Why don't committees build steeper slides! What kiddies' sand pile did they rob for this one? Hello, little flags! Good-a-by, li'l' flags. There's pipple! Sh, pipple! I'm driving the first tee. O-o-o-oh! Skis, behave! Steady! Here comes up the come-up. Don't let 'em throw you! Hold 'em. Whoopee! Goal for Romney on the black pony. Good old dead line! We're over.

(Continued on Page 184)

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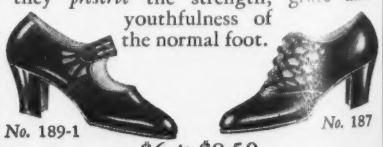

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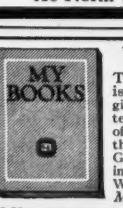

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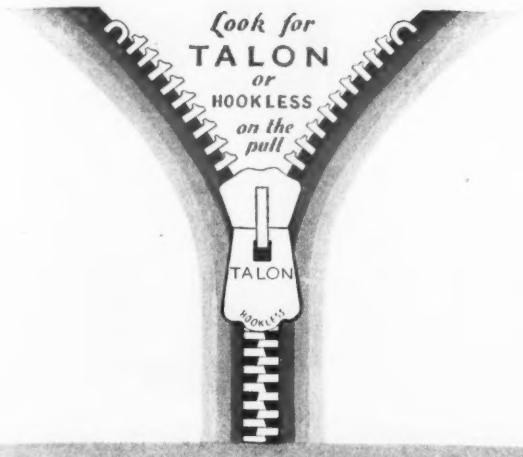

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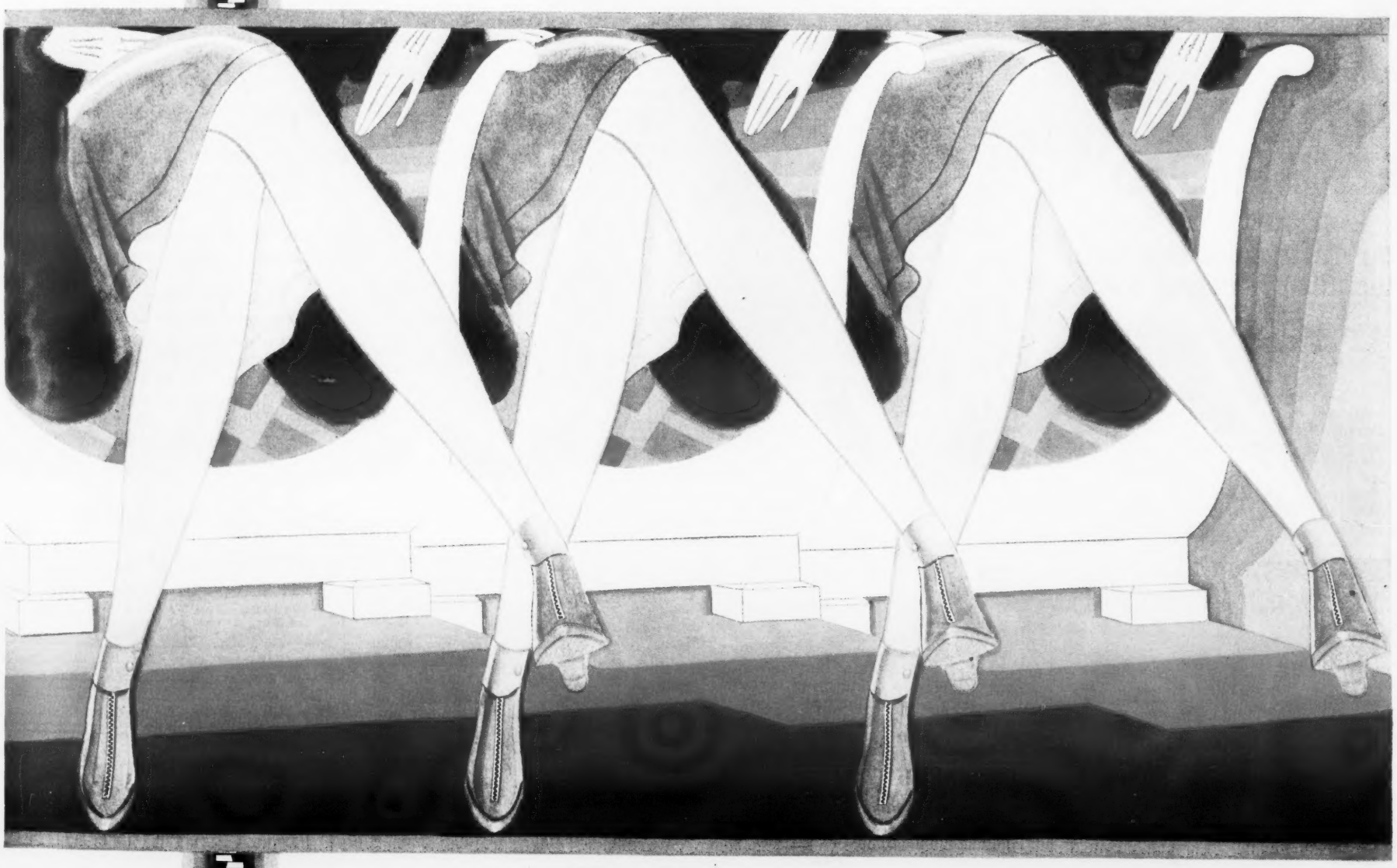

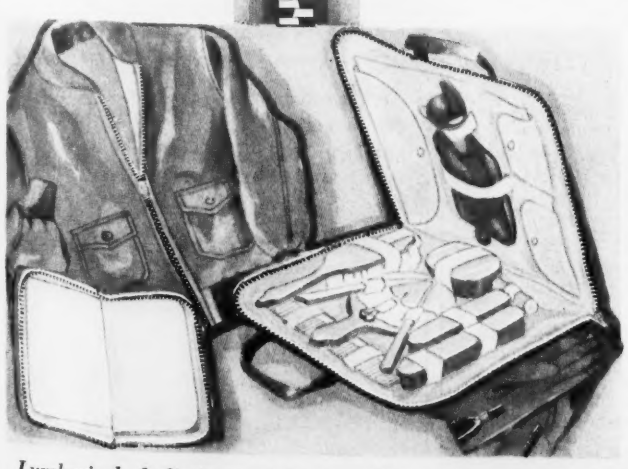

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(Continued from Page 182)

Now just for a lit-tle bit of swank. Any half-wit can, and it looks great to the other half-wits.

She was standing still again, but the world swirled around her, and the Queen's face swam in front of her. Someone put an icy hand on her forehead, and the Queen said, "Pneumonia! I knew it! Carry her to the limousine, Steve."

"I'm sleepy," Ardeth told them. "Something hurts."

She came up out of a timeless abyss full of half-remembered things and said, "Hello, Queen! How'd you get here, of all places?"

"I live here," said the Queen.

"I remember a lot, but it isn't enough. There's a gap some place. What happened to us anyhow?"

"Pneumonia crisis. Oh, pretty! We brought you home day before yesterday in a nice delirium."

"Oh." Ardeth laughed ruefully. "Out of my biscuit, h'm? Do you know what I thought, Queen? I was crazy, all right. I thought I was ski-jumping and made a lovely one."

"You were crazy, all right," said the Queen. "But you were ski-jumping. And you did make it."

ARDETH drew one hand across her eyes. "Steve came and said things," she recalled. "It was horrible. He was my idea of somebody. Then he just tore himself to shreds. Me too. Did I dream that?"

"You must have. It's not very good sense."

"I did dream it, didn't I? If I didn't, Queen—I don't care about waking up."

"Of course you did! How absurd!"

"I want to see him."

Maitland found her shockingly weakened by the illness, transparently lovely. What disturbed him was her troubled, quizzical expression. Her eyes moved restlessly, returning always to his.

"Were you a little bit proud of me, Steve?"

"I should say I was. It was a beautiful jump."

"What's St. Moritz like?"

"Oh, you'd probably love it. The starting hill is a giddy Alp."

"Pretty dangerous, I guess."

"Why, so-so dangerous, I suppose, Ardeth. You don't somehow bother about that side of it."

"You don't?" she asked.

"WHAT'S the good? We can't see ahead. Take your case. You came through the jumps without a scratch, but you've been awfully close to the edge with pneumonia you got at a dance. That's the way it goes."

"Oh!" She was looking at him with rapt eyes. "Now you're you. You weren't. Steve, I had a dreadful nightmare!"

"Yes," he said, through clenched teeth. "I know. I—I had it too."

"Then it did happen," she said desolately. "Steve! It just couldn't have! It couldn't have really happened unless"—she was silent, making a poignant effort to think—"unless something was wrong. Unless," triumphantly, "the Queen came and told you what was my own secret!"

Her eyes were looking deep into his. "It was that!" she cried. Understanding, joy, irradiated her face. He bent over and lightly kissed her forehead, but she brought her arms up about his neck and drew his lips to hers.

She had gone through the valley of the shadow for this. Maitland felt like weeping.

Women of the A. E. F.

(Continued from Page 31)

shock teams worked with practically no light, to resuscitate men that they might have a last chance on the operating tables. Long lines of men marched by and the rumble of ammunition and supply wagons and rolling kitchens never ceased.

Then came orders to evacuate all patients and to move behind another sector. The tents came down and after a little traveling were pitched again behind another battleground where the mud was churned by shells. Wounded men were again laid all around the camp.

The discomforts of the sultry days round Château-Thierry and Soissons were changed to the sufferings of the cold rains and mud of St.-Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne fronts.

These were the days when kindly fires were scarce. Man had turned fire to destructive uses. The little flames to heat water for bottles to warm wounded soldiers back to life, to keep the helping hands and feet of nurses from aching with cold, were few and feeble or none at all. Frequently those on night duty placed their shaded lanterns under their skirts for a moment of warmth—if they could stop for that moment. More than two-thirds of the women who died while with the A. E. F. were victims of the chill atmosphere and damp clothes.

Now it Can be Told

SOME of the nurses with Mobile No 1 remember well the cold, rainy day when they lined a box with gauze and white cotton and dressed one of their number in her white uniform. She had been ill only a few days with pneumonia while they were encamped just back of Verdun.

These and many other adventures of the woman at the Front can now be told. History reveals war as man's business. With warring tribes woman's inability to bear arms gave her an inferior social status. Perhaps, equally with her child-bearing function, the fact that she has been deemed unable to take part in battle has brought down through centuries of struggle the thought that woman's place is at home. There came a time during the World War when the skill and speed of women's hands were needed under the very mouths of the guns. Women were not called in France to carry arms, but to carry as near as possible to the scene of carnage the instruments to cleanse and mend the filthy trails of shell and gas. That their part may be appreciated a background of the great battles must be kept in mind.

Hospital Mobility

HOW armies lived in the ground during three years of static trench warfare and suddenly came into fierce open struggle; how men came to be wounded in such numbers and how they fared before they were carried back to a place where there were women are not things to relive, nor yet things to let be forgotten. Much has been written about the boys and too much forgotten. Little has been said of the army nurses and too much never known.

The nurses in France, even those back in the Zone of the Base, never escaped the spectacle of the cost of battle in human flesh. To see the dead and dying was enough, but the regretful feeling of responsibility for the last breath of a man added an extra burden to the nerves.

Behind the Allied advances of the summer and fall of 1918 it became daily more apparent that the value of forward hospitals depended upon their mobility and equipment. The need for hastily established medical posts near the scene of a big

(Continued on Page 187)

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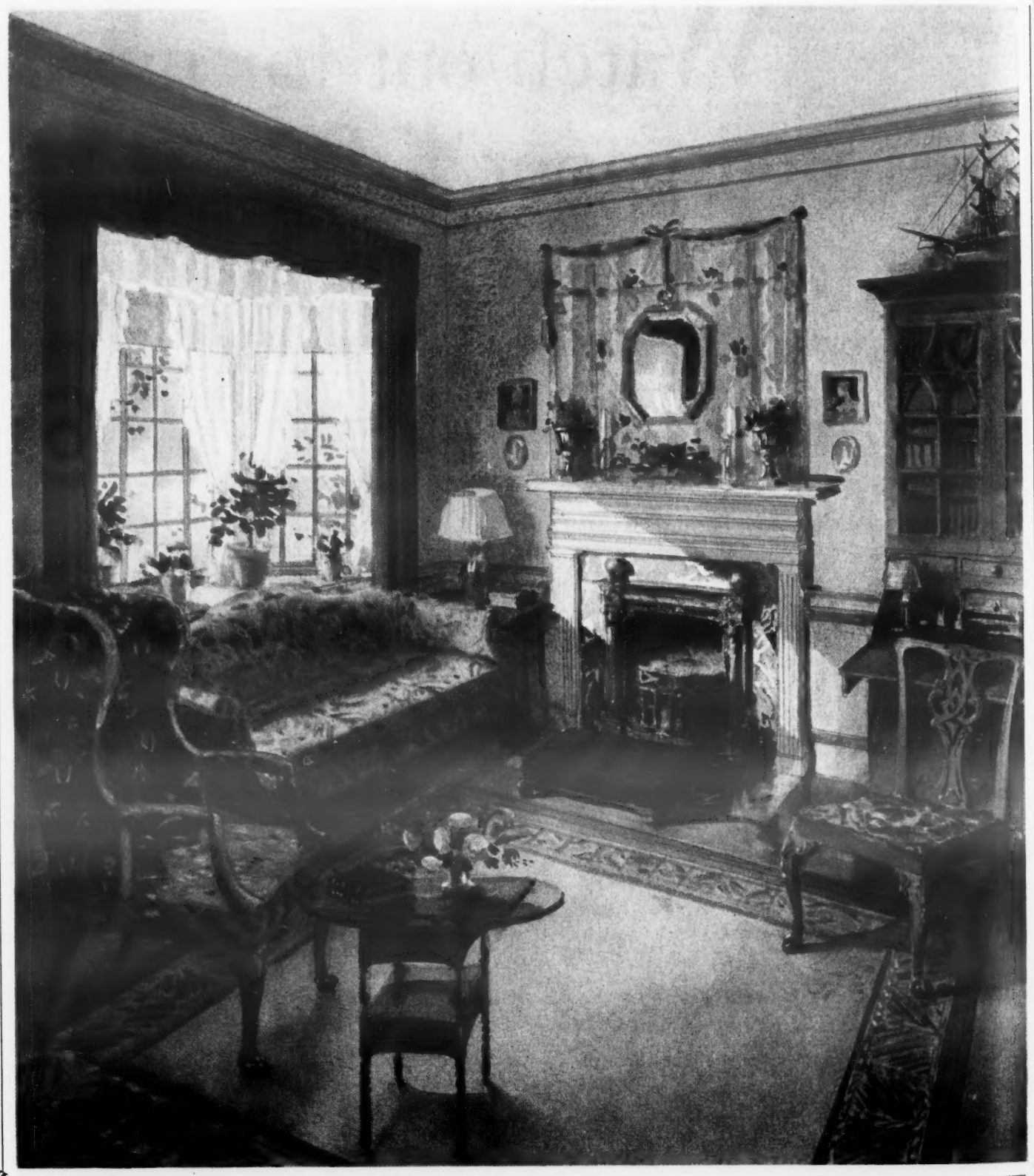

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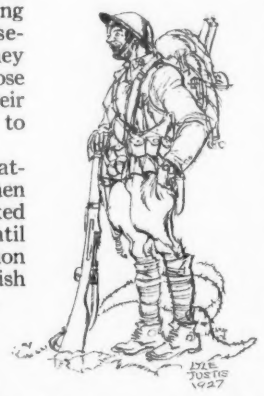
PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

Use it wherever you use soap and water

(Continued from Page 184)

drive and the increasingly frequent necessity of moving from one place to another created the well-supplied mobile hospitals. The X-ray and sterilizing equipment for such units were mounted on trucks, as were also the laundries and kitchens. The women with these camp hospitals had not the troubles caused by lack of supplies that hampered the work of the nurses at the bases. However, they slept twenty in a tent where their cots stood in mud. They worked where the bottles of solutions chattered together, and walked from the shelves to the tune of heavy guns and raining bombs. These war gypsies were sometimes sent forward before the troops when the medical officers were notified of a big military engagement. At other times the ambulances began to pour wounded men upon them before they had the beds ready. Again the convoys came after they had packed the beds to move on.

When mobile hospitals moved more frequently during the St.-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne engagements, they followed so close to those desperate battles that their corpsmen sometimes had to finish burying the dead.



Old wars with definite battles left little pacific gaps when the wounded could be picked up and the dead buried. Until the Americans came into action in the World War the English and French, accustomed to the old business of fighting, battled and went home on leave and again back to the trenches. Before March 21, 1918, when the opposing armies started to flood toward the heart of France, there were constant offensive and counter-offensive operations in locally active sectors of the subterranean lines. A steady stream of wounded, sometime swelling, flowed back to the stationary field and hutted evacuation hospitals, though wounded men were not easily rescued from no man's land between the deep trenches where the enemy lay hidden but ever watchful. Allied hospitalization had become stabilized at the edge of war.

Casualties Among Nurses

AMERICAN nurses who served on operating teams with the British during the summer of 1917 saw the effects of this kind of dogged trench warfare. Louise Hilligass, a St. Louis nurse, was sent from Base No. 21 for service in a British casualty clearing station about six miles from Ypres and a mile from Poperinghe, then being shelled day and night.

The American team was composed of two doctors, an orderly and the nurse, Miss Hilligass. One doctor on such a team gave the anæsthetic, the other and the nurse operated.

Stationed near the target of Poperinghe they worked for two weeks during a rush and were raided by bombing planes nightly. Seven operating tables were kept going by day and five at night.

The first casualty from enemy fire among the American nurses occurred about this same time in this same province of Poperinghe. British Casualty Clearing Station No. 61 was flooded with wounded that August of 1917. One day the nurses worked twenty-four hours, stopping only for something to eat. On the night of August seventeenth, Beatrice Mary MacDonald, of New York, was due to go on duty at midnight. Just before that time she was awakened by a crash. She raised herself on one elbow. At that moment the camp cookhouse was struck. The concussion was terrific. Shrapnel tore through the side of the tent and ripped the cheek and right eye of the nurse. Another American woman, Helen Grace McClelland serving with a Pennsylvania team, was on the cot next to Miss MacDonald and rushed to her side. Miss MacDonald lost the sight of her right eye.

The three U. S. Army nurses who were wounded in line of duty were all victims of air raids while serving with the British. On the night of September 4, 1917, at Dannes-Camiers, Eva Jean Parmalee, of Boston, was walking between her two long tents of patients when the siren blew and her orderly ran toward her calling, "They're here." Five bombs struck. Miss Parmalee was knocked down, her clothes were torn and her wrist watch cut away. Though she suffered wounds in the face and was nerve shocked, she ran to her tents to find the entire front section of one of them, beds and all, blown to pieces. Several of the patients were wounded.

The American Tactics

THE third woman of the Army Nurse Corps to be wounded by enemy fire was Isabel Stambaugh, of the Pennsylvania Unit. She had participated in the retreat from Péronne and had stopped at a British station in front of Amiens. She was struck when the operating room in which she was working was demolished. She suffered a deep wound in the leg.

When the Americans came to France they knew little of old war habits and tactical traditions and cared less. Their one thought was to get on and get it over. When given a chance they went over the top shouting, and the old siege-warfare of deep trenches was history.

And so after Cantigny the battles waved the lines back and forth and back over the ravaged country. When the Allied counter-offensive in the Second Battle of the Marne developed into the big push of July eighteenth, the British and French, wearied by four years of blood and mud, were happy to emulate the examples of the Americans at Cantigny and Château-Thierry and to come out of holes. Thus the old stationary hospitals were now too far back and the old forward field hospitals and clearing stations behind the uncertain battle lines had been bombed and shelled out of existence.

When the Second and Third Divisions of the A. E. F. were thrown into line to meet the third German offensive against the French on the Aisne, the Medical Corps was confronted with almost insuperable difficulties because of the shortage of equipment, transportation and personnel. It was on May twenty-seventh, the day before the First Division began fighting at Cantigny, that the enemy launched this new offensive toward Château-Thierry. On May thirty-first, the Second Division, then in reserve northwest of Paris and preparing to relieve the First, was hastily diverted to the vicinity of Meaux to a gap in the French line on the Château-Thierry-Paris road. At the same time the partially trained Third Division was placed with the French to hold the crossings of the Marne.

Evacuation No. 7 and Mobile No. 1 were rushed to Coulommiers. The flood of wounded from Belleau Wood and Vaux became so heavy that only the most seriously wounded were received and all the others sent even farther back. A nurse remembers a powerful-bodied Marine who was wounded in nine places. Another woman says, "I can never forget the awful wounds those Marines had."

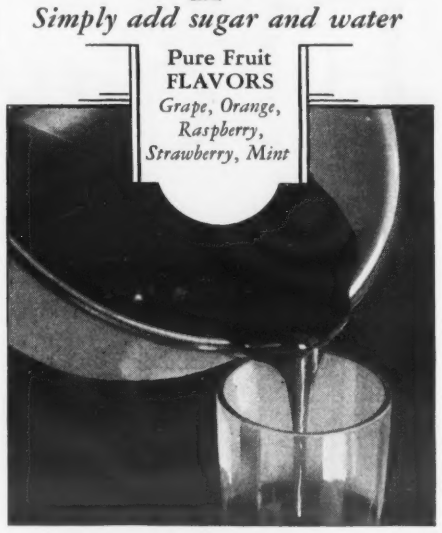
The expectation that the French would care for the American wounded and the military risk of moving evacuation hospitals and medical formations to a prescribed destination while an offensive was being secretly planned, kept the Americans from establishing hospitals to receive their own expected wounded.

French hospitalization had been as open to the American as to the French, and American nurses were serving with the Service de Santé. However, in the Soissons

(Continued on Page 189)

SKINNER'S *prepared* fruit pectin

Simply add sugar and water



Now.. make Jelly out of season!

Science brings another gift to the busy housewife. Freedom from all the fuss of jelly-making!

Now, you can make jelly in five minutes—*when* you want it—*as* you want it! You need no fruit. Just take a package of Skinner's Prepared Fruit Pectin, add water and sugar, and boil a few moments. That's all! And you have five glasses of jelly you'll be proud of.

Gone, the hours of work, the danger of failure. And Skinner's Prepared Fruit Pectin costs but 15c! Bringing you, in handy dry form, the full flavor of fresh fruit and its jelly-making substance. *Guaranteed* to please. Try it today! Ask your grocer—or mail the coupon.

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SKINNER MFG. CO., Omaha, Neb. LHJ 2

Please send me one full-size package of Skinner's Prepared Fruit Pectin. I enclose 20c (15c plus 5c for mailing).

I want.....flavor

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Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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Women, My Representatives
Make Real Money

$25.00 to $200.00 Weekly Paid in Advance, depending on time and ability.

I start you in business and help you succeed. You can have others working for you, too. Secure our lovely style creations *free* for your own use.

Beautiful Advertising and Selling Equipment Furnished By Us

I advertise you to your prospects without cost to you and furnish you with selling equipment as modern as the mode itself. Grace Graham Creations, Corselet, Girdle and Health Belt sell on sight. Very moderate in price. Every woman a prospective customer. Every customer satisfied or money refunded. Customers order again and again. *Write quickly.* No experience necessary. Grace Graham Company, Dept. H-1, Springfield, Mass.

Women Who Want Money

$25 to $70 a WEEK!

Many women earn $5 to $15 daily showing others this dainty new creation that **banishes forever that annoyance of slipping shoulder straps!** A real comfort for women at last.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

This is a dainty jewelry creation that women adore and buy eagerly. You do not need experience. The Perfumette "V" Chain also affords new way to use Perfume. Write for Free Sample Offer. Hurry. No obligation.

LINGERIE "V" COMPANY
42 Elk St., No. Windham, Conn.

Retail price Perfumette style $1.35
With Pearl Chain $2.00.

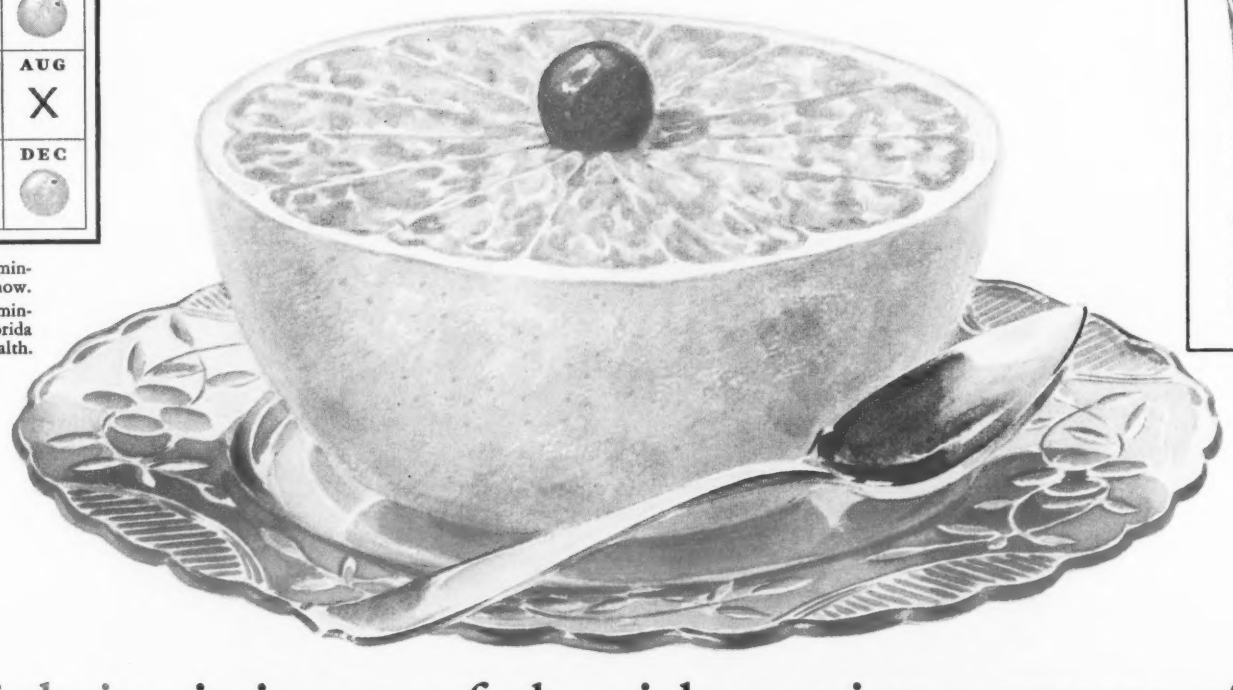
Protect health with Florida Grapefruit

the *"winter essential"*

JAN	FEB	MAR	APR
●	●	●	●
MAY	**JUN**	**JUL**	**AUG**
●	X	X	X
SEP	**OCT**	**NOV**	**DEC**
X	X	●	●

X—These are the months of vitamin-abundance—vitamins are easy now.

O—These are the months of vitamin-famine—eat and drink Florida Grapefruit daily to protect health.



Medical and food authorities now highly recommend this new drink for adults and children—Florida Grapefruit Juice. So refreshing with its tart coolness—a welcome change and a delightful idea. Serve it once or twice a day at least—grapefruit juice turns alkaline in the system—builds up the alkaline reserve that guards health!

Eat it—drink it—it is one of the richest winter sources of vitamins—it builds up the alkaline reserve that prevents colds and winter ills!

VITAMINS in lavish summer—that's easy. Vegetables and summer fruits are cheap, abundant. But now medical and food authorities warn that special thought must be given to winter vitamins!

During the six months of vegetable-scarcity in winter and early spring, the vitamin supply must not decrease. The usual winter diet of meats and starchy foods alone produces acidity—the body's alkaline reserve lessens—and the germs of common colds, grippe, influenza, find lessened opposition from the body. Resistance to sickness in winter and spring is low because the vitamin content of the diet is low!

This is dangerous—and needless. Science says that one of the richest known sources of vitamins is a fruit that is in season during these low-vitamin months... grapefruit! Grapefruit is a *sure* way to provide your family with the vitamins they must have for health and freedom from illness. That is why it is now considered a "winter essential" in everybody's diet.

Florida Grapefruit—richest in vitamins

The best grapefruit you can get come from Florida! Tree-ripened, sun-ripened—Florida Grapefruit are brimful of juice, sweeter, uniform in flavor. The skins are thin—peeling is easy. They may have "bright", "golden" or "russet" skin—but there's no difference inside.

Serve grapefruit more often than you do now. A half for breakfast is not enough—this "winter essential" should be eaten or drunk twice or three times every day from November through May.

There are so many delightful ways to serve Florida Grapefruit—dozens of cool-looking salads, fruit-cups, fruit cocktails, desserts!

And for breakfast—lunch—and in-between times the new drink, highly recommended today by doctors everywhere, is grapefruit juice! Scientific analysis shows that the valuable properties of grapefruit are in the juice. Florida Grapefruit Juice is *so* good—so refreshing with its tart coolness—a welcome change and a delightful idea.

But, in any form, remember Florida Grapefruit is a "winter essential" that brings winter health!

GRAPEFRUIT WHEEL SALAD

Grapefruit, Oranges, Green Peppers, French dressing. For each portion arrange 5 grapefruit sections and 5 orange sections alternately in circular form on lettuce-covered plates. Use small circles of peppers for center "hub" and 5 strips as "spokes". Add dressing.

GRAPEFRUIT MERINGUE PIE

1 cup sugar. 5 tablespoons cornstarch. ½ teaspoon salt. Grated rind 1 lemon. 1¼ cups boiling water. 3 eggs. ½ tablespoon butter. ¾ cup grapefruit juice. ¼ cup lemon juice. Baked pie shell.

Mix and proceed as in lemon meringue pie.

This advertisement is sponsored by the Florida Citrus Growers' Clearing House Association, an organization of growers and shippers of Florida Grapefruit, Florida Oranges and Florida Tangerines. The Florida Citrus Growers' Clearing House Association, Winter Haven, Florida.

FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT

the *"winter essential"*

(Continued from Page 187)

vicinity, there were practically no French hospitals available. From 40,000 to 45,000 beds had been lost in the March-July retreat.

The few women of the Army Nurse Corps who served with the French Service de Santé were harassed by air raids as were those nurses who served with the British. L'Hôpital Militaire at Châlons-sur-Marne was shelled by a long-range gun during the last enemy drive. The first missile came on the dot of midnight that July fourteenth, when the world suddenly blazed with the intense bombardment that announced the enemy's fifth struggle toward Paris. Every five minutes for two days and nights the long-range gun planted a shell close to the hospital.

One night the enemy bombed around and around the hospital from 9:30 P.M. until 3:45 A.M. Fritz's warnings were finally heeded and all patients were evacuated at four that morning. The nurses, who had worked a week without removing their clothes, went to Paris.

These July days from the fifteenth on saw American combatants and American nurses in intense action at the Front.

At Soissons the First and Second Divisions were thrown into combat before any American hospitalization had been established on that front. When the battle began the hospital trains could get no nearer than Crépy-en-Valois, about twenty miles from the lines. The French cared for the wounded with their own, but transportation was so difficult that many had to be left on the field.

Army Evacuation Hospital No. 5 arrived at Crépy-en-Valois the morning of that same July twentieth. While its tents were being pitched in a vacant field about three miles from the depopulated town the surgeon of the Third Corps came to the camp and begged the commanding officer to detail ten officers and thirty enlisted men to care for some three or four hundred wounded who were reported to be lying uncared for on the other side of the railroad track. Four officers and ten men were spared for this work. No nurses were available. All that night the wounded came in to No. 5. The operating teams with nurses arrived the next day. The Chief Surgeon, First Army, reported that though the hospital arrived too late to be of much service to our troops, "it was a veritable godsend to British and Scottish divisions which came in such haste to relieve the American troops that their sanitary trains were left far behind." In August Evacuation No. 5 left Crépy for La Ferte Milon, Aisne.

The Evacuation Hospitals

EVACUATION hospitals housed under tentage were larger than mobile hospitals, but were practically as movable. Evacuation No. 3 moved six times from August first to November tenth. There were seventeen nurses permanently attached to this unit and on September thirtieth, when the hospital was in the Toul sector, there were thirteen additional nurses with teams on temporary duty.

The Medical Department had an original prescribed plan for two evacuation hospitals, each accommodating 432 patients, for each division at the Front. The capacity was set at 1000 in 1917 and in actual practice some evacuation hospitals cared for twice that number.

In the six weeks subsequent to June 13, 1918, Evacuation Hospital No. 7 at Coulommiers received and evacuated 27,000 cases. Between June fourteenth and November eleventh, it admitted more than 50,000 patients. There were twenty-eight nurses permanently attached to No. 7, and on September thirtieth there were thirty-five other women from base hospitals on temporary duty with this evacuation hospital.

Evacuation No. 9 admitted more than 32,000 in fifteen days during the Meuse-Argonne operations, September twenty-sixth to November 11, 1918. After that the nurses with this hospital had the coveted experience of service at Coblenz, Germany, with the American Third Army.

After the attack of the Thirty-second Division against Juvigny on the first of August, the system of getting these great numbers of wounded back from the guns began to run as smoothly as possible under the constant shortage of personnel and equipment. This shortage at times was desperate. In the early days of November it appeared that only an armistice could save the Medical Department from breaking under the strain. The system of getting the wounded from the field, sorted and treated had to be carefully planned and executed to make the most of the limited transportation and hospital facilities. What better review of these methods or more genuine picture of the nurses in action than in the true story of a man who left both his legs in the Argonne?

A Scout's Experience

IT WAS on the morning of November 4, 1918. Three scouts were crawling up a hill fifty yards ahead of their own platoon and behind the advance platoon. The battle was in the open. These troops of the Eighty-ninth Division had just taken the town of Beaufort and were halted. Somebody must have asked his buddy what time it was, for one of the scouts heard a man call loudly, "It's nine o'clock." Just then one after the other, one . . . two . . . three whiz-bangs struck so near that dirt was thrown all over the scout. . . . Four! The last one of those three-inch shells with a pin in its nose struck his knee and exploded. He looked down. One of his limbs was completely gone and the other split. He remembers thinking that only a few minutes more measured his life. He heard a comrade calling, "First a-a-aid . . . first a-a-aid!" Each platoon had its allotment of stretcher bearers. Two appeared and bandaged the wounded man. They carried him back to a first-aid station, where he received morphine and tetanus antitoxin. He was conscious and recognized the situation of the aid station as a place he had helped capture only that morning. At noon he was put in an ambulance with three other wounded men and they traveled until about dark of that November day. He was lifted out at a dressing station or tent sorting station. Here there were women. One asked him if he wanted chocolate. He heard someone else say, "I don't want this man to be shocked more than necessary." He thought that nothing could shock him who had been hit with a three-inch shell. He did not understand then that the nurse meant nothing must be done to cause him to lose more blood. However, he was not taken into a shock ward at this dressing station, but placed again in the ambulance. Then he endured a rough ride. Once he called to the driver, "I'm losing a lot of blood in here."

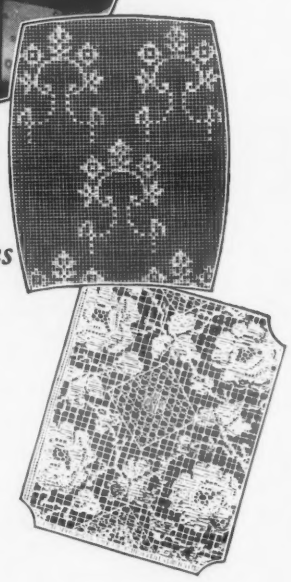
"Can't help it, boy. I'm doing the best I can," the voice from the outside came back. "Had to take a back road. They're shelling the other."

About midnight they reached Mobile No. 4, near Cheppy. Still on his stretcher he was laid for a while on a cot in the dark and then taken to the operating room. Etched on his memory is the form of a nurse standing above him and holding up one of her hands with two fingers bandaged. All the time he was on the table he noticed half-consciously and later remembered with curiosity that upraised hand above an elbow sometimes supported by the nurse's other hand when for a moment it was freed from the business of preparing him for the operation. All nurses will recognize the gesture of pain from an infected finger.

Somebody said, "If you're wise . . ." Later the doctor said to the scout on the table, "If you are wise you will agree to the amputation of the other limb tonight as it is infected."

(Continued on Page 191)

Light and airy, this graceful design in Zion Curtain Nets, No. X6381 imparts a transparent beauty to windows



From the Spanish comes the inspiration for the bold, rich pattern of Zion Curtain Net No. X5360

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Windows softened with Zion Lace Curtains

The beauty spots of a room are its windows. In finest homes, windows are curtained with the softest, most beautiful fabrics obtainable. Because this is so, curtains of delicate lace are always in perfect taste. They soften, yet never deaden the natural light; they give intimacy and privacy to the home.

In Zion Lace Curtains you will find the art of lace making at its height. The beauty of design, the skill of the craftsmen, the delicacy and enduring fine quality of the lace—all are apparent. Not in all the world are there more beautiful loom lace curtains than those which come from the Zion Lace Mills. You can see them at a store near you. May we call your attention to the coupon below?

ZION LACE CURTAINS

Mills Owned and Operated by
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, *Wholesale*
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Marshall Field & Company, *Wholesale* LHJ 2
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Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet on Zion Lace Curtains, showing 42 photographs of beautiful room settings, and many charming new ways to decorate windows. I enclose 10c.

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New Kind Of Can Opener

Works Like Magic!

AGENTS
Men and Women make $6 to $12 an hour, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for FREE OUTFIT and FREE TEST Offers.

At last! An *automatic*, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top, leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special, introductory advertising offer.
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Tea Room Managers in Big Demand

Hundreds of new tea rooms, cafeterias, lunch rooms, motor inns, now opening every week are calling for trained managers. Shortage acute. We receive daily calls for managers, assistant managers, hostesses, table directors, buyers, etc.—both men and women. *Big salaries paid to trained executives.* We teach you entire business in your spare time—and put you in touch with big opportunities. Write for **Free Book** "Pouring Tea for Profit." **Lewis Tea Room Institute,** Dept. BH-549, Washington, D. C.

"You can go 20 miles on less than a gallon of gasoline"

BEWARE!

Benzine, Naphtha or Gasoline may disfigure you for life or kill you outright—*then it's too late for advice.*

For Safetys Sake-demand

CARBONA

UNBURNABLE & NON-EXPLOSIVE
Cleaning Fluid
Removes Grease Spots
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
Does it Quickly and Easily

20¢ BOTTLES AND LARGER SIZES AT ALL DRUG STORES

WHAT A FOOL . . . . Listerine might have spared her this

Checks SORE THROAT *because it attacks germs*

WHAT a fool . . . down with a nasty cold and a mean sore throat . . . and simply because she wouldn't heed the first warning of trouble.

It is unfortunate that more people do not realize that the prompt use of Listerine, full strength, often nips ordinary sore throat and colds in the bud, so to speak, before they become serious.

These ailments are caused by germs. And Listerine, full strength, as we have always known, possesses amazing power to destroy germs.

Even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ, used by the Government to test the power of antiseptics, is killed by Listerine, full strength, in 15 seconds. This is shown by repeated tests in laboratories of national repute. Yet Listerine, full strength, may be safely used in any body cavity.

Now you can understand why the regular, daily use of Listerine during winter weather, is such splendid protection against ordinary sore throat. Also why, when sore throat *does* develop, Listerine usually checks it so quickly. Moreover the treatment is pleasant. Listerine has a soothing effect on the mucous membrane. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Tell your husband
about the new cool
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
He'll like it

To escape a cold:

Rinse the hands with a small amount of Listerine before each meal. Thus you kill cold germs, rendering them harmless when, carried by foods, they enter the mouth where most colds start.

(Continued from Page 189)

The veteran of the Eighty-ninth woke up with both limbs amputated near the hips. He stayed with Mobile No. 4 seven days. The nurses he found overworked, but tirelessly kind. He could still hear the guns that were taking his comrades. For after his last hour on the field half his company was lost. During the long nights he could see the flares of the bombardments. The nights were too long. He begged a nurse to give him something to make him sleep. She gave him hot drinks.

From the mobile hospital he went to Evacuation Hospital No. 14 at Varennes. He was kept here one night and sent to another hospital. He remembers the situation only as a mud hole and a place where he nearly died. A boy on the cot next to him died and the nurse put a screen around the scout's bed. He was sure that this meant that he, too, was "going west." The nurse found him feverish and discouraged and transferred him to a room filled with walking cases learning to sing Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous. His fever ran up to 104 degrees. The ward surgeon was gone for the day. The worried nurse brought in other medical officers to examine the scout who insisted he had only a cold and wanted to be left alone. One of the doctors probed the stump of a limb and found metal. Again the operating table. "Look what we found. They certainly fill the shells with everything from belt buckles to pieces of tools," said the doctor holding up the jaw of a pair of pliers which he had extracted from the body of the scout.

"No, sir, those are my own pliers," replied the mutilated man. "They were in my hip pocket. I remember seeing them on the other side of the shell hole before they picked me up and wondering how they got out of my pocket and over there."

"Blown over and a piece of them blown into you," said the medical officer.

"And a narrow escape you've had," added the nurse.

The scout was sent to another hospital at Nantes and had a week at Savenay, one night at Brest and was then placed on the George Washington for the U. S. A. This man was cared for after the program evolved by the Medical Corps under the tremendous pressure of war. There were more tragic variations.

Combating Gas Infection

DURING the great defensive battles of March-July and the Allied drives that began in July to push the opposing gray armies back over the invaded country, conditions were often chaotic. When around the evacuation hospitals the ground was covered with stretchers and filled ambulances were lined up outside with engines impatient to be gone again, there was little time or space to keep a routine. Base hospitals near the Front turned into evacuation hospitals and some not in the advance zone became the nearest operating centers. Evacuation hospitals became only rushed dressing stations, and dressing stations could give only the necessary first aid.

During the St.-Mihiel operation, Base Hospitals Nos. 45 and 51 at Toul caught the deluge of surgical cases and sorted and evacuated them, while Evacuation No. 3 was ordered to follow the Army and so became a mobile hospital.

Field hospitals were theoretically for emergency treatment only. The nurses sent on teams to these units did everything. Sometimes the field hospital was a dressing and sorting station, and again operating tents had to be set up when the evacuation hospitals behind could not care for all. Between these hastily set up operating tables a ditch was dug in the ground to receive the waste from the work of salvaging the human wreckage.

Resuscitation wards had to be established at these field hospitals. The nurses and doctors trained for shock work in such wards grew expert in the technic of blood transfusion.

Everything was sacrificed to dispatch. Splintered limbs and heads and jaws, shell-torn chests and gaping flesh wounds had to be cared for quickly. And gas bacillus infection was not ordinary infection. It often came from the filth and débris that was blown into the wounds with the explosion of shells. It did its deadly work speedily.

Ever there was the excruciating problem of choice between men needing treatment and the need of the beds for the incoming wounded. To evacuate seriously wounded on a cold, rainy night was a heartbreaking task. Men who needed every care for their lives had to be taken from warm beds and subjected to long jolting rides. Roads were so bad and so crowded that a few miles meant hours of travel. The trips in the ambulances were torturing. The ambulance driver could not think of the one passenger shattered on the jarring road. If he could not survive, he must not be remembered. The hundreds of his comrades on the ground at the Front must not be forgotten. The one could not count on those days when the battle casualties numbered thousands.

Woman Proves Her Strength

SORTING the most urgent, cutting away the muddy, blood-encrusted clothes, amputating rotting limbs came to be a program accomplished with speed and without words, often in comparative darkness, but rarely in quietude because of the accompaniment of exploding bombs and the cannonade. Somehow, the hundreds were treated and gotten into ambulances and back to the hospital trains and moved away from the guns that had scarred them for life or marked them for death. The total number evacuated in the Zone of the Armies was 214,467, of whom 11,281 were sent in hospital trains to base ports.

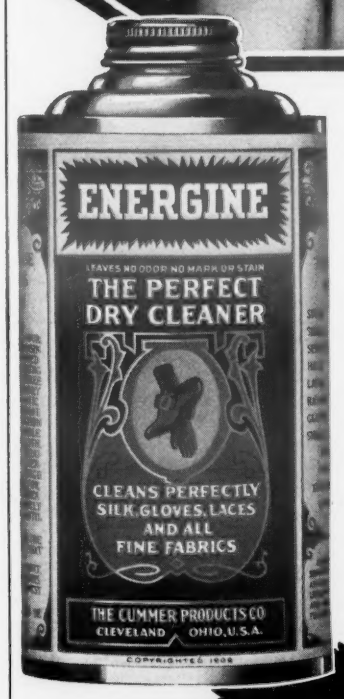
The hospital trains that moved the wounded back to the ports became true mobile hospitals. On November eleventh there were sixty-three nurses on the American hospital trains. These nurses were given a unique chance to experience extreme horror and absolute surcease. Going to the Front for the human freight of battle, the trains were like private cars. They were empty and sometimes sidetracked for an hour or more beside some quaint village. The nurses were then given leave to explore the town and make the acquaintance of the French people.

The men suffered much on these jolting trains and many could not survive the journey. Some of the gassed men called deliriously for someone to "finish the job" and release them from suffering.

The nurses housed in the narrow swaying cars that held such concentrated tragedy had to be strong of heart and body. On none of the stages of the World War, where women were called to play a part, was there a place for the weak. If war is constructive of anything, perhaps there may be written in the all-too-blank credit columns of the last war its contribution to the progress of women. For years woman had tried to obtain her rights and, when she proved her strength and worth in man's bloody business of war, she found herself recognized. Even though her recognition is due in part to a show of phenomenal physical strength and independence during wartime, perhaps she can, by an intelligent use of her freedom, demonstrate the power of coöperation between the sexes and point the way to pacific coöperation between peoples. Then she shall not need to follow the guns of nations and clean up the colossal carnage in the wake of men at war. If she succumbs to the savagery of tribal feud, the ancient habit of brute force, the fascination of bemedaled uniforms and such deadly toys as bombing planes, she may prepare not only to give her men and welfare services to future wars, but perhaps to bear arms herself.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The next article of this series, to be published in March, will tell of the lighter side of nurses' life with the A. E. F.

All spots removed by *Energine* the perfect cleaning fluid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THE PERFECT DRY CLEANER
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Pure—Leaves No Odor or Ring

***Energine* positively contains no acid, alkali or caustic to injure the most delicate skin or the daintiest fabric. Constant use of *Energine* maintains the original fine appearance and prolongs wear. It is *Energine* and *not* the rubbing that cleans so efficiently.**

For twenty-five years *Energine* has been tested and used successfully by millions—even on the most delicate fabrics. Be sure to ask your druggist for *Energine*. Nothing takes its place. The handy 10-ounce can, 35 cents! Buy the large 20-ounce can for greater economy.

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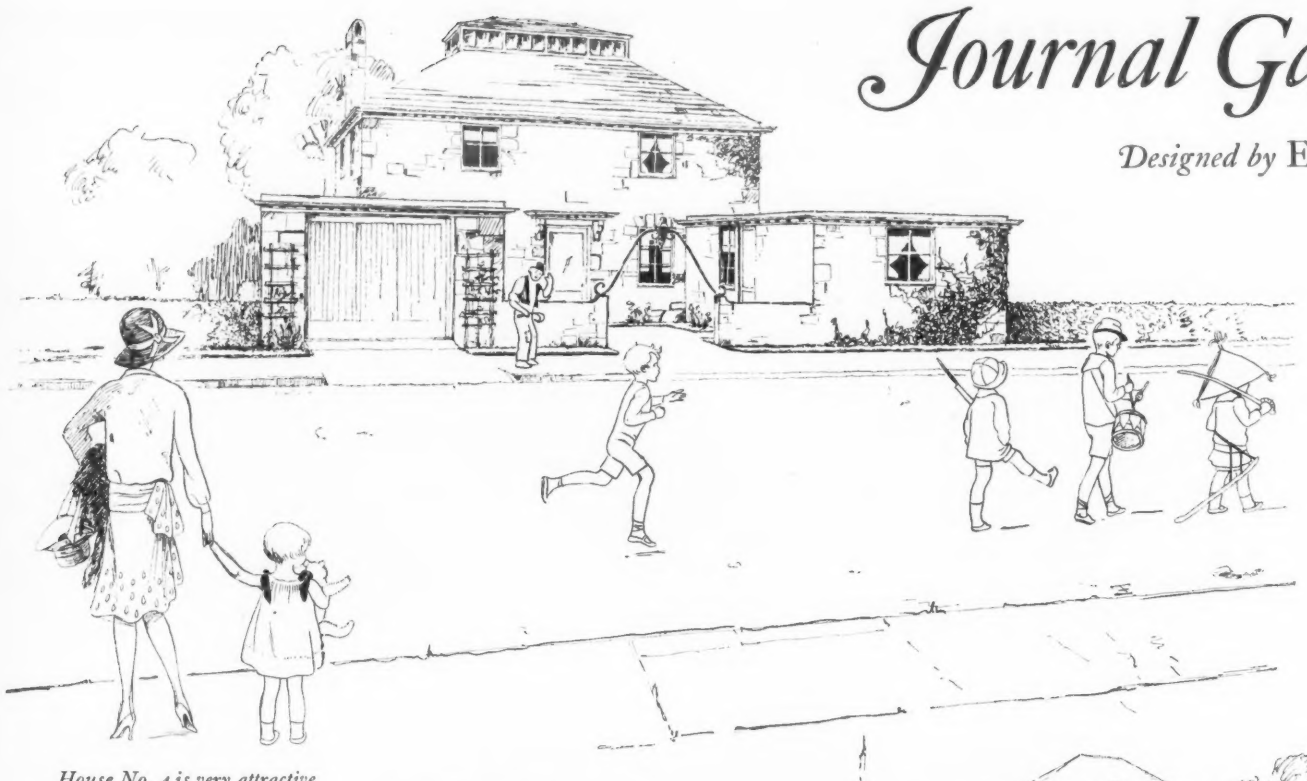
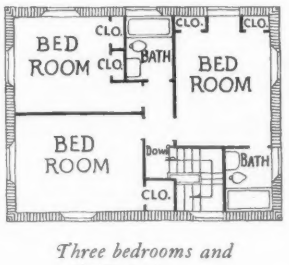


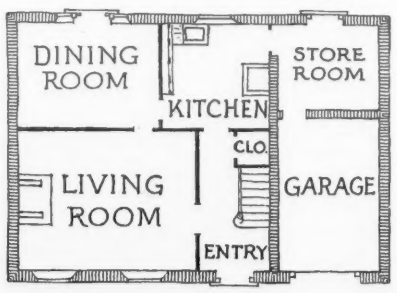
House No. 4 is very attractive and is just the right size for a small family.



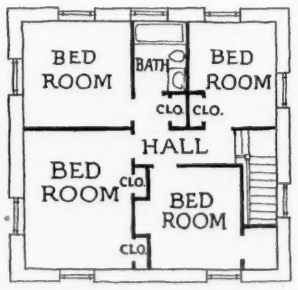
Three bedrooms and TWO bathrooms.

The garden of House No. 2 contains a summerhouse which is an ideal place to watch the children at play.

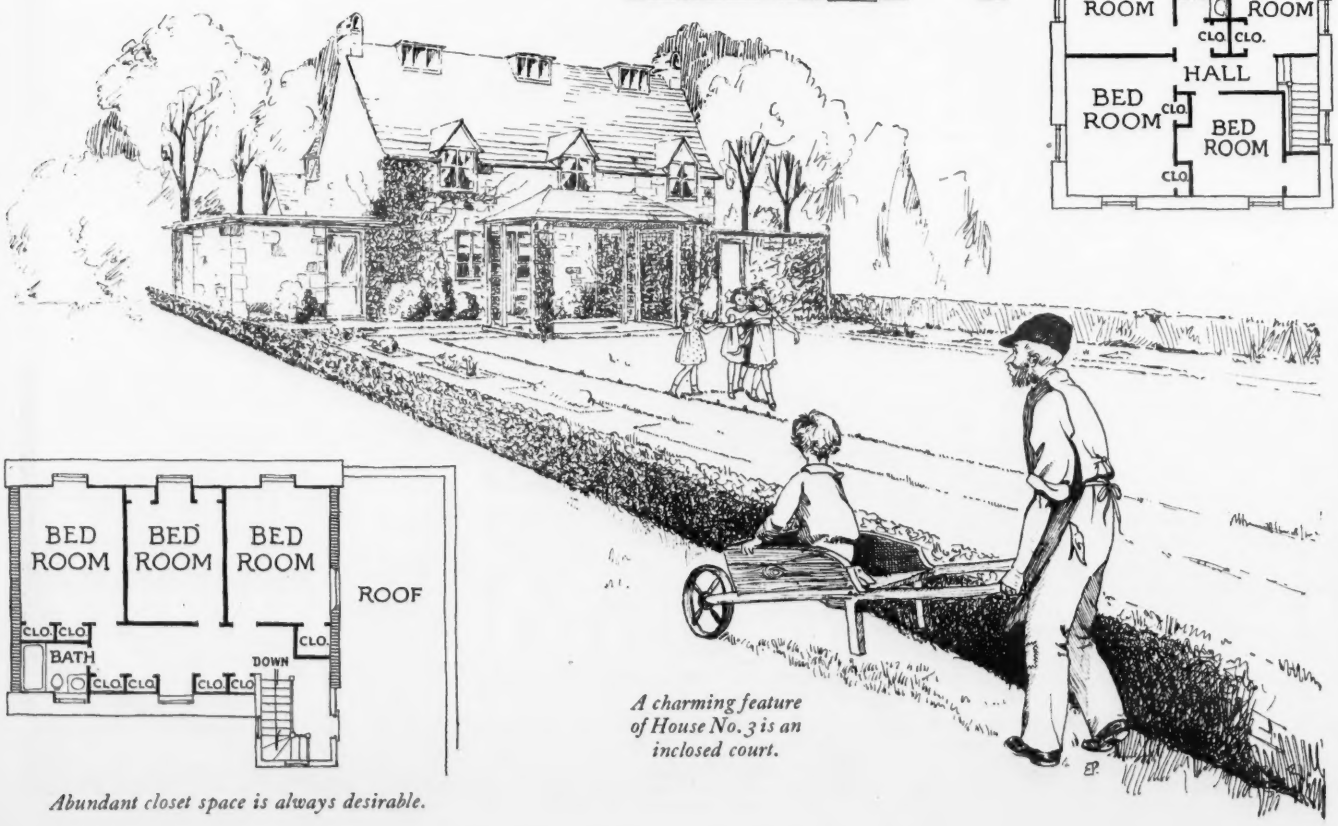
An entrance court of this type affords the living quarters greater privacy.



A plan for those who prefer their living room to the front.

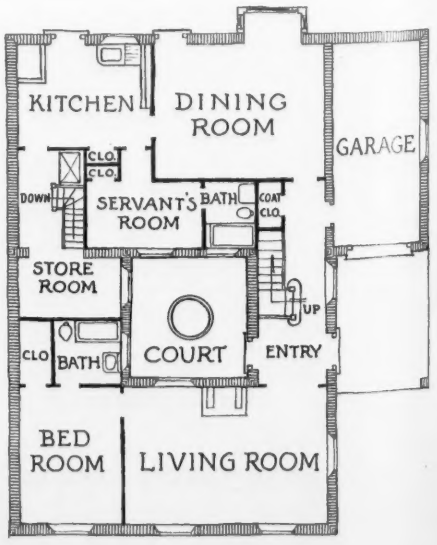


A very compact second-floor plan.



A charming feature of House No. 3 is an inclosed court.

Abundant closet space is always desirable.



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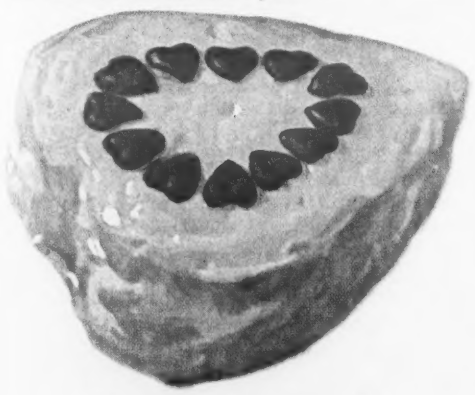

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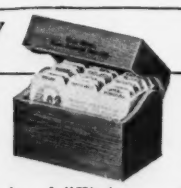

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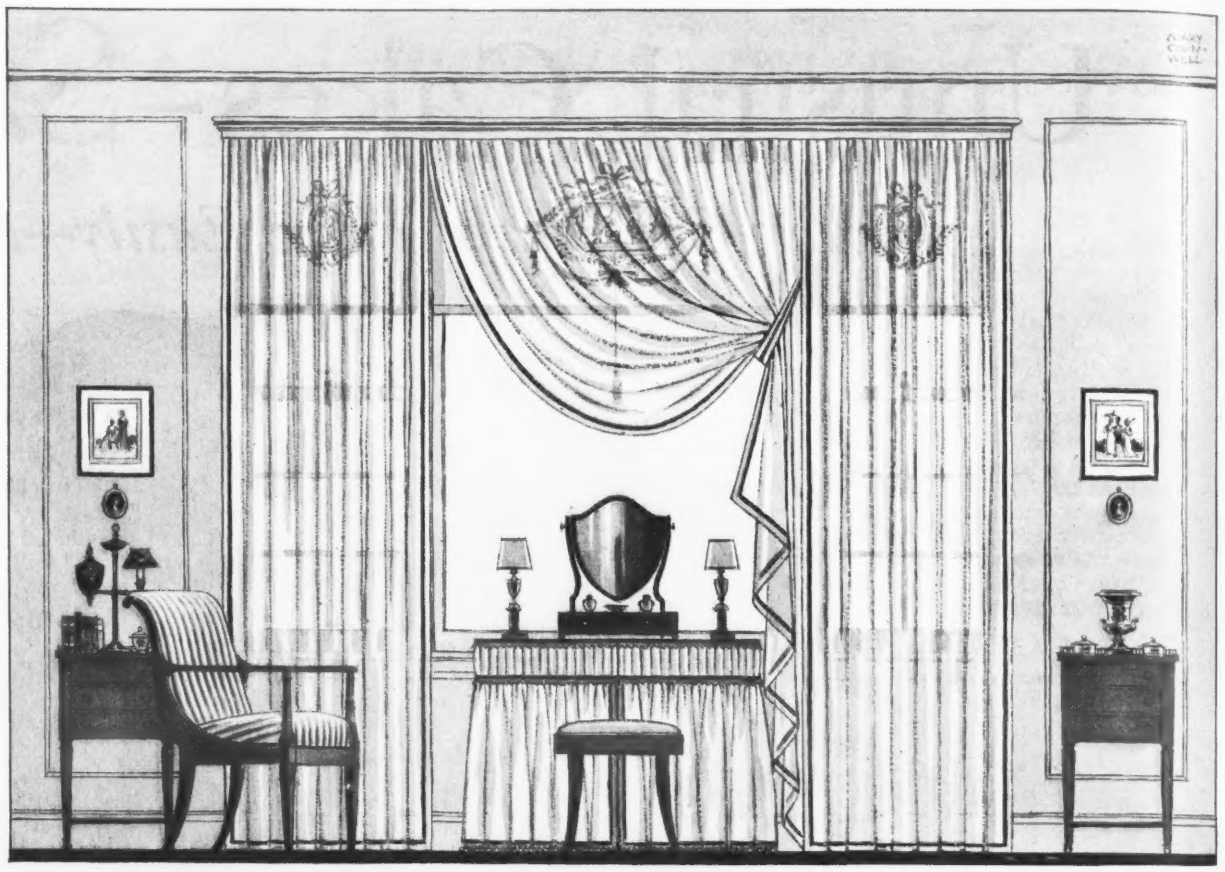
Insuring Well-Tailored Windows

(Continued from Page 28)

Draperies should never be obviously things apart from the rest of the decorative scheme—that is, they should not "stand off" from the wall as a special decorative feature in the room, but their coloring should be repeated about the room in different places. This repetition, or echoing, of the color will probably be found in the pictures, vases, upholstery, rugs and lamps. This ties the color of the draperies into the rest of the composition. One way to insure the compatibility we are discussing is to select a suitable color that exists in some of the objects in the room. Using this as a basis for your color scheme, you can build up a harmony that will be consistent and delightful.

The colors to be used in the undercurtains, or glass curtains, can be either of écru or buff tones, or made to match the wall identically in color. This matching of the undercurtains to the wall color is most popular at present, due to the vogue for colored wall effects. There is an advantage in decorating a room when the undercurtains match the wall. When these curtains are not of the same color as the walls, we find that they make large squares of a dirty tan against the delicate-colored background of the room. This breaks the background up into many different-size areas and it becomes most disturbing. The room seems "busy." It is infinitely more pleasing to see the color of the wall continue undisturbed about the room, making a solid and quiet background against which we place the decorative ensemble. Écru or white undercurtains can easily be dyed to match the wall color or obtained in any color that you may desire.



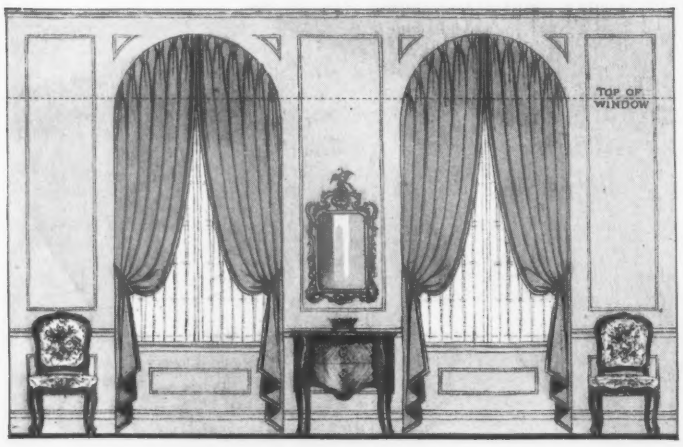


Fig. 6. The same windows are shown treated in two different manners, each of which is correct.

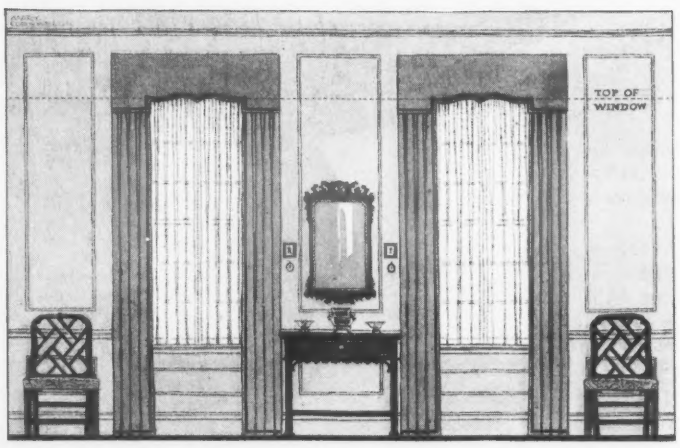


Fig. 6 (A). The apparent height of low windows may be increased by attaching valances to the wall over the windows.

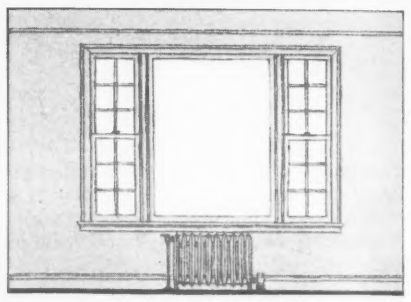


Fig. 5. The problem of a large center window with radiator, as shown in small illustration, is most happily solved in treatment above.

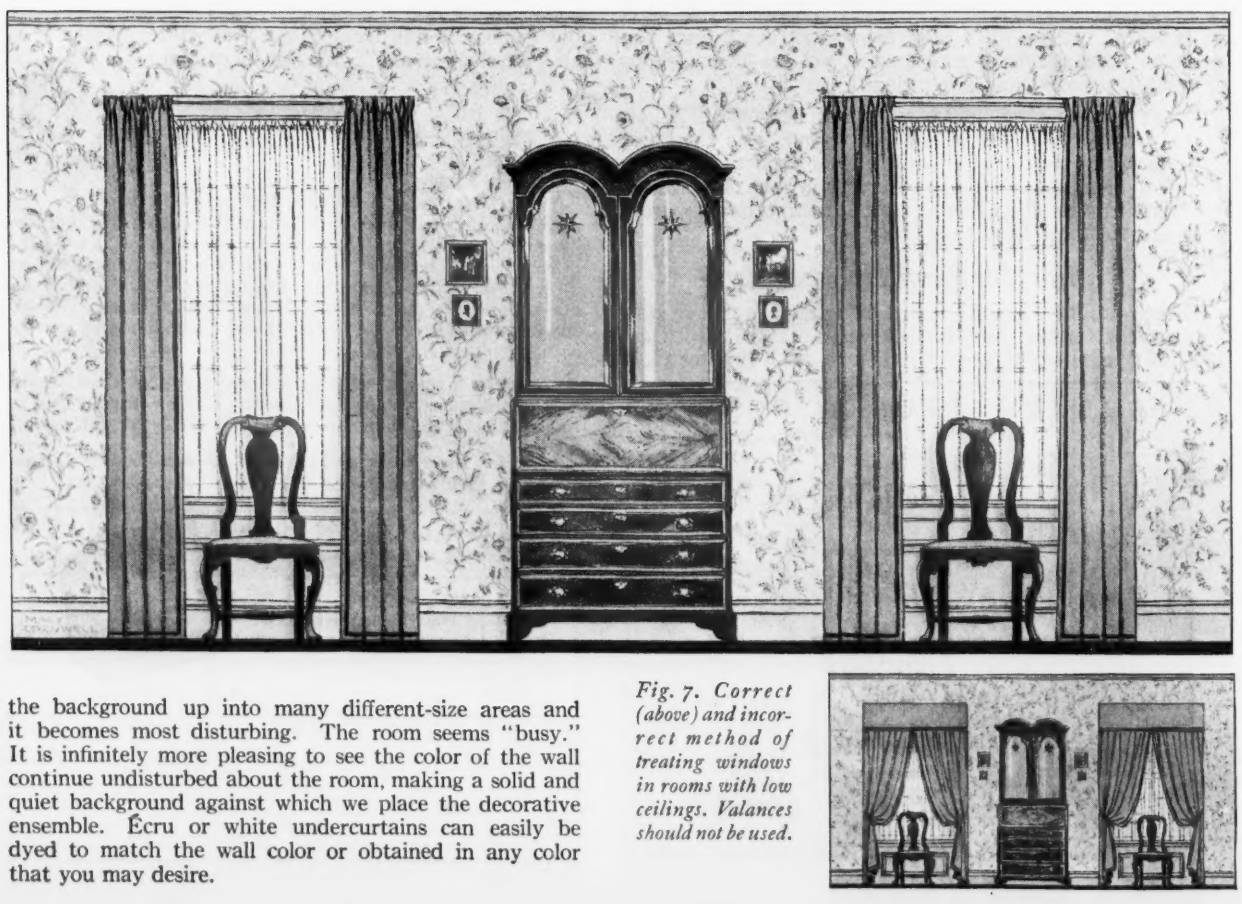


Fig. 7. Correct (above) and incorrect method of treating windows in rooms with low ceilings. Valances should not be used.

Our next important consideration is selecting the most desirable fabric or material. There are a few factors we must consider, but they are indeed simple enough. When the room feels crowded or warm—perhaps it is small—it is best to use fabrics that are tightly woven and with a hard surface. These appear cool to the eye. Such pile fabrics as mohair, velvet, velour and frieze, which are loose and soft, are the least desirable for such rooms. They impart a sensation of added heat and weight. They make small rooms feel stuffy. The best fabrics under such conditions are poplins, reps, linens, cretonnes, taffetas, satine, damasks and chintz.

In rooms where there is a bare, hard and cold feeling, we should use fabrics that will impart the feeling of heat, softness, comfort. In such cases we would use pile fabrics. If the furniture is upholstered in one type of fabric—let us say, a pile fabric—it is not necessary to use the same type of fabric in the draperies. Different textures can be combined as easily as different colors if we consider their effect upon the room when assembled.

Because certain drapery designs require certain types of fabrics, our choice is somewhat governed by the design of the drapery we wish to use. It is often the kind of fabric used in the drapery, and not the color or the design, that spoils the effect. If the design is delicate and soft we cannot expect a heavy-bodied fabric to fall into, or adhere to, delicate folds. It is best to use the heavy-bodied fabrics, such as velvets and brocatels, in a simple and dignified manner, preferably hanging in long straight lines.

After having carefully considered the color and the texture most suitable to your room, we must select the style or pattern of the draperies.

Valances, from the most simple to the most elaborate, play an important part in overcoming many problems. There are many ways of designing these. In Figure 8 we see two examples, the correct and incorrect method of designing a valance which is cu

(Continued on Page 196)

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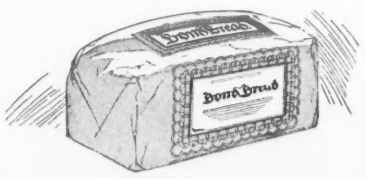

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(Continued from Page 194)

and mounted on board or buckram. Any valance, other than the kind which is cut straight across the bottom, should be designed so as to keep out as little light and air as possible. Since the main function of the valance is to cover the heading of the drapery, it should never be used alone. In the correct illustration you can readily see how the eye is carried up to the center of the valance. It is both beautiful and practical. In using any type of valance, one should consider carefully the size of the windows and the dimensions of the room in which they are to be used. Though the valance can overcome any difficulties that the window or room might offer, it can as easily accentuate their defects. When used correctly, the valance eliminates all feeling of excess height caused by overscaled windows on ceilings, but incorrectly used it accentuates the lowness of both windows and ceilings.

Let us first consider the room which has too high a ceiling for its length and width. We must overcome this towering and vacant feeling that it imposes upon us. It is impossible to hang pictures so high on the wall; we must resort to other schemes. When planning draperies in such a room, the use of a valance will give that horizontal or crosswise line to the windows which aids in stopping the eye from continuing to the ceiling. It seemingly lowers the height of the room. Should we have a room with a low ceiling, we would only accentuate its lowness by using such a valance. In rooms where there are low ceilings the draperies should hang in as long straight lines as possible. These vertical lines, made by the draperies at the sides of the windows, carry the eye upward and thus exaggerate the height of the room.

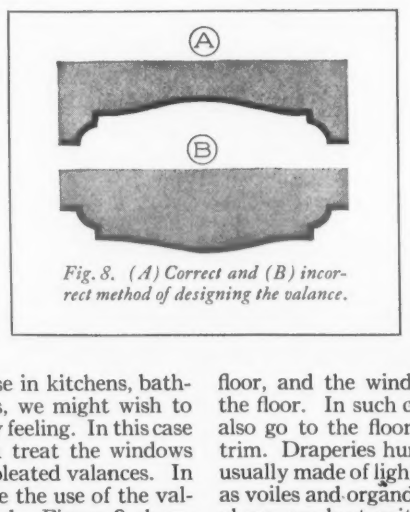

Fig. 8. (A) Correct and (B) incorrect method of designing the valance.

If we have small Dutch windows, such as is often the case in kitchens, bathrooms and bungalows, we might wish to have a quaint and cozy feeling. In this case we could well enough treat the windows with small shirred or pleated valances. In Figures 3 and 7 we see the use of the valance clearly illustrated. Figure 3 shows the correct and incorrect methods of treating windows in rooms with high ceilings; Figure 7, the correct and incorrect methods of treating windows with low ceilings.

Odd Windows

IT IS true that the design of the drapery is somewhat limited to the size of the windows, but by using certain treatments we can give the impression of different-size windows. This is often desirable in rooms where the windows are too small, too large or mismated.

Let us consider schemes for a room in which the windows are of different sizes, or where they are so small that they lack all sense of formality. Perhaps one of the windows is six inches to a foot shorter than the others. We must somehow increase the height of the windows to even them up as best we can. This, too, can be done with a valance. In this case the valance can be attached to the wall over the window instead of to the window itself. Thus we seemingly increase the height of the window.

If the windows are of different heights, the valance can be adjusted accordingly. Another way to overcome this same difficulty is to create the illusion of arch-topped or circular-headed windows—such as those found in the formal homes of the French, English and American periods during the time of Louis XV, Louis XVI, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Adam and Phyfe. Here we have a semicircular frame applied to the architectural trim over the window. To this frame we fasten the draperies. The illusion is as if the windows are in reality arch-topped. Both methods have increased the height of the windows and at the same time have given our room far more ease and dignity. In Figure 6 we see the same windows treated in two different manners. The heights of the windows are now more consistent with the scale of the room.

Occasionally we find windows that are of different widths; under such circumstances we must adjust the draperies at the sides of the windows. This is achieved by attaching the drapery rods on the wall at different lengths. Seemingly, the windows are now of the same width.

Designs

IN SELECTING patterns for drapery materials it is well to remember a simple little law: The design in the fabric should repeat about five times to the given length of the drapery when it is finished. If the window is two feet high or twenty feet high, this proportion of pattern is best. It can often be disregarded when using minute patterns, but should be closely followed when using large and definite floral repeats. You will find that this is far more desirable than having even-numbered repeats, such as four or six, at the window.

After we have considered the architectural difficulties that we must overcome, we are ready to design the draperies. If the windows continue to the floor, or if they are of the French-door type, the draperies must also continue to the floor. There is a definite rule that when the drapery at the side of the window covers any portion of the architectural trim, it must cover all of it. Often the windows stop at the sash about a foot and a half above the floor, and the window trim continues to the floor. In such cases the drapery must also go to the floor and cover the entire trim. Draperies hung within the trim are usually made of lightweight materials such as voiles and organdies. These, when used alone, are best suited to informal rooms such as breakfast nooks, small bedrooms, bathrooms and kitchens.

If the drapery is to be lined, it is of course necessary either to face the bottom of it with the same drapery material or to use a colored lining. Should the drapery not be cut on a bias we can disregard this. The reason for the facing or colored lining is that if it is not treated in this way there will be unpleasant spots of the écru lining appearing at the bottom where it cascades. There is another advantage in having colored linings, preferably to match the walls. When the drapery is blown back into the room, as it is most certain to be, it is far more pleasant to see a colored lining than the écru. Colored satine lining in sunfast colors can easily be obtained in any color. Figure 9 shows draperies with and without this cascade or jabot effect at the bottom.

In drapery schemes for the kitchen, breakfast nook, porch, bathroom or nursery, we have a certain amount of abandon that we do not have in those for the more formal rooms. Here one can express his personality with more daring. One of the most usable and inexpensive fabrics for such draperies is colored oilcloth. It is easily washed and suitable for rooms where there is apt to be steam. One can often combine it with voile or net curtains that he is already using. Figure 10 illustrates three oilcloth valances.

Checked-gingham material makes charming undercurtains or side draperies, the

(Continued on Page 199)

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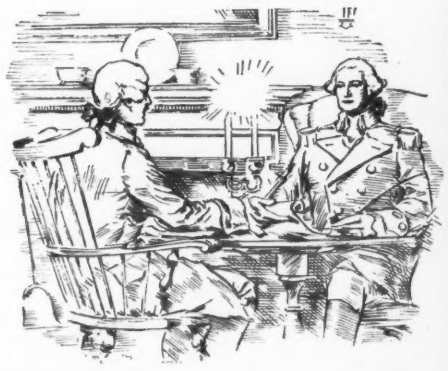

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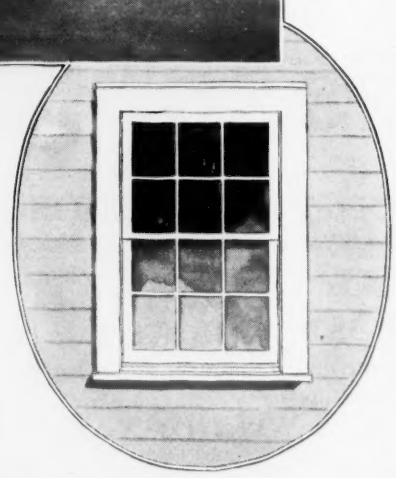

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(Continued from Page 196)

edges of which can be bound with the valance material. In illustration A of Figure 10, we see a valance made with two tones of oilcloth. This might be red and white, green and white, black and white or two tones of the same color. These two colors were sewn together, then tacked to a wooden frame that was applied over the window. The side draperies of voile or organdie have a one-inch border of the same color as the valance. This border is applied about an inch and a half from the inside and bottom edges of the drapery.

In illustration B (Figure 10) we find a valance which is made of three scalloped layers of oilcloth. These may consist of different tones of one color, or three harmonizing colors. They are also tacked on a frame over the window. A picture molding, painted to harmonize with or match the oilcloth, is fastened to the upper edge in the manner of a cornice. The side draperies are also voile or organdie. These are scalloped and bound in the darkest color used in the valance.

The valance in illustration C (Figure 10) can also be made of oilcloth, but the most charming use for this idea is to have the valance made of a lightweight sheet metal, such as tin. It is then buffed and oiled to resemble pewter. The "pewter" valance is delightful in Early American interiors.

In planning designs for a bedroom, living room or dining room, we often encounter windows which are in units of threes. These usually have the large or plate-glass window between the smaller ones. Often there is a radiator placed below the larger window.

In bedrooms we can nicely overcome this difficulty. A square frame can be built about the radiator. Over the frame is stretched a wire mesh. This frame is then covered with a soft fabric and draped as we would a dressing table.

In Figure 5 we see this dreary type of window treated in a most chic, yet restful, manner. The windows are covered with soft voile. This is bordered on three sides with one-inch satin ribbon, and hangs to the floor. The heading and rod are covered with a cornice board. This cornice board can be replaced by a shallow valance, should you so desire. The center drapery has been cut on a bias and is drawn back well up on the window at one side. It falls to the floor in a pleasing cascade.

Figure 4 shows two formal treatments for the dining or living room with this same window arrangement. Illustration A shows a swagged effect for the valance. Here the material is gathered in folds at the divisions of the window. These gatherings are covered with two jabots. The edge of the drapery should be bound with a one-inch binding. Notice how the tailored cascade at the bottom of the drapery is repeated in the jabots above. Illustration B uses a long jabot at the corners of the windows and a straight valance. At the divisions of the windows you will notice two pleats which help to break the severity of this long expanse. Should one desire, both jabots and pleats can be omitted, and a designed valance can replace the ones illustrated. This might be preferable in the less formal interior.

In Figures 1 and 2 we find two treatments for the more formal type of drawing or living room. In Figure 1 we again have the jabots and valance. Here rosettes cover the ends of the jabots. This treatment is of special value where one must have both summer and winter draperies. The side pieces can be removed during the summer months, leaving the valance and jabots intact.

In Figure 2 we have a drapery drawn back at one side of the window. This scheme allows both light and air to enter the room and is especially suitable for the summer. It is, however, a style to be used the year round. The drapery is gathered into small box pleats at the top. These are attached by means of straps to an iron arrow rod. The edge of the drapery can be bound or bordered with a ball fringe. Such a treatment should never be used unless the windows are in pairs and the draperies face each other.

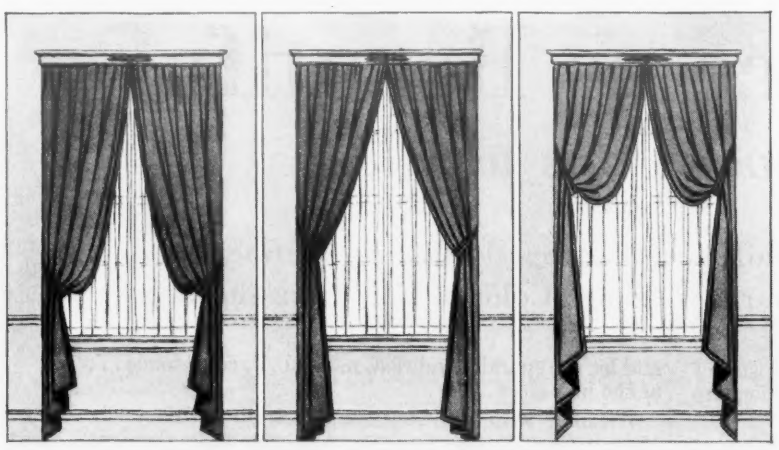

Fig. 9. The same window treated three different ways. Placement of holdback straps in center window incorrect; others, much more pleasing.

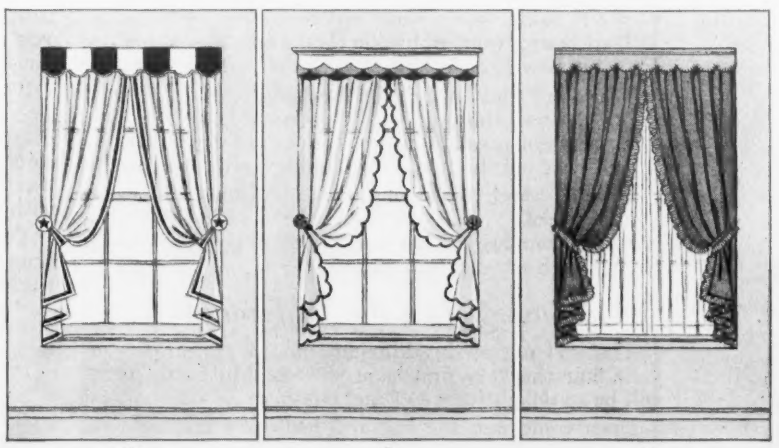

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Fig. 10. Three valances that can be made from oilcloth or glazed chintz for kitchen, breakfast nook, porch, bathroom or nursery.

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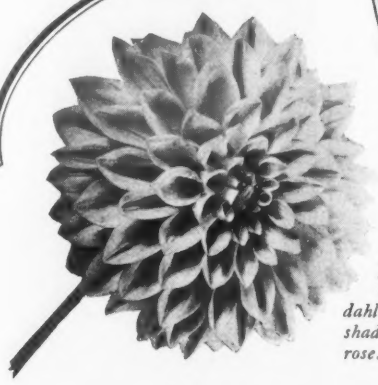

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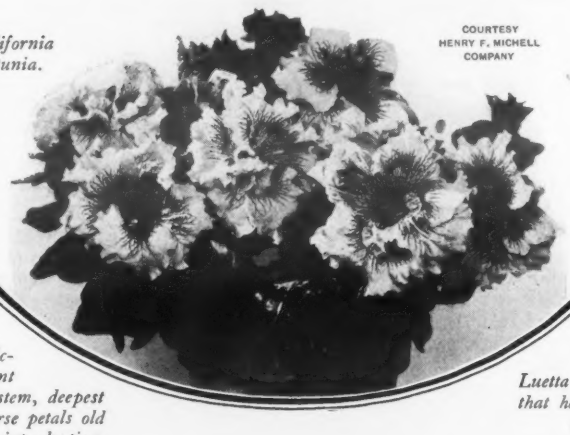

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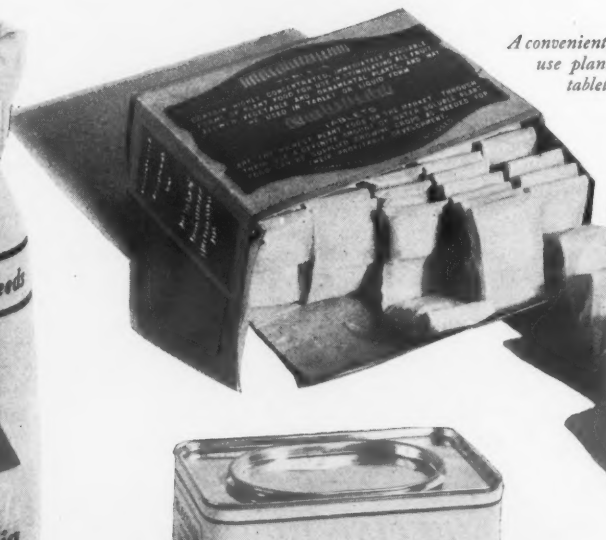

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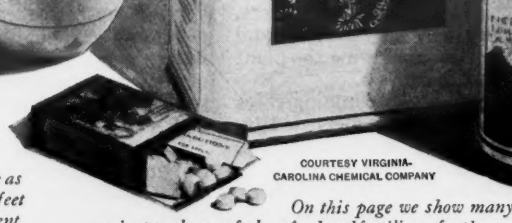

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Odd Chairs

(Continued from Page 29)

The chair at the upper left of this grouping is of Queen Anne type, and by its covering it may assume the proper character for any room. In velvet, mohair, crewelwork, or needlepoint, it is important; in damask or brocade it is more dressy; in hand-printed linen it is less formal, and in this dress might fit into simple schemes.

The Chippendale armchair, shown to the right, will respond to these same covering treatments, as will the Queen Anne chair shown at the lower right. These two latter chairs even may be given a two-inch edge ruffle as a finish for the seat if an Early American fabric is used for the cover.

The armchairs of French style shown in another grouping are of the kind which may be mixed so beautifully with chairs of other periods, increasing the charm of both. The French bergère chair with the squab cushion, which is sketched at the upper right, may be very formal indeed in a velvet, satin or brocade, but in a jasped-cotton velvet, or in a tiny self-patterned mohair frieze, this light walnut-framed armchair would fit into many rooms in which the lady's wing or the seventeenth-century wings were used.

The other three chairs shown in this grouping are of the popular French Normandy type, and depending upon richness or simplicity of covering they may assume richness or simplicity of style. Excepting the Charles II chair, it would be perfectly possible to use any one of them in the same room with any of the chairs which have been described.

The two armchairs at the left of the bergère may serve elegance in covers of some tiny allover self-patterned velvet, damask, or quilted satin; for informal schemes they may be done in glazed chintz, cretonne, and hand-blocked linen; for Early American effects they may be covered in quilted calico or Early American chintz. The ladder-backed Normandy chair is copied after an original in the Musée Arletan, France

Every living room needs a chair or so of the armless type, increasing the seating capacity without crowding and furnishing a variety of shape and style as well. Five desirable side chairs are shown in the narrow drawing. The Queen Anne chair at the extreme left is a fine example of the fiddle-back pattern and, in walnut, it would go in many sturdy rooms of average character not dominated by fine mahogany. When eighteenth-century mahogany pieces are used, this chair is very desirable if done in Chinese lacquer, in old ivory, in yellow, red, green or black, and with gold patternings. In Early American rooms it may be walnut, used with pine and walnut, as it was in those early times.

The Hepplewhite chair at the right of this one is of mahogany, and fits delightfully into any room in which other fine pieces of mahogany look well; this applies also to the mahogany Sheraton side chair seen next but one to the right.

The remaining two side chairs are Chippendale, of a plain and sturdy type which would fit almost anywhere except in ponderous rooms of Italian or Spanish character. These chairs are equally desirable with arms, in which case a side chair of kindred type, but preferably not matching, would be chosen for the same room.

Two armchairs done in the *art moderne* are set here also, but chiefly for comparison.

Climbing Roses are Looking Up

(Continued from Page 21)

While inventors have been transforming our mode of travel and manner of life by undreamed-of devices, a few hybridizers, not unlike Burbank, have transformed the original native roses of a quarter century back and have made amazing advances, greatly extending the variety of colors and of forms, and likewise improving the plant in vigor and habit of growth.

Though the out-of-date climbing roses of 1900 have been almost superseded by a much greater variety of superior sorts, there has been halting progress made in diversifying the uses to which climbing roses have been put. Either the archway, the fence or the flat-trellis arrangement for support of the climbing rose has satisfied the imagination of too many.

The following list is intended to extend the range of uses and to suggest to the nimble fancies of others that the rose is the most adaptable genus in the family flora, if chosen with discretion.

Let us begin with the most vigorous climbers, some of which will grow straight to the top of a house if well fed and rightly trained. As a matter of fact, the climbing roses do not fasten themselves but must be tied to the structure or support on which they climb. The following suggestions as varieties are not intended to be exhaustive, but rather suggestive, as indicating the type of plants best suited to particular uses and some leading varieties in each type.

Let American Pillar head the list, a rosy pink, single-flowered cluster variety, with the vigor of a forest tree, throwing great canes furnished well to the base with good, healthy foliage. A plant that sometimes will grow twenty feet in the season and that also can be kept cut back to form a hedge, the branches stiff enough to make it self-supporting.

Silver Moon, with its semidouble, cup-shaped flowers of near white, is one of this same group, as is Mme. Gregoire Staechelin with its great long-stemmed flowers as big as your fist, with brilliant carmine splashed and streaked on a white ground; this novelty, though not having the same family characteristics of background, is, nevertheless, potentially tremendous in its space-covering qualities and its beauty-giving results.

Next to these in vigor of growth come the group of roses headed with Dr. W. Van Fleet, with its long-reaching branches bearing quantities of individual flowers on twelve-inch stems, buds splendidly formed for boutonnières, and the color dainty pink.

First cousins to Dr. W. Van Fleet are the Lovett sisters, Mary, Bess and Alida Lovett, white, red and pink; and Mary Wallace, too, though a bit more stocky, belongs in this general group.

The roses above are representative of a group of climbers that have heavier, stiffer stems, somewhat untractable, and for pliability and training into certain shapes and over objects of particular design, are not to be compared with another group that are descendants of the old wichuraiana above referred to, most outstanding and popular of which is doubtless Dorothy Perkins. Dorothy Perkins, with what the poet Milne called the "sunbonnet pink," with her sister, Excelsa, sometimes called the Red Dorothy Perkins, clear carmine lake, and White Dorothy, make up a trio that have done splendid service.

Somewhat after this type among yellow climbers, the less hardy for northern climates, is Emily Gray, which in early life needs quite careful protection, except in the South. Evangeline, a dainty single

(Continued on Page 204)

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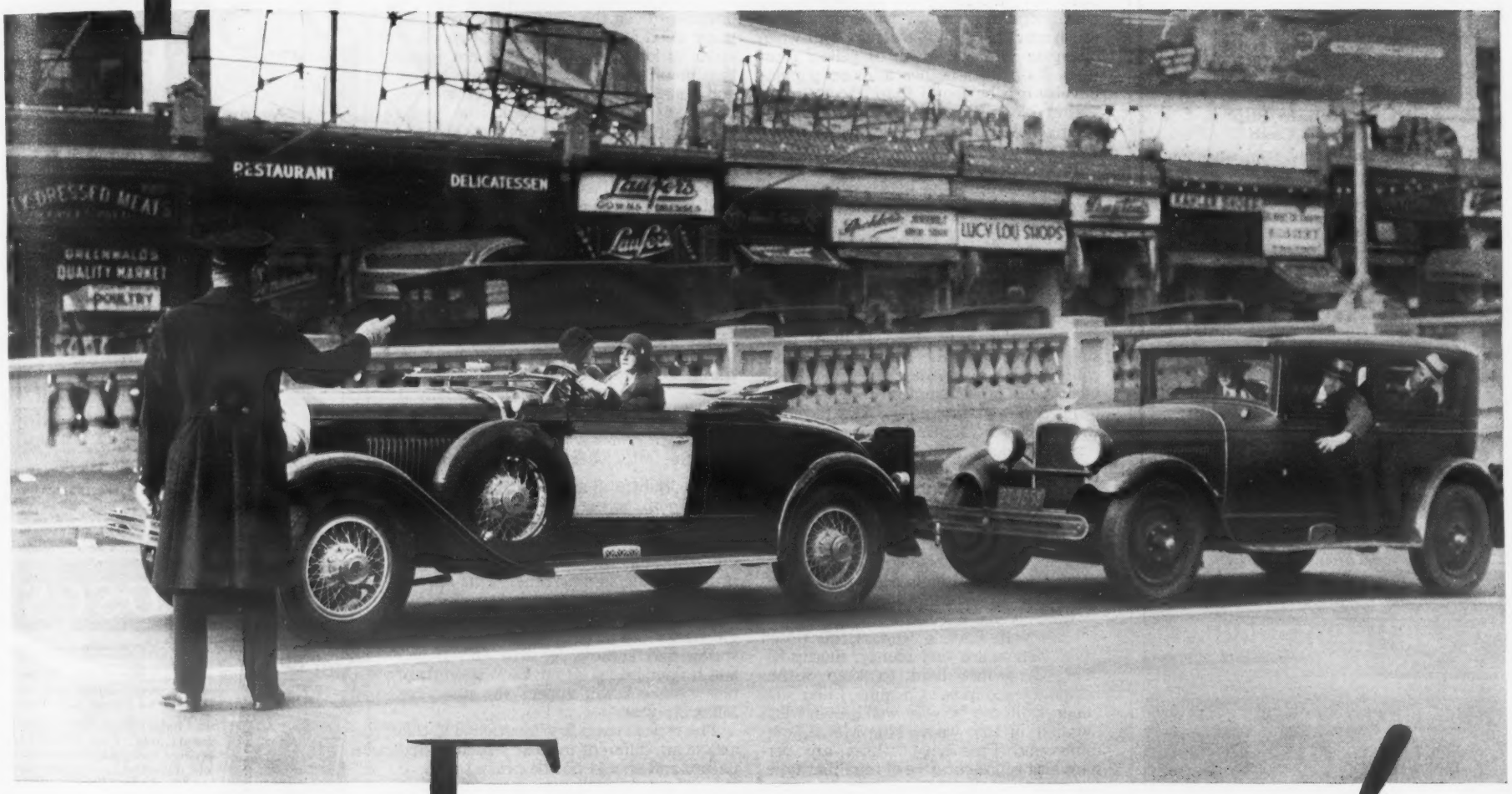

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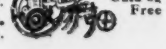

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(Continued from Page 202)

white, may be thought of in this connection. Emily Gray has a tendency to open quite flat; a fuller flower of pointed bud that opens to a creamy white on a plant much more hardy is Gardenia. But when one gets into the realm of yellow roses it is doubtful whether a more popular novelty can be found than Jacotte, mid-season bloomer, with reddish, coppery-colored flowers, heavily shaded with yellow and quite fragrant.

It is almost impossible to make hard-and-fast divisions as between groups of roses with family characteristics everywhere recognized; for example, the above grouping does not include Paul's Scarlet Climber or The Beacon, the latter sometimes called the Red American Pillar. The second group has not named either Tausendschön or its richer counterpart, Roserie, the Hiawatha, brilliant red, single type, or Ile de France, sometimes called the Double American Pillar, most vigorous in growth and profuse in bloom.

There is another group of roses too short to be climbers, too tall to be planted in rose beds along with Hybrid Tea or Tea Roses. This is a group known as Pillar Roses. These may be handled best as individual specimens, given a radius for growth of four or five feet, and best handled when supported to a central post or heavy stake. A little known but inveterate bloomer in this class is the Hermosa-like Birdie Blye. More vigorous are such as the rugosas, Conrad F. Meyer, Nova Zembla and Turke's Rugosa, all tinted pinks. These are very sturdy, thorny fellows, sometimes hard to keep within reasonable bounds. Carmine Pillar and Glenn Dale can be very well grown when handled in this way. Nur Mahal, carmine, and Prosperity, white, are perhaps best representative of the Pillar type. Star of Persia or Le Reve, two delectable yellow, upright growers, also tempt one. But for everyday satisfaction the old Zephirine Drouhin is as delightful to end the list as Birdie Blye is to start it.

For Ground Covers

TO GET right down to the ground—that is, for a ground cover of varieties that snuggle and creep along the ground, lying flat as if they loved to stay close to it—are first wichuraiana itself, single-flowered type with shiny foliage, and a near cousin, Mrs. M. H. Walsh, a double-flowered white lady. There are not a great many varieties that do lie close to the ground, but nevertheless as a ground cover one of the more recent kinds is Max Graf, with shiny, rough foliage and apple-blossom-pink bloom, very rugged, disease resistant and satisfying in its effect. To be sure, the wichuraianan hybrids of Dorothy Perkins type can be used in this fashion, too, but among them there is always the tendency to arch their backs unless they are actually pegged tight to the ground.

As to the arrangement designs of climbing roses, there seems to be, as indicated above, almost no limit to one's ingenuity in effective planning. Probably the most successful groups of roses are in gardens where the rose has full and exclusive sway. For each such garden a surrounding fence can be made either simple or ornate. A rose likes to climb in curved lines and will ornament even the right-angled fence. If using wood for supports choose cypress or cedar as long-lived. We have not found that metal was a particular disadvantage and, therefore, for the sake of permanence, have advocated and used iron posts planted in cement. For connecting members, chains or ropes are suggested, as each lends itself to the graceful curve of the festoon effect. Passageways may be covered by the circular or elliptical arch, or with the horizontal crosspiece or the broken, inverted V shape. A happy variation for the climbing rose is the pylon made of four poles, eight to ten feet long, with a spread at the base between each pole of two to three feet, and tied together at the top somewhat like an Indian wigwam, though more acutely conical. A climbing rose planted at each post can be made to be most bewitching, especially if two varieties are used and cleverly trained.

Training and Pruning

IT IS doubtful if any one factor contributes more to the success with climbing roses than wise and proper training. A few principles cover the subject: Climbing roses for the most part should be pruned in the summertime. This applies especially to wichuraiana or Dorothy Perkins type, on which the old branches and growth should be cut to the base and new spring and summer growth encouraged and trained into position, because on these new branches will appear the roses the following year.

The type of roses first mentioned in this article are different in their structure and nature and should not be pruned back to the ground, as with the wichuraiana, but do need to have the old and less useful wood cut out. Sometimes it may be necessary to thin out some growth in order that there may be an even distribution of branches and so that the sun and air may get at every part of the plant. This avoids smothering. After this is done, see that the flower shoots of the past year are cut back to within, say, two inches of the stem. Roses thus handled in the summer after they have bloomed need very little attention or care again until after the next blooming season.

It will be noticed that the above article omits mention of one type that some nurserymen call the "everblooming" climbing roses. They are Teas and Hybrid Teas that by reason of unusual vigor have developed into plants sometimes eight and ten feet high. Climbing Lady Ashtown, Climbing Lady Hillingdon, Souvenir de Claudius Denoyel are outstanding examples. Marechal Niel, Gloire de Dijon hardy only in the South, are in the same group and are among the varieties which, with the fence-covering, bank-beautifying white-eyed Cherokees of the South, include the roses enjoyed, not alone for their own beauty but likewise for the sentiment with which we associate them.

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All These Delightful Rock Gardens!

(Continued from Page 20)

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Before you lay out your rock garden you must decide on the site. Most of the plants which will be placed in the garden prefer a clear open space, away from the garage, the barn, the house, trees and hedge, and a southeastern slope. Many plants in their native habitats grow in regions having long, rigorous winters and a growing season averaging from three to four months. Many plants grow in the open sunlight and are exposed to bitter winds; some grow on northern slopes and rarely, if ever, see the sun. However, it is important to remember that the best rock gardens can be had in locations where there is a short growing season. These conditions are the most desirable, but don't give up your rock garden just because the location you have in mind does not embody all these conditions. Rock gardens are not made by set formulæ, nor by hard-and-fast rules. These suggestions may be altered to suit the particular location, size and shape of almost any one's yard or estate.

It may seem a bit strange, but it is nevertheless true that the beauty and charm of your rock garden need not at all be limited to its flowers. There is a well-known rock garden built in an old quarry which has many features of beauty besides its plants. It overlooks a meadow, in which there are cows and through which winds a creek where there are ducks. The view adds to the exquisite charm of the garden. There are paths through the garden, rustic benches, interesting evergreens, and water features, such as small pools and water trickling over the stones. One not only sees but hears the beauties of this rock garden. There is some virtue in the fact that the sound of trickling water appeals to our sense of hearing in a most pleasing way.

Placing the Stones

THE problem of the actual construction of the garden is not so difficult, although it may offer the most trouble. The first thing to do is to draw a rough plan of your garden—not of the location of plants, but of the paths, steps and pools. It will not be possible for everyone to have pools, but water always enhances the beauty of a garden.

After the plan of the garden is drawn the next step is the selection of stones and their placement. Of course if you are favored with natural conditions and happen to have an old quarry or natural slope on your estate, so much the better. It may be that you have a small retaining wall in your yard in which pockets can be made for the plants. There is such a garden of considerable beauty, which is made in this manner: Stones are cemented onto the wall for pockets, and it is extended out at the base with stones here and there to carry out the idea. The length of the wall is not more than twelve feet and there are close to fifty different species on it. From early in spring, when it is a mass of bloom, until fall there is always something in flower. When the flowers are through blooming, foliage of many different colors is displayed on the wall, and that is much more cheerful to look at throughout the winter than the bare wall would be. Foliage of any sort seems to hold out hope that spring can't be too far away.

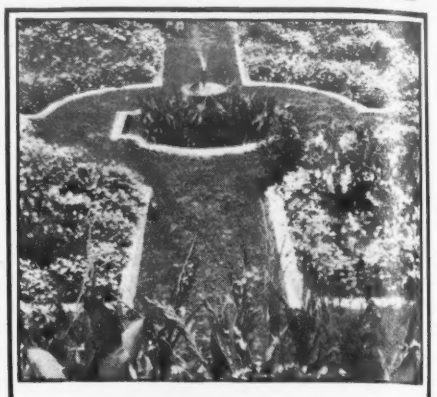
To get back to the construction of the garden: It often happens that it must be artificially built. If this is the case try to remember that you are not displaying a curious group of rocks fantastically arranged, but are really trying to provide a proper place for growing the plants. The stones should appear as natural as possible and be equally as interesting. Moss-covered stones from the beds of streams for shady locations and lichen-covered stones from the mountains for sunny situations are quite desirable. However, it is usually best to choose the stone that is common to your vicinity. When placing them bear in mind that the strata should run in the same general plane, rather than at right angles, or do some of the things which Nature would not do by anything short of an earthquake. The rocks should be placed a few inches into the soil, firmly packed, and slant backward so that there will be ample drainage and water will not settle on or around them. When placing the stones never put freshly broken sides where they can be seen. The old surface, with rounded edges, is much more interesting and appealing, as it usually has no harsh corners or ends.

Paths and Steps

THE paths, where the garden is large enough to permit them, should lead to an interesting point or be for convenience in moving about the garden. They should have turns and bends, with irregular outlines—not straight walks that appear artificial. The garden will be benefited by constructing terraces and paths, because these will allow for better drainage. The paths should serve two purposes, as walks through the garden and as places to grow close tight-matted plants which can be walked on with no harm, such as thyme—*Thymus serpyllum coccineus*—and one of the speedwell varieties—*Veronica repens*.

Steps should be placed where the paths would be too steep to climb without effort. These steps should be made of large flat stones on which one's foot can be placed with a feeling of security. These stones should be placed firmly in the ground or on ashes, so that they will not tilt or slide, and the rise from one step to another should be a comfortable distance—preferably four or five inches. Pockets between the steps make interesting places for small compact plants. The soil is important. It is the food of the plants, and as such should be given the utmost attention if they are to grow properly. Before placing the topsoil among the rocks a good foundation should be built. For drainage several inches of coal ashes placed about eighteen inches below the surface is sufficient. Above this a thin layer of leaf mold or decayed vegetable matter will serve to hold the moisture beneath the roots. Now we have worked our way up to the topsoil. This should not be an ordinary soil, but a synthetic soil, so to speak. A good mixture of equal parts loam, sand and leaf mold to the depth of about a foot would constitute a proper soil with a few exceptions. Most of the plants require a lime soil. There are different types of soil—sweet, neutral and sour. For all those plants liking a sweet soil small limestone chips or finely broken oyster shell mixed with the soil is very

(Continued on Page 208)



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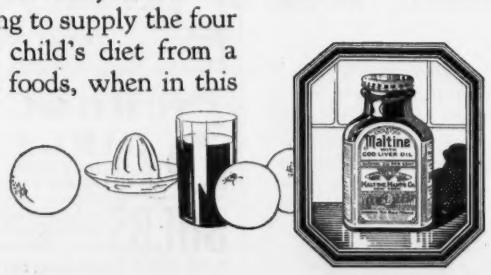
. . . four vitamins now found available in one simple food-combination

THE four vitamins are like policemen. They help us resist skulking infection. All these four are necessary for normal growth and development. If any one of them stays off duty, we suffer. Rickets, scurvy, loss of appetite, followed by nervous disorders—these are some of the results of vitamin deficiency.

It is possible, of course, to obtain the necessary vitamins in the foods we eat. But the vitamin content of foods is variable. In meats, it is dependent upon what the animal ate. In plants, soils and ripeness are factors. Mothers may be puzzled as to how to select foods for their vitamin content. And where the diet is sharply restricted—as with bottle-fed babies—the danger of vitamin deficiency is acute.

Recently a biological chemist of recognized standing (name and copies of his report furnished on request) found that a simple food-combination, prepared by adding Maltine With Cod Liver Oil to orange juice, contained these four vitamins in adequate quantity.

You can now make sure that your child gets plenty of these four vitamins in his diet. Add Maltine With Cod Liver Oil to orange juice as a supplement to his daily menu. No need to bother about trying to supply the four vitamins in your child's diet from a hundred different foods, when in this one food-combination, used in adequate quantity, you can be *sure* of getting all four, easily, conveniently, unquestionably. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil and orange juice is certain insurance against vitamin deficiency.



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It is a safe, dependable body-builder. It is accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association. Keep a bottle on hand. Give it to your children regularly.

We have just published a little fact-book on vitamins. In simple language it tells the importance of each of the vitamins. We hope it will answer every mother's questions on this vital subject. A copy will be mailed to you gladly on request. The Maltine Company, Brooklyn, N. Y. Established 1875.

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JOURNAL NURSERIES AND SEEDS

(Continued from Page 206)

beneficial. Many plants are not particular as to what soil they have and might be called neutrals. There are other plants which like an acid soil, such as sandmyrtle.

The most satisfactory method to start plants is to purchase seed. It reduces the initial cost tremendously and one also has the satisfaction of having grown his own stock. Unfortunately we do not all have the facilities for growing seed or the patience to wait a year to grow and care for the young babies. It is fascinating to watch the different stages of growth. They respond readily to any extra care or attention given them. They also like a change of diet every once in a while. They are started in seed pans in late winter, in a light soil of equal parts of leaf mold and sand. They also like to be shaded until they are up and have about three leaves. Then gradually give them less shade until they are accustomed to full light. After they are gradually hardened or used to this new world into which they have sprung, they should be given more food. That is to say, they can have a heavier and richer soil. It is best where possible to pot the seedlings into small individual pots. This prevents disturbing the roots when they outgrow their first residence. By potting them we allow for better air circulation, which often prevents damping off. It also enables us to transplant at almost any time. The pots should be plunged in ashes and shaded during the hot summer days. This prevents them from drying out; also it keeps the roots cool without excess moisture about them. By fall the plants should be of good size and ready to plant out into their permanent places. Rockcress—Arabis—yellow alyssum, columbine, hardy candytuft and pinks are all easily grown from seed.

If the garden is small and immediate effect is desired, it is best to purchase a few plants of different species. Three of each desired kind may be enough to give the effect desired or all that the garden can accommodate. Then, too, if after growing the plants and having seen them in bloom, they are not desired, they may be taken out and replaced with more favored varieties.

The Important Alpines

OF THE most important Alpines, we have the gentians, mossy saxifrages and sedums. The gentians are used more extensively abroad than here. However, they are rapidly proving their worth and becoming better known. The numerous varieties of sedum are among our most popular Alpines and most extensively used. The saxifrages are popular but not so well known as the sedums.

Among the best-known and most-used rock plants are: Snow-in-summer—*Cerastium tomentosum*—which makes a lovely mat of grayish-green foliage and about the middle of May is covered with small white flowers, and is especially good for over-hanging walls. It is very charming used with bouncing-bet—*Saponaria officinalis*—which in contrast has dark green foliage and is covered in great profusion with small pink flowers which bloom at the same time; and *Veronica spicata.* This also has good green foliage, and spikes of blue flowers. All three overhang beautifully and do well for covering bare walls. The sunrose—helianthemum—blooms at this time, and as there are numerous colors among the flowers, yellow, orange, rose, pink and white, also a diversity of color and shape among the foliage, these plants are very interesting. The varieties of dwarf and creeping phlox are all popular. They are found in shades of pink, blue and white, and actually form sheets of bloom. The yellow alyssum, rockcress—*Arabis albida*—and especially the double variety florepleno, and purple rockcress—*aubrietia*—are all very charming and combine well together or with other plants. The numerous varieties of speedwell—*Veronica allioni, rupestris* and *incana*—all have rich blue flowers which are hard to compete with. The harebells—*Campanula rotundifolia*—are popular for their dainty blue flowers, as is also the flax—*Linum perenne.* Johnny-jump-ups have fascinating faces, and some really seem as though they can talk. These seed themselves around the garden, and continue to bloom far into the winter months if in a protected spot. The columbines, hardy candytuft and pinks, help to carry the bloom over a longer period as they come into bloom later than those previously mentioned. There are many varieties of sedums and sempervivums which are no doubt included in every garden.

Shrubs and Evergreens

BULBS, evergreens, and dwarf shrubs can also be used. Varieties of narcissi, tulips, scillas and dwarf iris help considerably to fill in gaps between and among the stones. Evergreens give character, height and add to the interest of the garden. The stone and mugho pines, varieties of Swedish and Irish junipers and yews are all effective, and entirely different in appearance. Among the deciduous shrubs the cotoneaster is probably the most popular. It is well liked for its neat general appearance, its tiny green leaves, and the lovely red berries which thickly adorn the stems in the fall and winter.

With rock plants, the same as any others, there are certain combinations which appeal more than others. In general, a mass planting of a certain species such as phlox appeals more than a dot here and there. However, a dash or small planting of contrasting color might bring out the other colors and enliven the whole planting. One usually likes a mixture of colors in mass—not all the different kinds of plants with white flowers together, but a mass of each separately. These masses are more effective, especially if the garden is large. If it is not, then three or four plants of the same kind are sufficient.

Dwarf shrubs and evergreens help break the monotony of the garden, especially if it is comparatively level. They may be used as specimens in prominent places where some feature is really needed, in groups or in combination with other shrubs. They help in the making of paths. If a turn is desired, there should be some reason for it. By placing an evergreen in such a position the problem is solved. If the garden is built on a quarry or bank that has enough height to cause one to look up, the top line or sky line can be broken by shrubs or trees of different heights. They are also very lovely projecting over rocks or out over water. The *Taxus cuspidata* and *Cotoneaster horizontalis* both answer beautifully for this purpose.

After a rock garden is once established it is really of very little trouble. Most of the plants like a refreshing drink of cool water at least once during the hot summer days. The roots like to be cool at all times, but never water soaked. It is best to give this drink either early in the morning or after sundown in the evening.

In the spring an annual dressing of leaf mold, crushed rock or chips and sand will help to keep the plants in fit condition and the roots cool. At this time all plants which have been forced out of the ground during the winter by frosts should be replanted, and all dividing of oversized plants, transplanting, thinning out or any changes to be made should be done. Never allow the plants to overrun the garden entirely so that there are no visible stones. Remember that it is a rock garden and a few should be kept in sight to tell visitors just what kind of garden it is. Overplanting in the rock garden, as in every other kind of a garden, is a serious mistake. It is better to strive for quality rather than quantity.

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The Mexican Flameflower

By Naomi Swett-Sommers

COURTESY SWISS FLORAL COMPANY

The tigridia is suitable for both bedding and borders in the full open sunshine.

WELL may it be likened to the flaming passion of the tiger, this fiery, exotically spotted flower which answers to any one of the names tigridia, peacock tigerflower, Mexican flameflower, Mexican daylily, or the formal botanical title *Tigridia pavonia*.

Like everything else Mexican, this brilliant-colored silken triangle, which unfurls from a long, slender, green-hooded bud, and closes tightly forever at dusk, is but little understood. But because it has been found a gorgeous garden requisite, easy to cultivate and fertile in reproduction, the beautiful Mexican daylily is now being sought eagerly as a rare but sturdy garden novelty.

Strange to say, the tigridia has never come to the United States through the usual commercial channels, but has found its way into the gardens of discriminating flower lovers in Pacific Coast ports through collections of bulbs brought home by travelers, which later found their way into the nurseries of some of the professional growers.

A tempestuous thing, the peacock tigerflower stretches full six inches from one flaming tip to another, adorning the garden from July till frost with scarlet and golden glory. And unlike other bulb plants, it does not limit itself to a single bloom to the bulb, but instead develops abundant clusters of buds, which one after another eagerly replace those whose single day's flowering lifetime has passed.

Splashes of Fire

FOR one cluster of tigridia bulbs to bear as many as ten to twenty fragile blooms at one time, often many, many more, is not in the least uncommon. Hence the garden lover may start a collection with but a very few bulbs, and the next season have an exciting display of continuous bloom. The writer's collection, begun with but four bulbs, produced a patch of red-and-gold brilliance in the front-yard garden throughout the entire summer, where it created much admiration from interested garden lovers who invariably asked, "What *is* it? Where did you *get* it?"

Suitable for both bedding and borders in the full open sunshine, this extremely interesting Mexican flameflower, which is slightly hardier than the gladiolus that it so much resembles in habit, grows to a height of not over two feet, its long, straight stem almost completely hidden in the fanlike spread of fluted, swordlike leaves twelve to eighteen inches in length.

Its remarkable symmetry, its tough foliage, and its gossamer petal texture, suggesting a three-pointed star with a richly spotted cup-shaped center, are things of wonderment—even the three narrower spotted petals from which darts a red-hot triple-pronged stamen, retaining the same triangular proportions as the outer petals.

The tigridia family, which was officially catalogued in 1796 as being native to Central and South America, particularly Mexico and Peru, is divided into twelve separately named species, each bearing several varieties of flowers in bell and cup shapes and triangular formations, with colorings ranging from yellows, golds and scarlets to purples, violets, whites, yellowish greens and pinks, each species in several differentiations of color and spotting.

Our flaming *Tigridia pavonia*, the only species that has been developed to any extent in the United States, bursts into three sharply contrasting tints of fire, leaping from bright yellow to hot, molten orange, and then a vivid, burning scarlet like no other scarlet in flowerdom. Self-colored, but of a much paler tint is the cup of the yellow flameflower, with reddish spots. The orange bloom has lemon-yellow cups and blood-red spots, and the scarlet has cups of molten gold richly spotted in red brown.

Well Worth Growing

PRACTICALLY any rich, well-drained soil that is porous will produce thriving tigridia plants, though rich, clayey soil seems to agree with them best. The bulbs, which are hale and hearty and reproduce rapidly, should be set in the ground during April and May to a depth of two or three inches and about six inches apart, in clusters of four or five to a group to insure continuous blooming. But little after care is required, other than an occasional cultivation to keep them free of weeds, and plentiful watering during the blooming season; or where the soil is very poor, some liquid manure to give strength to the trusses and brilliancy to the blooms.

As brilliant as if painted with liquid sunshine, the tigridia grows thickly and spreads its rich foliage wide, so that no bare earth is exposed between plants. A border of tigridia is striking, and irregular massings against shrubbery backgrounds are both unusual and distinctive, provided sufficient distance has been allowed to give them the full benefit of the sunshine. In either beds or border, however, tigridia is well worth cultivating, for with the observance of these few simple precautions a rich display for the summer garden is assured.

In mild climates tigridia bulbs may be left in the ground from one season to another with a protective covering of leaves, mulch or straw, and want no other care than watering, until they have so multiplied that they need thinning out, which should occur late in the fall, after blooming. Once taken from the ground, though, the bulbs must not be reset till next year's planting time. Just store away carefully, like any other bulbs.

Where the winters are severe tigridia bulbs should be lifted each fall when their foliage starts to turn yellow, and at this time the new bulbs or bulblets may be gently separated from the mother bulbs, and all stored in sand or dry soil until the following spring, when kissed by the warm summer suns, they will again open fans of rich foliage and starlike splashes of fire.

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A NEW improvement, the "Hi-Lo" Brush Control, makes the latest Bissell twice as good. This *improved* sweeper sweeps *every surface, from bare floors* to heaviest tufted rugs, with magic ease. No need now of "bearing down." Just the *slightest* pressure, or no pressure, on the handle for the average carpet or rug. Then the revolving bristles swiftly pick up every speck of dirt and lint. Once you see and try the improved Bissell, you'll want it. Ask any leading hardware, furniture or department store for a demonstration. A Bissell with the new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all "Cyco" models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$5.50 and up (50 cents more in West and South). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free. Address Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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How will his face DEVELOP?

Its normal growth can be CHECKED *by the wrong kind of nipple*

TWENTY years from now, will your baby have a strong chin . . . a well-set jaw? Will his teeth be regular, even-spaced, with room enough to grow as they should?

And that little nose. Will it let enough air into the breathing apparatus as he grows older?

Scientific investigation has shown that all these factors may hinge on the nipple you are *now* using in artificial feeding.

Nipples made from soft, flabby, yielding rubber cannot furnish the nursing baby the facial exercise he would get in breast-feeding. For full development, the little jaw, tongue, palate, lips, need normal exercise.

In an effort to awaken mothers to the importance of exercise in feeding, the American Dental Association is now urging in a pamphlet:

"Without growth-producing use of the jaws . . . there may be an under-development . . . leading to narrowed arches, crowded teeth, and cramped air passages of the nose, where adenoids may develop. Faulty development of the face, the skull and the chest may also result from these conditions."

And a leading Canadian Association is saying:

"Whether the child be breast-fed or bottle-fed, he should have to *work with his mouth* to obtain the food."

The Hygeia Breast-Nipple has the natural *shape and firmness* of the mother's breast. It gives baby the same vigorous exercise he would get in natural breast-feeding. Invented by a practicing physician, Hygeia is recommended by doctors as the *safe* nurser. With these facts before you, can you risk your baby's future to an inferior nipple?

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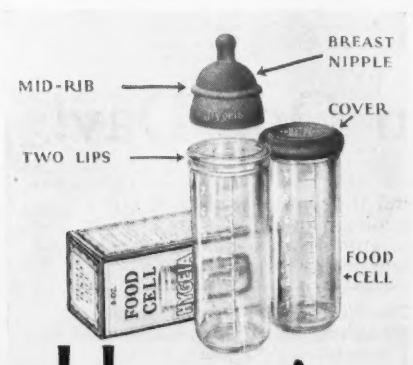

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Cast showing normal development. The non-collapsible Hygeia Breast-Nipple provides the same exercise for baby's growing tissues as mother's breast.

Your doctor will also recommend the Hygeia Nurser because it can be cleaned *thoroughly*. Not a particle of dried milk or germ-carrying dirt can escape attention.

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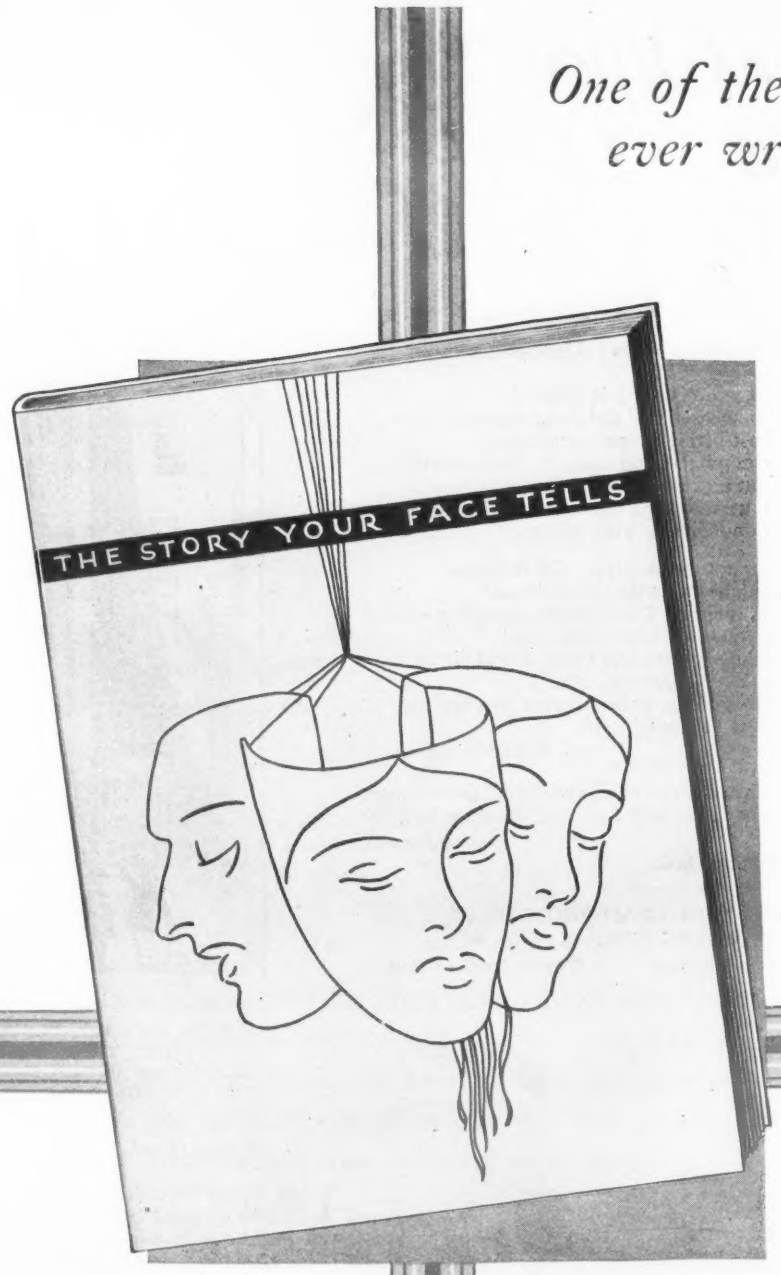


"THE STORY YOUR FACE TELLS"

Some of the interesting things you will find in THIS BOOK

What is Personality?

This book not only sets forth a practical definition of that elusive, sparkling something known as *personality*, but tells you—yes, *you*—how to set about developing a definite attractive personality of your own; a personality that will give you a new power over others.

The Three Basic Human Types

Do you know them? You are told here the characteristics of each; how to determine these types at a passing glance; the strong points and weakness of each; the one best way to deal with each of these basic human types.

How To Judge a Face

By texts and charts—by photographic examples—an expert explains in "The Story Your Face Tells" exactly how *you* can judge your face—the faces of your friends and associates—and thus read character in a countenance. Think what it would mean to you to know, instinctively, the one best argument to use—the sure way to win—in dealing with others.

Does Your Face Fit Your Job?

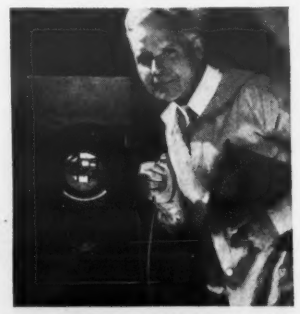
For what work are you best fitted by talent and temperament? Should you change jobs? When? Under what conditions? Wouldn't you really like to *know* where you could do the most worth-while work? This book tells, not by guesswork and gamble, but by tested principles. You *must* have a copy at once.

HOW TO GET YOUR COPY

Your *free* copy of this interesting book "The Story Your Face Tells" is now ready. It may be had without cost or obligation to you by addressing the Photographers Association of America, 2258 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. Write today for a copy.

HERE is a book about the most interesting person in the world—*yourself*. Your face—every face—tells a story more fascinating than fiction. And now you may share the closely-guarded secrets that leaders everywhere have used—consciously or by instinct—for a thousand years, in judging character by the countenance. You may read faces as others read the printed page; select your friends, associates, life companions; not by groping chance but with scientific sureness.

This has been made possible by a far-famed character reader and psychologist who by her lifelong study of the human face has helped more than eight thousand clients to get out of the rut and into the race. And now, with the aid of this friendly book, you, too, may travel the pleasant path to Prosperity; the high road to Happiness.



THE MASTER PHOTOGRAPHER CATCHES THE REAL YOU

⁂

This book has been written to introduce the modern craftsman, the nowadays photographer. Just as this remarkable woman reads character in a countenance, the photographer perpetuates it. He photographs more than your features, for his is the fine art of putting personality on paper.

You will want to read the photographer's fascinating story—and your own—in this unique book, "The Story Your Face Tells." Write at once for your complimentary copy. Address Photographers Association of America, 2258 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

PHOTOGRAPHS LIVE FOREVER

The Office Dog

"MAMA, DO YOU CARE IF I GO UP ON DECK AND PLAY AWHILE?"

Ode to Winter

(Rollicking But Restrained)

NOW a bumper to winter! Light-fingered old tinter
Of noses and cheeks à la cherry!
Hail, bringer of sneezes and sleigh-riding squeezes—
With frost-biting breezes contrary!
With welcome emphatic and warmth thermostatic,
I ode you a greeting, old thing!
For while you are scheming big blizzards, I'm dreaming
In Florida—flirting with spring!

Then a toast to notorious, nippy old Boreas—
Pile mistletoe wreaths on his brow!
But while I am quaffing I'm inwardly laughing ——
I know you, old-timer—and how!
With spine-chilling fidgets and stark, frigid digits
I couldn't have done it. But I
The muse was beguiling while summer was smiling:
I scribbled this ode in July!

—C. WILES HALLOCK.

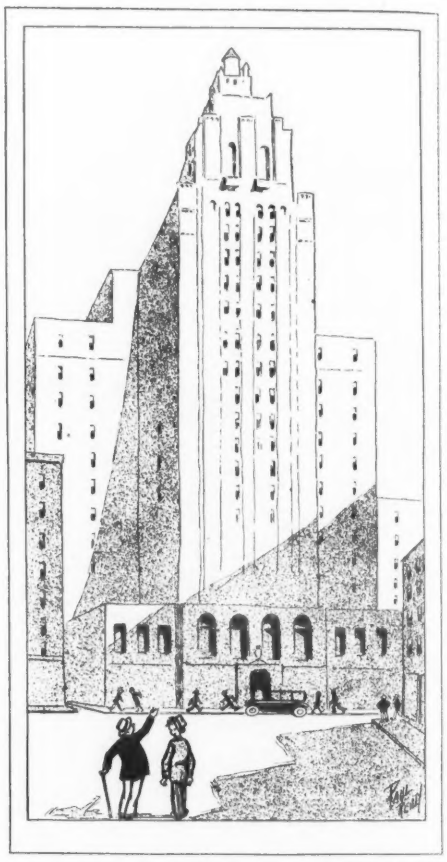
HER eyes were turned up to mine and I shall never forget the expression in them, half fear, half defiance, half desire and half love. *—Ohio Paper.*

And one eye was half cocked.

---

3 CHICAGO MEN DEAD FROM HEAT; FARMERS JUBILANT

There, that's Chicago for you. *—Syracuse Evening Herald.*



FUTURE REAL-ESTATE OWNER *(to architect)*: "WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING HERE—BUT WE'LL FIRST HAVE TO GET RID OF THESE SHANTIES"

"FILBERT! YOU ALWAYS GET SUCH A SILLY EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN!"

Remember! Anything Can Happen

THE Oldest Inhabitant skipped blithely down the street. "Full well did I know it would happen," sang he, "full well did I know it, tra-la. I knew right along that I couldn't be wrong, and I knew it would happen 'fore long, tra-la. I knew it would happen, tra-la."

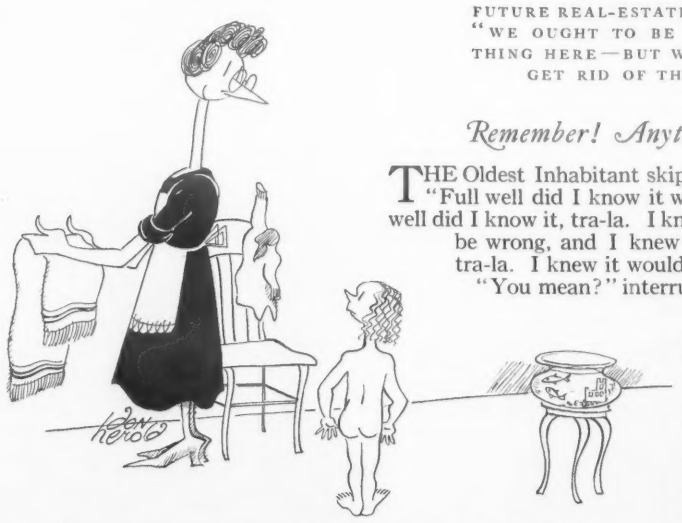
"You mean?" interrupted an officer of the law.

"I mean," shouted the Venerable One, "that I've just come from a party ——"

"You certainly act it," put in the officer, "and now come along with me."

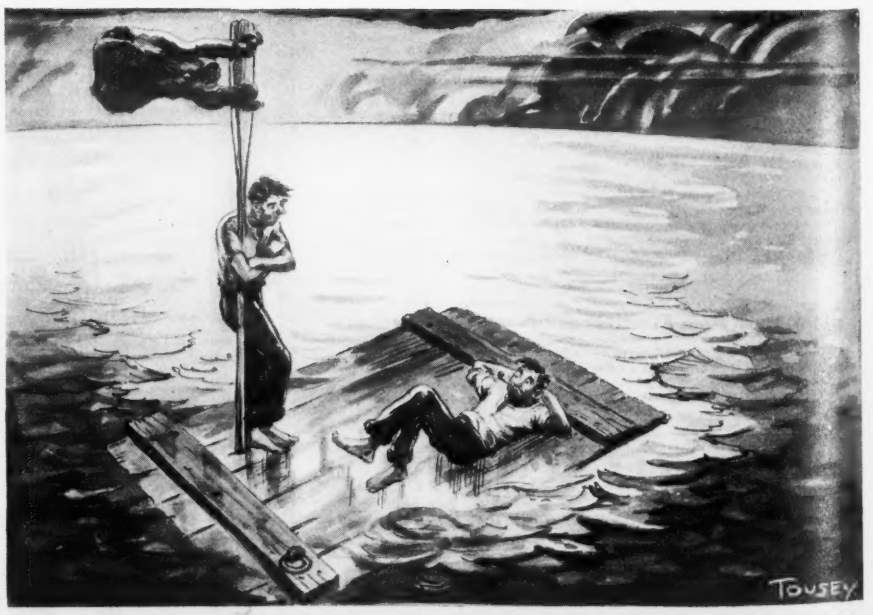
"But officer," pleaded the Patriarch, "this was a different party. This was the party we've looked for for years."

(Continued on Page 214)



"GIMME A SHIRT QUICKLY, MOTHER. I HAVEN'T ANY PRIVACY AT ALL WITH THOSE GOLDFISH AROUND"

"HOW MUCH ARE THE BALLOONS, MISTER?"



"BILL, HOW ABOUT GETTIN' UP A SHIP'S CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF SOMETHIN'?"

IF YOU HAD X-RAYS FOR EYES

you could see for yourself some of the reasons why Bemberg is different

Scientific laboratory tests have been made to insure the strength and elasticity of each tiny filament of Bemberg.

WHEN you go shopping for dress fabrics, your senses of sight and touch quickly tell you that Bemberg has the soft lustre and luxurious texture that compare favorably with fine natural silk. You can feel that it is softer, friendlier to the touch than ordinary materials.

But only a powerful X-Ray could show you the reason. It is the *inner structure* of each of the fine stretch-spun filaments that compose each thread of Bemberg that causes fabrics of Bemberg to act differently from other textiles when they are worn, washed or ironed. The nature of this *inner structure* can not be detected by the eye alone.

This invisible difference in the inner structure of the Bemberg filaments makes it safe for you to wash and iron fabrics of Bemberg without any special precaution. Garments of Bemberg are not injured by the heat of the iron as are so many fabrics of a similar appearance.

One of the largest stores in America has kept a record of underthings and hosiery of Bemberg sold to thousands of customers over a period of six months. No complaints have been received as to washing or wearing qualities.

Ask to see fabrics and garments of Bemberg at your favorite store and make your own test of the exceptional satisfaction and service which Bemberg can give you.

Bemberg

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Bemberg is a soft, white, silky yarn made from pure fibres, spun into very fine threads, by an exclusive, stretch-spinning process, which gives it unusual strength and elasticity. It has a natural lustre similar to silk and contains filaments of the same number and fineness."

AMERICAN BEMBERG CORPORATION
180 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a booklet, samples of fabrics made of Bemberg and a twist of Bemberg Yarn as it comes from your mill in Tennessee.

Name.....

Address.....

Beans just like those *baked in the ground* in the Maine woods

It used to be that only Maine folks knew the deliciousness of "bean hole" beans.

Up in the logging camps of the Maine woods they bake beans out-of-doors, you know. In an oven in the ground called the "bean hole."

The big-bellied iron bean pot is filled to the brim with plump beans alternating with layers of sugar-cured prime pork, molasses and brown sugar.

Then the lid is sealed on tight with clay and the pot is buried deep in the hot earth of the bean hole, there to bake slowly all night in a bed of fragrant pine embers.

Such beans as they are! Flavored with the forest fragrances, seasoned with pungent wood smoke.

And now you can have beans for your own table, with this very outdoor flavor, this same "baked-in-the-ground" taste!

It is reproduced, for the first time, in Bean Hole Beans. Have you tried them yet?

Just try them once and a Bean Hole Beans dinner will be a frequent occurrence at your house! Phone your grocer today to send a couple of cans. He has two sizes, medium 15c; large 25c. Van Camp Packing Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Now you can have that wonderful "baked-out-doors" taste. In Bean Hole Beans!

(Continued from Page 212)

"Tee hee," replied the officer sarcastically, "perhaps you can tell us what made it so very different."

"Ah!" breathed the Fossilized Fogy triumphantly. "This was a party which wasn't THROWN."

The Office Dog

And the officer swooned, while the Mere Shell of his Former Self skipped down the street.

NED: Is this girl-friend of yours the simple, childlike type?

TED: No, she isn't sophisticated enough to work that.

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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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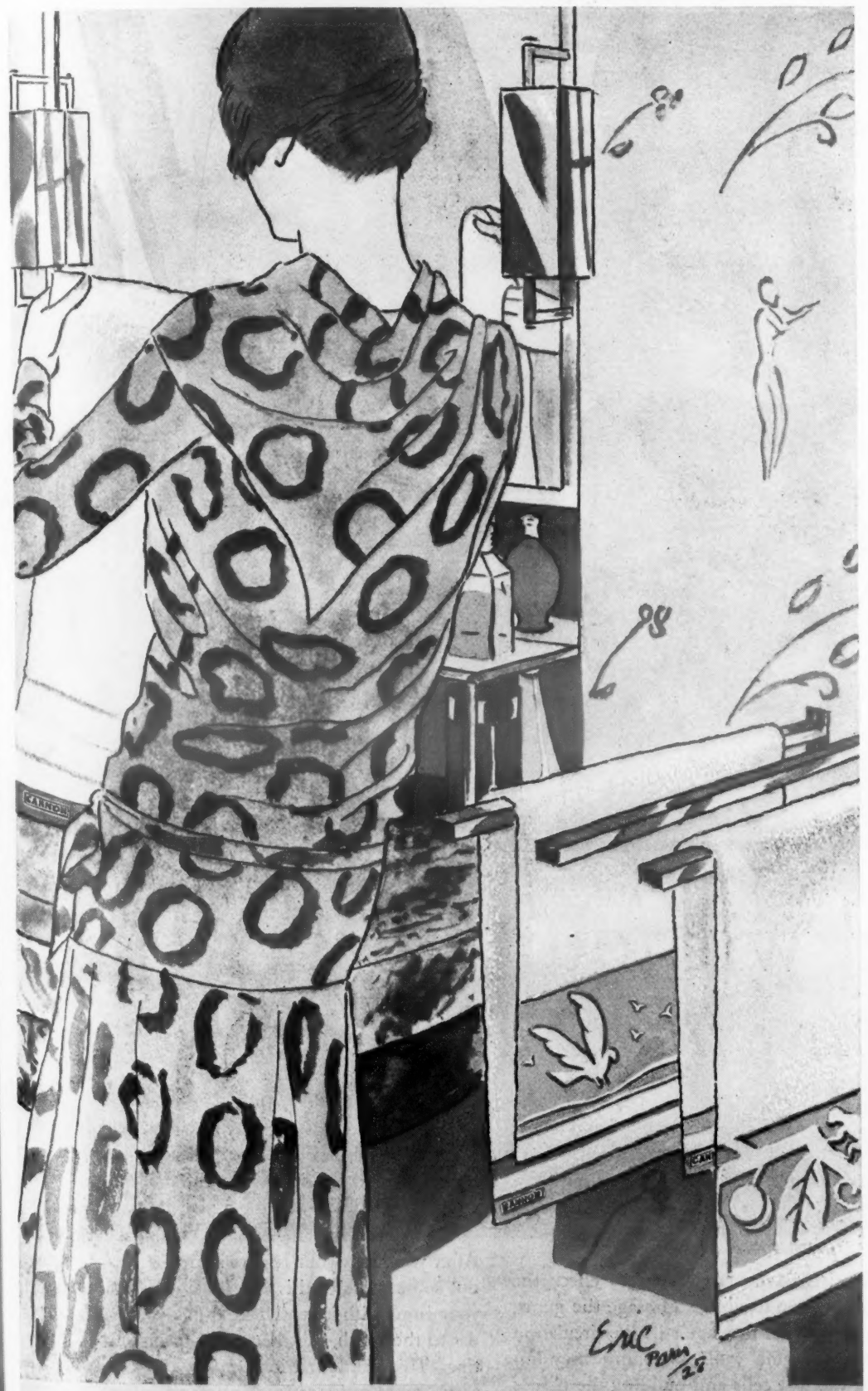
It costs *so* little to have an *abundance* of Cannon towels!



CANNON TOWELS

TRADE 28 MARK CANNON REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

HAVE you ever actually counted up how many towels you would need to have a clean towel for everyone in your family every single day?

And have you ever realized how easily and inexpensively you can have those towels by taking advantage of the low prices of Cannon towels? Little, indeed, does it cost!

Cannon towels are priced from 25 cents upward. Nor are the beautiful towels you'd be proud to have your guests see confined to the higher price classes. Charming colors—guaranteed fast, of course—you may have quite inexpensively; for just a trifle more, the smart, new designs that are so popular.

In addition, though you pay so surprisingly little, you obtain a Cannon towel of inviting quality—of far better quality than a greater sum would buy were the towel not labeled "Cannon." Cannon towels are the finest value you can buy—every cent you pay purchases more material, better workmanship, more wear, greater enjoyment. For Cannon towels are made in the largest towel mills in the world, where enormous production permits the highest efficiency and most telling economy.

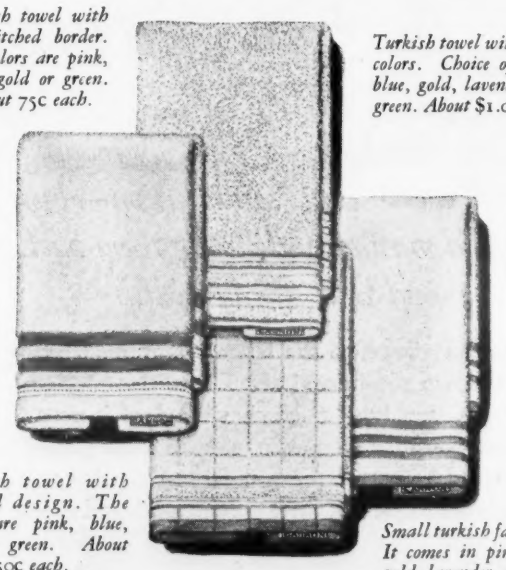
Cannon towels of high quality cost so little, almost any household in the country can enjoy the luxury and the hygienic advantage of clean towels for every member of the family, every day. A visit to the nearest department or dry goods store will convince you quickly. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

* * *

The largest and most efficient housekeepers in the world—the hotels—recognize and take advantage of the superior values of Cannon towels. A large majority of the better hotels in this country specify them.

Turkish towel with hemstitched border. The colors are pink, blue, gold or green. About 75c each.

Turkish towel with solid colors. Choice of pink, blue, gold, lavender and green. About $1.00 each.



Turkish towel with checked design. The colors are pink, blue, gold or green. About 50c each.

Small turkish face towel. It comes in pink, blue, gold, lavender, green and white. About 25c each.

Ask to be shown Cannon sheets in the shops where you buy Cannon towels. They come in three different grades, each offering a choice of six beautiful pastel colors in addition to white, and offer the same exceptional values that Cannon towels offer. Try the three-sheets-to-the-pair plan. It's a true economy.

This food without fibre
These gums without work!

Soft foods have hurt our gums by robbing them of work and stimulation—but Ipana and massage will bring them back to sound and sturdy health

JUST steal a glance, to the left or right, next time you sit down to dinner! Delicious this modern food may be...but how much chewing does it need? How much stimulation does it give to your gums?

Day after day you eat the soft fare of civilization. Your gums are robbed of their needed work and exercise. Is it any wonder that they become soft and tender ... that they bleed easily ... that "pink tooth brush" comes, with its warning of worse trouble ahead?

★ ★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-29
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

How Ipana and massage defeat "pink tooth brush"

Fortunately, dentists have found a way to check the alarming spread of gum troubles. Massage the gums, they say, twice daily. For massage stirs the circulation of blood within the gum walls, sweeping away impurities, toning the tiny cells and building the tissues back to firm and hardy health.

And even better than massage alone is massage with Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana has a special ingredient —ziratol—a hemostatic and antiseptic widely used in the practice of dentistry. Its presence gives Ipana the power to tone and invigorate the depleted tissues, restoring the gums to their normal firmness of texture.

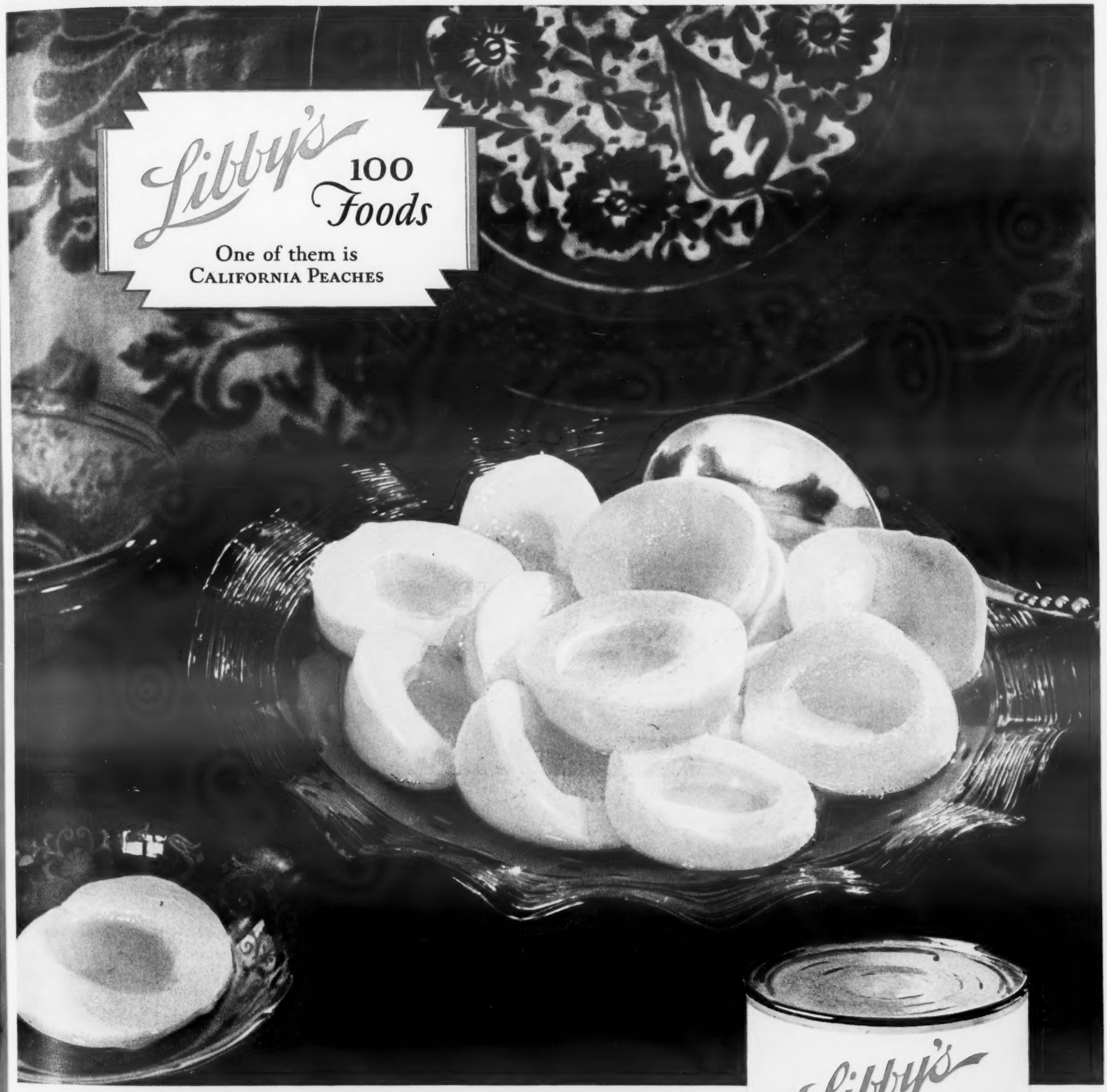
© 1929

There's nothing difficult or complicated about it. After you clean your teeth with Ipana, simply squeeze out some more of this delicious dentifrice and brush your gums with it gently. If at first your gums are tender to the brush, rub them with Ipana on your fingertips. This gentle frictionizing makes your gums firm, rosy—more resistant to disease and infection—better guardians of the health and beauty of your teeth.

Make a full month's test of Ipana

The coupon offers you a ten-day trial tube of Ipana. Ten days will amply demonstrate Ipana's superb cleaning power, its delicious taste. But it can only start the work of restoring gums to health. So get a full-size tube of Ipana—enough for 100 brushings.

Clean your teeth, massage your gums, with Ipana, twice a day, for one full month, and learn the double joy of sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.



To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

Partial List of Fruits

Sliced Pineapple . . . Crushed Pineapple
Peaches Pears Apricots Royal Anne Cherries
Maraschino Cherries Fruits for Salad Plums Apples
Apple Butter Berries Jellies Jams Prunes

A dessert for any occasion: A bowl of glowing peach halves, in their own rich juice. Libby's Peaches from California's sunny orchard lands. Ripened to golden perfection on the trees, they are packed at the orchard's edge, with all their fragrance and flavor sealed in. Keep Libby's Peaches always on hand for delicious desserts and salads. They will help you score a real success when unexpected guests drop in. A convenient way to buy Libby's Peaches now is three cans at a time.

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

Speedy Beads of Soap *make clothes whiter*

It's enough to make any woman happy to see how fresh and sweet-smelling her clothes are after a Super Suds wash

Soap made on a new principle gives whiter clothes with less work . . . . and clothes last longer too!

SUPER SUDS is soap in a newly discovered form, the *bead soap* you have heard so much about recently. These tiny, thin little beads dissolve instantly and completely when hot water touches them.

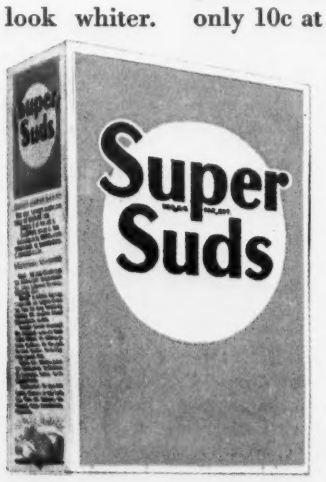
This *speed in dissolving* represents a tremendous advance. Most well known soaps contain good soap. But they have the handicap of *form* that makes them slow to dissolve. You have used them—bars, cakes, chips. But how slow in going to work! That was the complaint of both the expert and the housewife.

Super Suds fills the need—good soap in a *new form*, tiny beads that melt lightning-fast in hot water. No time spent waiting for the soap to dissolve. No soap wasted. No uncertainty as to results.

First, Super Suds works faster. Super Suds dissolves instantly—every bead of it—in any kind of water, hot or cool, soft or hard. Then—it rinses out. Easily. All of it.

This is the way Super Suds works

Super Suds makes white things look whiter. Colors come out fresh and sharp. No soap particles stick in fabrics to cause gray washes, or age your clothes prematurely. Clothes actually last longer when washed with Super Suds. All because bead-form soap dissolves completely, and rinses out easier than chips, taking all the dirt too.



Super Suds is fine in both washtub and machine. It gives a heavy layer of rich, creamy suds on top. And down below, where the hard work is done, active *under-water suds* that quickly loosen dirt and grime.

You have heard so much about Super Suds that perhaps you have wondered if it can be as much better as they say it is. Won't you try it and see? All you need to invest is a dime. The giant red box, holding ten big cups of soap, costs only 10c at the nearest grocer's.

P. S. Would you like to save your hands from the unloveliness that scalding dishwater brings? Old-fashioned soaps require scalding water to dissolve. Use Super Suds and do dishes beautifully in water that feels like a nice warm bath. With Super Suds and water no hotter than a warm bath *your hands are as safe as can be!*

BEADS . . . Fastest-working form of Soap